

# modern screen

SEPT. 20

DELL  
MAGAZINE

AUG 10 1953

Jane Powell  
and  
Gene Nelson:  
**HOW WE  
FELL IN LOVE**

Liz Taylor

AUG 12 1953

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THERE'S  
**COLD**  
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**CREAM**  
-----  
NOW IN  
**CAMAY**



**Now! Let new Camay pamper your complexion, bring new luxury to your daily Beauty Bath!**

Exciting beauty news! Now Camay—and Camay *alone* among leading beauty soaps—contains precious cold cream!

**Whatever your type of skin**—dry *or* oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. And now Camay brings added luxury to your daily Beauty Bath, too!

**Of course, you still get everything** you've *always* loved about Camay . . . the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care with Camay, that satinsmooth Camay lather, famous Camay mildness and exquisite Camay fragrance.

**NEW CAMAY** is at your store now—in the same familiar wrapper—at no extra cost. There's no other beauty soap like it!

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



AUG 10 1953



The Albert A. Dodds of Ridgewood, N. J. are one of more than three million families who prefer new white Ipana to any other tooth paste.

**Important—especially if you can't brush after every meal!**

# NEW IPANA® DESTROYS DECAY AND BAD-BREATH BACTERIA

**Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!\***  
**Every brushing fights tooth decay!**

Dentists advise brushing teeth after every meal... to remove food particles on which bad-breath and decay bacteria thrive. But when this is inconvenient, you still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

Even one brushing with new Ipana removes most of the harmful bacteria from your mouth.

\*When you use new Ipana in the morning, your breath will stay fresh and clean for up to 9 hours. Even after smoking... and eating anything you please except foods like onions and garlic. Laboratory tests proved it.

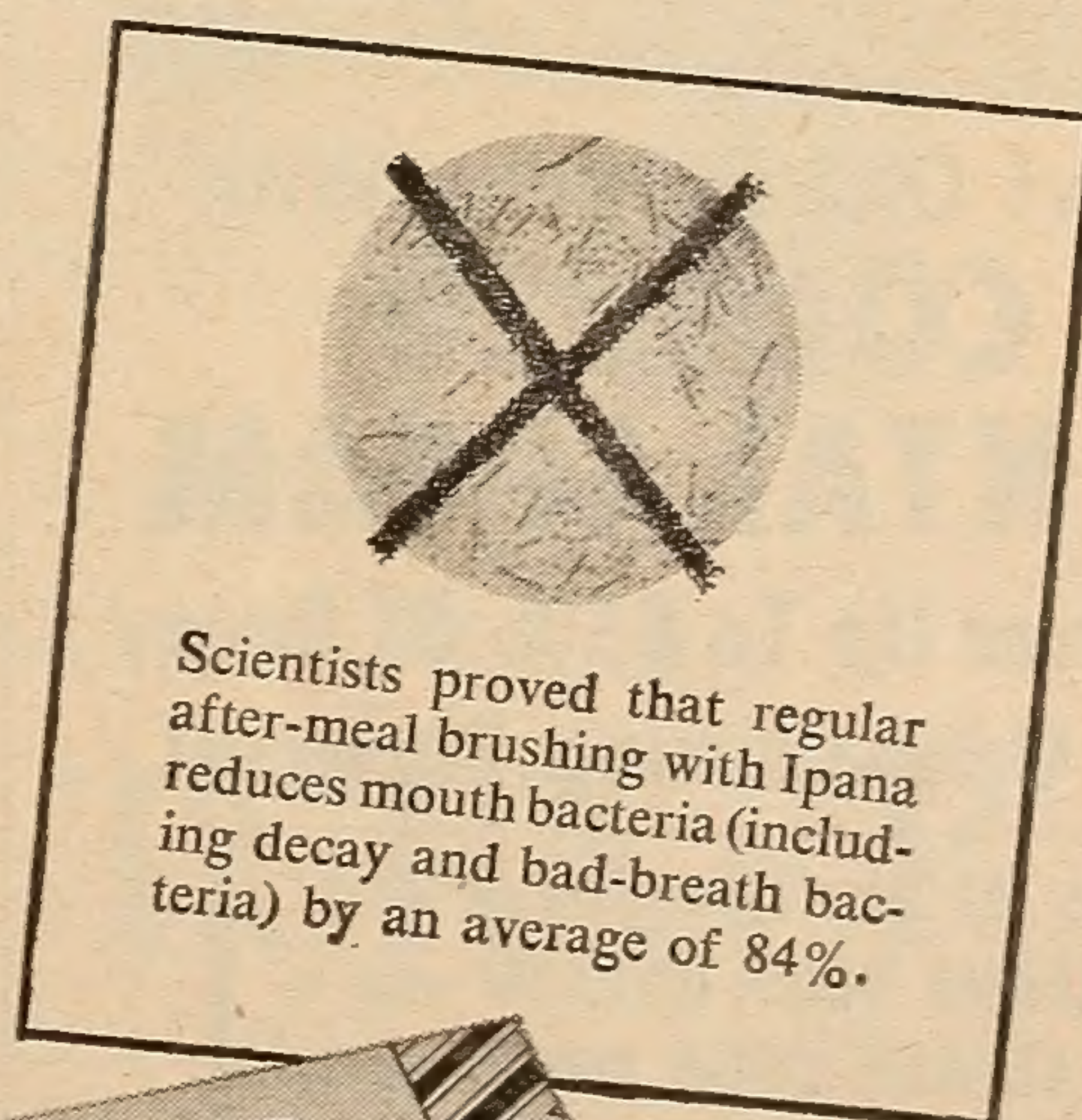
And when you brush your teeth regularly after meals with new Ipana, you effectively fight tooth decay. That means less pain and trouble, less risk of losing your teeth.

What's more, brushing your teeth with

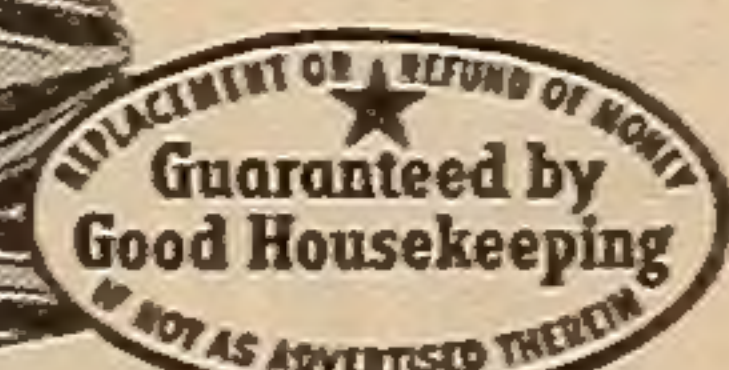
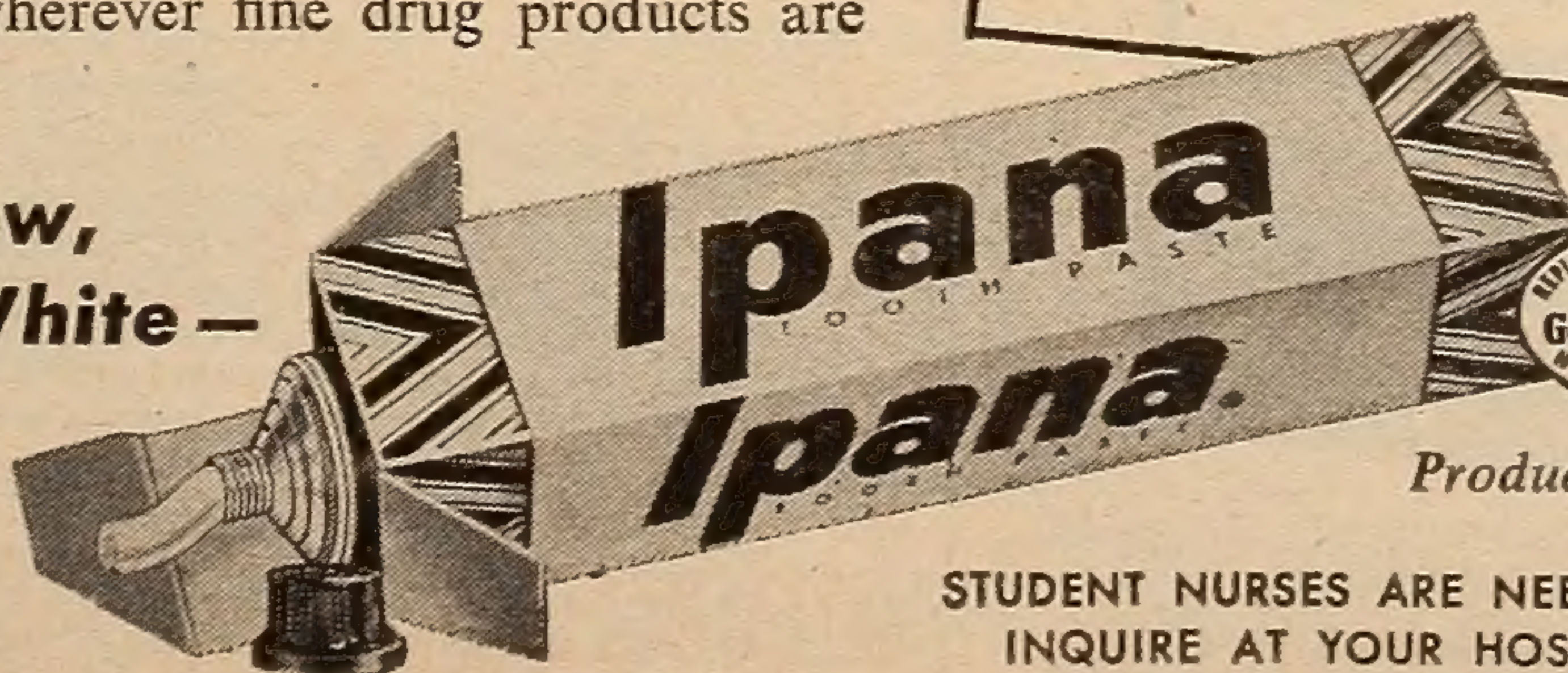
new Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Ipana also brings you a new minty flavor. Thousands of families who tried it liked it 2 to 1 for taste.

We're sure you and your children will like it, too. Why not try a tube today? Look for the yellow-and-red striped Ipana carton wherever fine drug products are sold.



**New,  
White—**



Product of Bristol-Myers

STUDENT NURSES ARE NEEDED...  
INQUIRE AT YOUR HOSPITAL



# modern screen

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• *Rhapsody*. Picture credits on page 70.

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**Guess My Male  
Has Gone  
A-stray!**

DICK MUST BE  
WRITING LOVE LETTERS  
TO SOMEBODY ELSE  
THESE DAYS!

SUE, BAD BREATH CANCELS  
MALES—BUT FAST! AND THAT'S  
NO PUN, HON! TALK TO YOUR  
DENTIST, WON'T YOU?

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!

Just one brushing with Colgate's removes up to 85% of decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

**LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream**

MY PEN PAL'S BACK WITH LOVE AND KISSES  
WHICH PROVES THAT COLGATE'S SELDOM MISSES!

**Now! ONE Brushing With  
COLGATE  
DENTAL CREAM**

**Removes Up To 85% Of Decay  
and Odor-Causing Bacteria!**

**Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!**

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH** while it

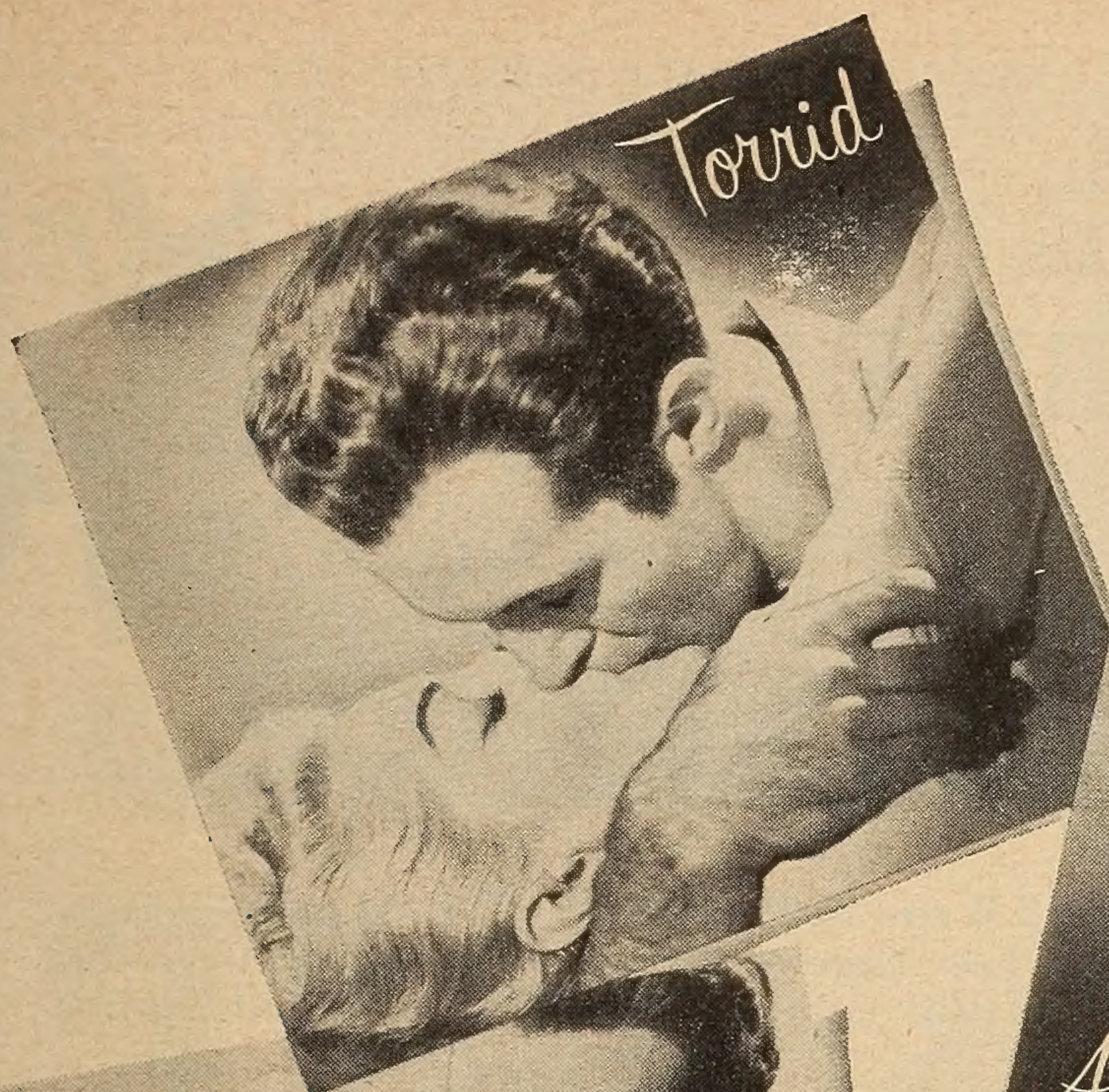
**CLEANS YOUR TEETH** and

**STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!**



**GIVES YOU A CLEANER,  
FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!**





That "Bad  
and Beautiful"  
girl in the  
arms of

# "LATIN LOVERS"

She's gorgeous in  
COLOR BY Technicolor!



M-G-M's tingling, tropical  
musical romance, starring

## LANA TURNER

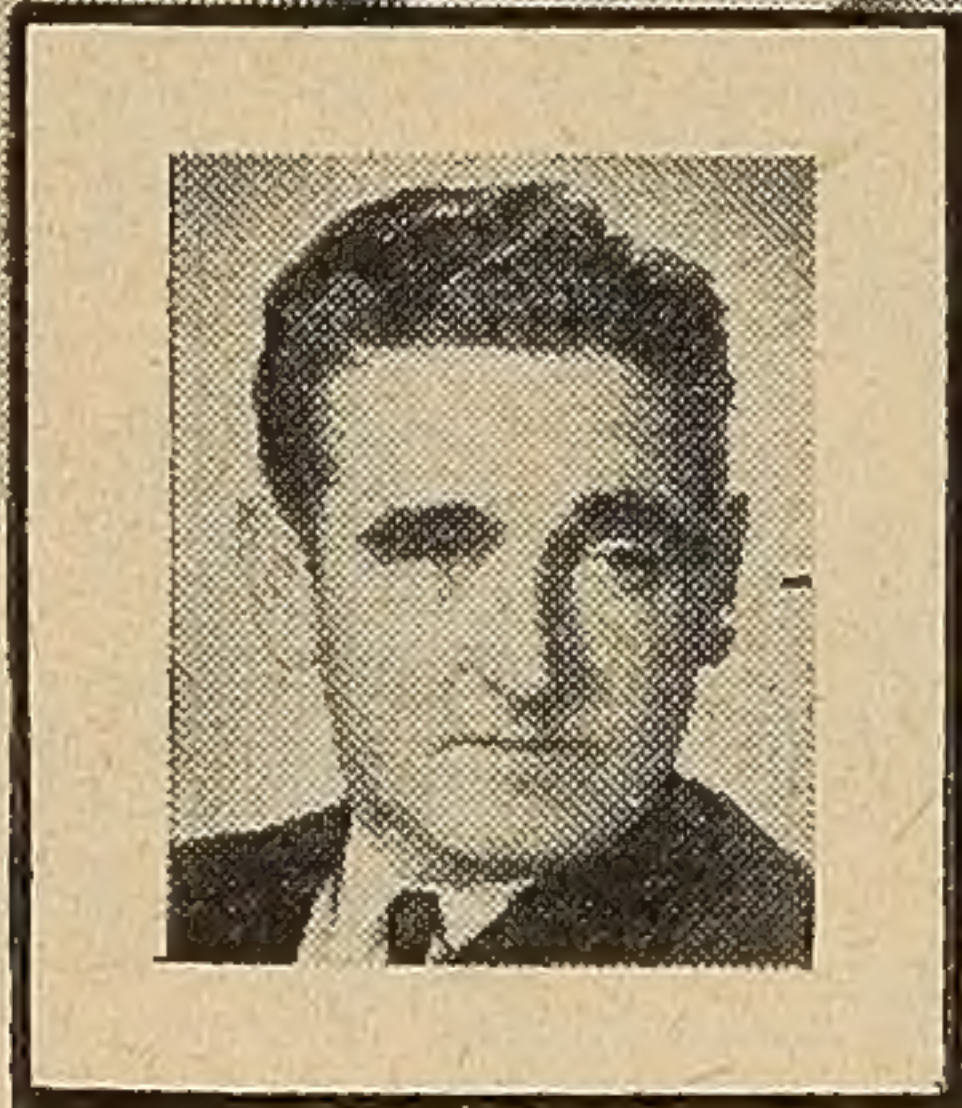
RICARDO JOHN LOUIS  
MONTALBAN • LUND • CALHERN

with JEAN HAGEN • EDUARD FRANZ  
An M-G-M Picture

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART • Music by NICHOLAS BRODSZKY • Lyrics by LEO ROBIN • Dances staged by Frank Veloz • Directed by MERVYN LEROY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK



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Because of its exclusive patented spring action, Gayla HOLD-BOB glides into your hair and holds gently but more securely than any other bobby pin. Be a Gayla Girl—use the bobby pin the Powers models use.



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Your hair-do may not be doing you justice! The Gayla Girls Glamour Guide (prepared by John Robert Powers) will dial a new Gayla Girl hair style for you. Clip the coupon below. We'll send the Gayla Girls Glamour Guide to you.

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## THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I've been told that Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel are involved in a bitter feud. Is this true?

—O. A., BOISE, IDAHO.

A. Yes.

Q. Will Marilyn Monroe really fly to Korea to entertain our troops or is that just ballyhoo?—T.E., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. If the Defense Department grants permission, Marilyn plans to fly to Korea in September.

Q. Does Bing Crosby own the Westex Boot Company of Wichita Falls, Texas?

—F.R., WICHITA FALLS, TEX.

A. Crosby is part-owner.

Q. That Carlos Thompson-Yvonne de Carlo romance—was it on the level or a publicity stunt?

—S.R., MAGNOLIA, ARK.

A. Publicity.

Q. Does Janet Leigh ever have anything to do with her first and second husbands? Does she ever see them?

—P.T., STOCKTON, CAL.

A. No.

Q. I've read that John Bromfield and Corinne Calvet sleep in Hollywood's biggest bed, something 11 feet wide. Do they really?—V.T., PARIS, FRANCE.

A. Corinne says the family bed is only seven feet wide

Q. What is Betty Grable's true age?

—J.F., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A. 37.

Q. Didn't John Wayne file for divorce from his wife because he found out about her romance with Steve Cochran?

—F.T., OAK GROVE, LA.

A. No; Mrs Wayne never met Cochran until the divorce was filed.

Q. Could you please give me Piper Laurie's real name and let me know if she ever actually ate flowers?

—M.E., CAYUCOS, CALIF.

A. Rosetta Jacobs; the flower-eating was a publicity gimmick.

Q. Which actress in Hollywood gets

the most fan mail?

—O.K., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. Right now, Marilyn Monroe.

Q. Does Sue Ladd keep Alan Ladd on a very strict allowance? How many times has Sue been married, anyway?

—B.Y., HYDE PARK, ILL.

A. Ladd controls his own finances; Mrs. Ladd has been married three times.

Q. Does Arlene Dahl plan to marry Fernando Lamas in October when her divorce is final?

—W.I., BELLINGHAM, WASH.

A. Lamas has not as yet popped the question.

Q. Generally speaking, what is the attitude of movie stars towards fan mail? Do they like receiving letters or do they consider them silly? Which stars answer their fan mail regularly?

—V.M., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A. All stars like to receive fan mail and consider the quantities as popularity indications. Mario Lanza, Alan Ladd, Joan Crawford, and Janet Leigh, to name only a few, try to answer all fan mail.

Q. Why was Vic Damone disliked so much when he was in the Army?

—T.Y. MONMOUTH, N. J.

A. Through no fault of his own, Damone was assigned a soft berth in Special Services; he also made the foolish error of driving around Army camps in his Cadillac convertible, a move not designed to win friends among fellow soldiers.

Q. Is it true that Bob Wagner refuses to date girls unless they've been married at least once?

—D. E., VERO BEACH, FLA.

A. Wagner has no dating prerequisites.

Q. My uncle, who works in Hollywood as a publicity man, tells me that Dale Robertson is the most uncooperative young actor out there. Why is that?

W.Y., CHEYENNE, WYO.

A. Dale has a theory that too much publicity is bad for a star; therefore, he has cut down on the number of interviews he'll give.

(Continued on page 18)



# "So This is Love"

COLOR BY  
**TECHNICOLOR**

*All its Songs!*

From the toe-tapping 'OH ME, OH MY' and 'REMEMBER' through ten other show-stopping melodies to the timeless 'TIME ON MY HANDS'

So this is the dazzling darling from Jellicoe, Tenn.-- the honey-voiced honey they couldn't stop till she reached the show-world's glittering top!

So this is the big music-and-love story -- of how a Greenwich Village cellar-café started one of the brightest careers the bright-lights ever knew!

So this is the laugh-ringing, love-rapturous life-- and the men and melodies in it-- **THE RAGTIME-TO-RICHES STORY OF GRACE MOORE**

STARRING

## KATHRYN GRAYSON

WITH

MERV GRIFFIN • JOAN WELDON • WALTER ABEL • ROSEMARY DeCAMP • JEFF DONNELL

SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN MONKS, Jr. • Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE • DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS

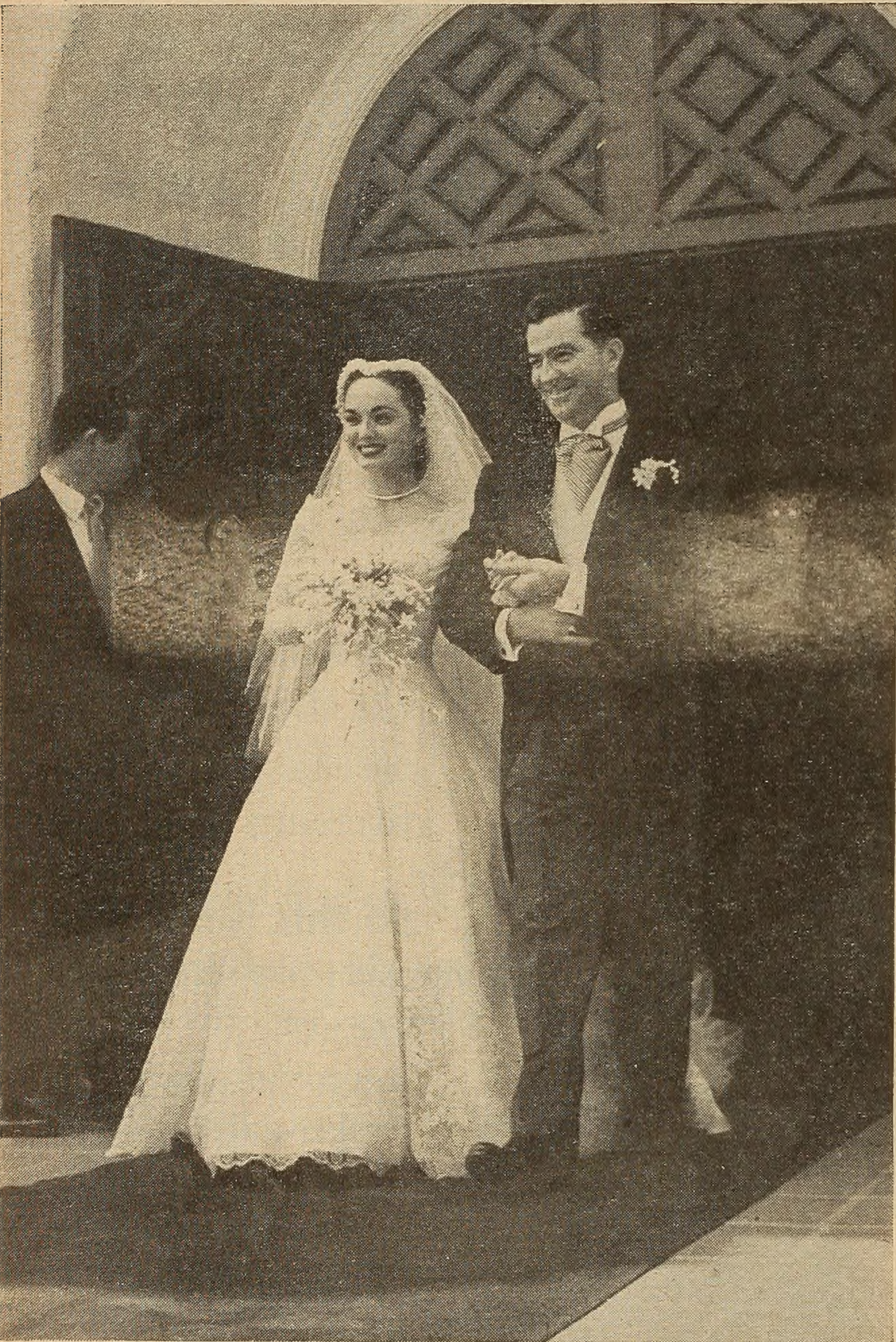
Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz

PRESENTED BY  
**WARNER BROS.**





HOLLYWOOD'S MOST DAZZLING WEDDING OF THE YEAR: A HIGH NUPTIAL MASS JOINS ANN BLYTH AND



Looking more radiantly lovely than ever, Ann Blyth leaves St. Charles church, in North Hollywood, on the arm of her husband, Dr. James McNulty. The fashionable and dignified wedding had more than 600 guests in attendance.



Elizabeth Taylor congratulates Ann after she becomes Mrs. McNulty. Ann had wanted Liz to be a bridesmaid, but Liz' divorce ruled her out of participating in the Catholic ceremony.



Terry Moore and Dick Clayton greet the bride and groom as the receiving line forms. Ann's gown was of white mousseline de soie, with an heirloom lace yoke, and beautiful seed pearl embroidery.

**G**WEN O'Connor, who wept a bit on the stand divorcing Donald, wasn't so upset she couldn't keep a dinner date the same evening with Dan Dailey.

They went to one of the less prominent cafés to avoid photographers. But the headwaiter nearly threw them when he spotted Gwen and then said to Dan, "Right this way, Mr. O'Connor." (!?????)

On second thought, there's nothing in the property settlement Gwen received from Don to upset her.

They divide \$100,000 cash.

Then she gets 20% of the first \$100,000 Donald earns; 10% of the second \$100,000 and 5% of additional annual income.

Gwen retains custody of their little girl, Donna, age 6, with Don contributing an additional \$150 monthly for the child's support. He gets reasonable visitation concessions.

The kid himself—I mean Donald, of course—gets the family dog, O'Flynn, an Irish wolfhound about the size of a Shetland pony with

"the appetite of a horse," according to Gwen's testimony.

Oh, yes—I almost forgot—the ex-Mrs. O'Connor keeps the family home in the Valley and Don has just bought a new place in Beverly Hills.

One of Gwen's charges was that Don refused to cooperate in their social life. "He frequently walked out right in the middle of dinner, or else didn't show up at all. And, he hated to go to parties."

In view of all this, it's amusing that his second night as a "free man," Don tossed a party for 25 in his new house and planned the whole thing himself!

**A**VA Gardner and Lana Turner, who were so chummy-chummy in Europe that Ava met Lana's and Lex Barker's plane in Spain and shared her hotel suite with her, aren't seeing each other since Frank Sinatra arrived.

No, the girls are not tiffing.

It's just that Frankie can't stand the sight of Lana ever since he overheard her and Ava "cutting him up" in Palm Springs during one of Ava's and Frankie's more violent fights.

He even called the gendarmes and had them evicted—remember?

Ever since that time, Lana's been on Frank's deep freeze list—so, in order to maintain the current peace (subject to change without notice), Ava isn't seeing Lana any more.

**T**HE-Most-Pointed-Remark-Of-The-Month: When Gary Cooper was asked by French reporters if he was happy to be reunited with his family, Mrs. Cooper and daughter, Maria, who had just flown in to Paris, big Coop said, "I'm very, very happy to see my daughter again."

**I** JUST can't remember ever being at a bigger or better, funnier or more sentimental party than Dolores and Bob Hope gave honoring Bob's birthday, the wedding of Ann Blyth



## DR. JAMES McNULTY IN HOLY MATRIMONY.



Jack Benny kisses the bride. At the lavish reception at the Beverly Hills Hotel, guests feasted on all kinds of delicacies, including a ham decorated with "I Love You" in red pimiento.



Ann greets Geary Steffen, estranged husband of one of her best friends, Jane Powell. Jane, ruled out from acting as bridesmaid because of her marital status, didn't attend wedding.

and Dr. James McNulty, and the singing Trapp Sisters from the East.

Although almost every glamor girl in town was present it was also a sort of family affair with the Irish mother and father of Dr. McNulty and Dennis Day (they're brothers) plus Ann's aunt and uncle, the Tobins; plus all Bob's brothers and cousins and four children stealing a lot of thunder from the movie guys and dolls.

The beautiful home and gardens of the Hopes in the Valley looked like a section of Honolulu had been flown in—and it almost had. Francis Brown, orchid King of the islands, had literally buried the house with beautiful orchid blooms, just flown in from the islands.

I've never seen Dolores look so pretty or so happy. She actually glowed when Bob cut his birthday cake flanked by all the children. I couldn't get over Linda and Tony, really grown up.

The hostess' dress was a lovely pink lace—and I noticed how many other lovely ladies

were in pink, Maureen O'Sullivan and Irene Dunne among them.

I fell completely in love with Jim's and Dennis Day's mother and father. Before the evening was over I was calling them Mollie and Pat and they called me Louella.

Jack Benny, George Burns, Pat O'Brien and Fred MacMurray (it was before his Lily was stricken with a fatal illness) had everyone bent double with their gag that they were just about to put on an act—and then never getting around to it.

From hilarious laughter we swung to sentimental tears when the Trapp Sisters sang a beautiful love song to lovely little Ann Blyth and her handsome doctor, so much in love and so happy it catches at your heart to watch them together.

I was particularly touched during the song when I saw the aunt and uncle who raised Ann reach for each other's hands.

Just about the time the buffet supper tables were set up on the lawn, the moon came up;



# LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Gwen divorces Donald O'Connor

. . . Frankie breaks up friendship of Ava

and Lana . . . A new feud for

Corinne Calvet . . . What's happening

between Shelley and Vittorio?

the scent of the flowers almost overcame us with their sweetness; glasses clinked in toasts to the health of the birthday boy and the young lovers; lovely string music softly filled the air—well, all I can say is that it was a beautiful evening and one long to be remembered.

**P**RETTY 19-year-old Audrey Dalton (she was so good as the daughter in *Titanic*) has been secretly married to James Brown since January.

Audrey is one of the three girls brought over by Paramount from England for *Girls Of Pleasure Island*.

She would like the fans to know that the James Brown she married is a student at UCLA—not the actor by the same name.

**G**EARY Steffen finally had something to say about his break-up with Jane Powell.

"It's all in her mind; there's nothing really wrong between us. But if she doesn't want





## New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

### PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.

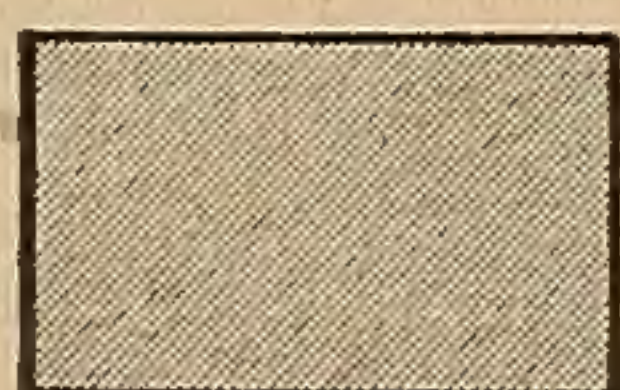
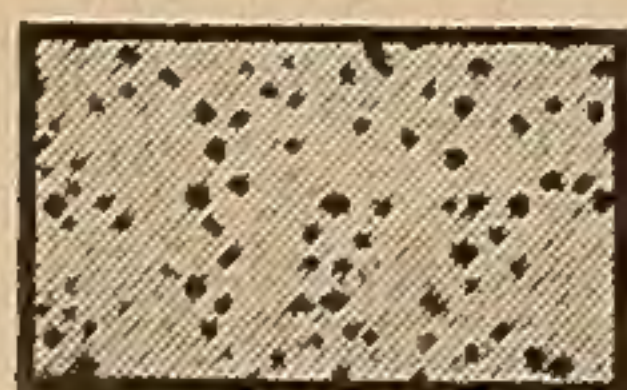


Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed! Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

**Amazingly effective** protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

**No waste, no drying out.** The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

*A Product of Bristol-Myers*

## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

me, I don't want her.

"Anyway," he gulped, "Jane is the most wonderful person, and wonderful mother in the world."

Jane still wants "out" although I hear her romance with Gene Nelson is getting cooler and cooler.

When I talked with her, Jane had a bad cold and seemed weary. "I just want to rest and let our lawyers settle all the problems. If Geary is entitled to 50% of all I've earned (community property—which means everything is equally divided between a couple after marriage—no matter which one has done the earning—is a law in California), I guess his attorney will see he gets it.

"He needn't worry, however, about the religious upbringing of the children. I promised him at the time of our marriage that they would be raised Catholics and I will keep my word.

"Our home is on the market for sale. It's too big, and besides I want to close all doors behind me after our divorce."

The only cloud over the otherwise perfect love story and marriage of Ann Blyth and Dr. McNulty was trouble in the bridesmaids' ranks.

Two of Ann's closest friends, Jane Powell and Elizabeth Taylor, could not be attendants because they are divorcées. Jane had already been fitted for her bridesmaid gown—but when she and Geary Steffen hit the headlines—Janie bowed out because she did not want to embarrass Ann, who is a devout Catholic.

But, the final blow came when it looked as if matron of honor, Jane Withers Moss, wouldn't be able to serve for the same reason as Jane's.

The trouble between Jane Withers and Bill Moss hit the papers—but because it was not a definite break, and they are trying to patch things up, little Ann was able to keep her closest girl friend as her matron of honor.

**J**EFF Chandler has been dropping into Ciro's regularly to sing with the band! He's practicing up for his tour of army bases with disc jockey Johnny Grant.

As a singer, Jeff's no Bing Crosby. His voice is untrained, but pleasant—and he usually gets a hand from the crowd, many of the customers not recognizing him.

A woman said the other night, "That guy singing looks like Jeff Chandler."

**P**ERSONAL OPINIONS: As I write this, Dick Haymes is singing love songs to Rita Hayworth in Honolulu and it's serious between



Louella Parsons organized a group of entertainers for a recent charity carnival. Among others, Don O'Connor, Ann Blyth, Jeanne Crain.



Now They're Goofy Golfers...Runnin' Wild in High Society!

DEAN  
**MARTIN** AND **JERRY  
LEWIS**

THEIR  
**NEWEST**  
AND  
**FUNNIEST**  
...AND  
**SOON**  
AT YOUR  
FAVORITE  
MOVIE THEATRE!



in  
**THE  
CADDY**

Co-starring  
**DONNA REED · BARBARA BATES**  
with **JOSEPH CALLEIA · FRED CLARK**

Produced by PAUL JONES • Directed by NORMAN TAUROG  
Screenplay by EDMUND HARTMANN and DANNY ARNOLD  
Additional Dialogue by KEN ENGLUND • Story by DANNY ARNOLD  
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



SONGS...to help you  
laugh and love!

THAT'S AMORE  
(THAT'S LOVE)

MINE TO LOVE • ONE BIG LOVE  
WHAT WOULDCHA DO WITHOUT ME  
IT'S A WHISTLE-IN' KINDA MORNIN'  
THE GAY CONTINENTAL  
YOU'RE THE RIGHT ONE

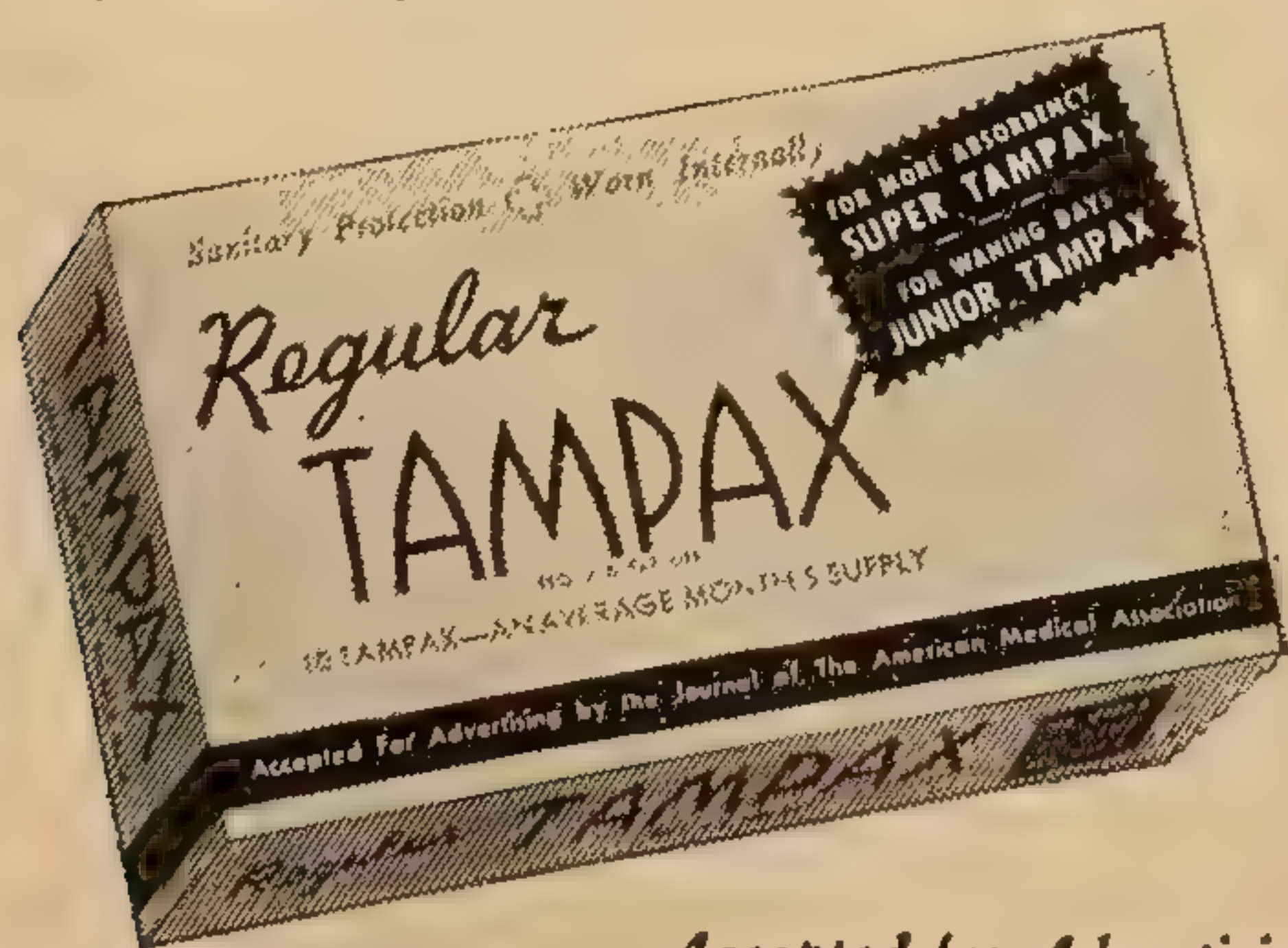




# 5 GOOD REASONS TO WEAR TAMPAX IN HOT WEATHER



- 1. Tampax is invisible,** once it's in place. Because Tampax is the internal kind of monthly sanitary protection, it doesn't even "show" under a bathing suit that's wet or dry!
- 2. Tampax is unfelt,** once it's in place. There's all the difference in the world between cool, comfortable Tampax and hot, "chafey," irritating external pads. Try Tampax and see!
- 3. Tampax prevents odor from forming—**saves you from even the thought of embarrassment. It can be worn in shower or tub, too—an important thing to remember when you're away visiting.
- 4. Tampax is easy to dispose of—even** when vacation resort plumbing is not quite up to par. You can change Tampax quickly, too, in a matter of seconds.
- 5. Tampax is dainty and discreet.** Made of compressed cotton in throwaway applicators. Month's supply goes in purse. Tampax is easy to buy at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising  
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

them. But, I'm not banking on it to stay this way by the time you read this. . . .

Hear that Marty Melcher has decided he's kept Doris Day too isolated from the press, public, and Hollywood social affairs and is going to let her be seen around more in the future. High time, I say. . . .

Wasn't Tony Curtis (who wants a family very much) being a little bitter when he said, "Janet's career is going so well now—it would be a shame to interrupt it."

Unless the wife of a very popular actor doesn't stop her insane imaginary jealousies, —they may become real. He's irritated to the breaking point. . . .

I'm sorry Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin seem to be in hot water ever since they left Hollywood for Europe. They followed their flare-up aboard the Queen Elizabeth by being inexcusably late for an appointment with the Lord Mayor Kerr of Glasgow—so late he wouldn't receive them. You boys don't act this way in Hollywood. Better come home, kids. . . .

Rock Hudson has gone in for a red car and

red furniture. How about redheads?????

**I**T was a blue, lonely birthday for Marilyn Monroe on June 1st.

She and Joe DiMaggio had slipped away to Ensenada for a quiet celebration. But they no sooner had arrived than Joe received a telephone call from San Francisco with the sad news that his brother Mike was dead—drowned.

They hurried home immediately, Joe leaving Marilyn in Los Angeles as he flew to his grief-stricken family.

"With Joe so heartbroken about Mike, I didn't feel like going anywhere or having any people in for my birthday," Marilyn said. "I just wanted to be alone and wait for his calls when he felt like talking."

Make no mistake about it, these two are deeply in love and hope to marry soon.

**I** DON'T care what she says to the contrary. Judy Garland is happier and healthier when she's fat!

The strenuous diet and exercise she has been undergoing preparatory to starting her comeback movie, *A Star Is Born* is beginning to show in her strained expression and a returning nervousness. (Continued on page 12)

## easy money!

Need a new pencil-box for the fall semester? Got your eye on a season pass to all the home games? Don't hit dad for a raise in allowance. Here's how to earn your own. All you have to do is read all the stories in this September issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started right away. You may be one of the lucky winners.

**QUESTIONNAIRE:** Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Hollywood Abroad
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Sweet and Hot
- ☐ Bing Crosby: "It's Time To Quit"
- ☐ Why Doesn't He Marry The Girl? (Robert Taylor)
- ☐ How We Fell In Love (Jane Powell-Gene Nelson)
- ☐ Hollywood Muddle (Donald O'Connor-Dan Dailey)
- ☐ Great Day Coming (Virginia Mayo)
- ☐ Is Liz Losing Her Beauty? (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ Beauty Is Every Woman's Job
- ☐ Sentimental Journey (Doris Day)
- ☐ "She Oughta Be In Pictures" (Elaine Stewart)
- ☐ He Never Said Can't (Gordon MacRae)
- ☐ Is Terry Moore Heading For Trouble?
- ☐ Don't Play It Safe (Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ "Wet She Is . . . Dry She Ain't" (Esther Williams)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... State.....

Occupation..... I am .... yrs. old

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And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave  
far softer . . . far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different

**BRAND NEW**

**Lilt**

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing"  
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A new formula makes the neutralizer act  
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A new method makes neutralizing much  
easier, faster.

A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies  
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Beauty experts say you can actually *feel*  
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Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair  
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**No test curls needed, either!** Yet new Lilt  
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after day. Nearly twice as  
fast to give as any leading  
children's home permanent!  
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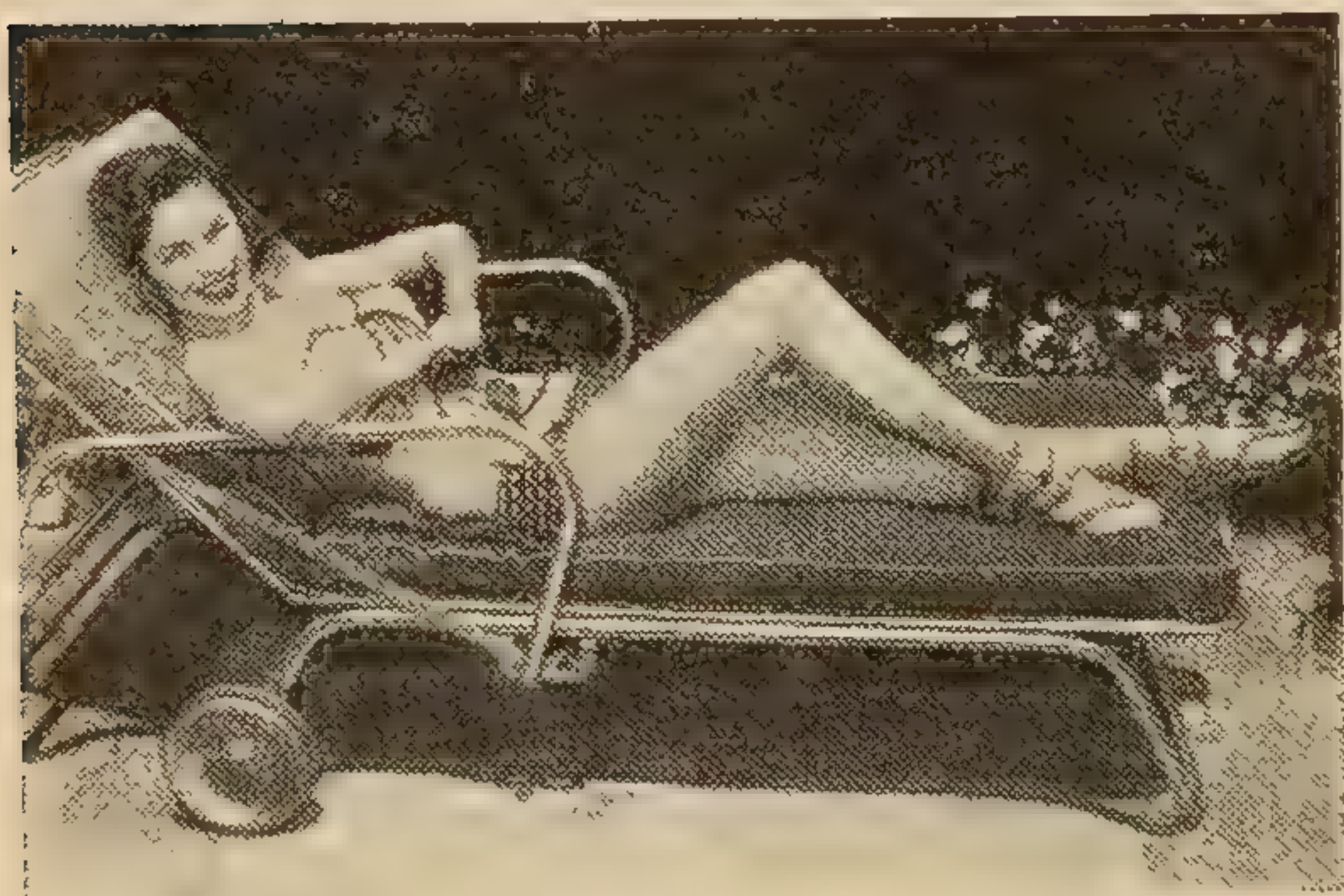
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*Joanne Dru*



Joanne Dru relaxing at her Encino home. Says Joanne, "I can sincerely recommend Ayds to anyone who wants to have a lovelier figure."



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## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

Nothing is worth it, Judy. We love you fat, thin, or in between—so don't overdo this reducing thing.

**D**EBBIE Reynolds just sat down and had a good cry when she learned that *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes* had been postponed for European production until October. She's never been abroad and she was jumpin' at the idea.

"I'd bought all my clothes," she wailed.

"But, Debbie," I laughed, "taking clothes to Paris is worse than hauling coal to Newcastle. Don't you know you're supposed to buy clothes there?"

"Not me," she shook her head, "that's all right for the glamor girls like Ava Gardner and Lana Turner. I wear cute things and where, oh where in all of Paris could I buy a polka-dot bow for under my chin?"

**B**OB Wagner let his hair grow long for *Prince Valiant* and his flowing locks never fail to set Terry Moore into gales of laughter.

"You look just like me," she giggles.

Fine thing for a guy who's courtin' a gal!

**N**EVER has a girl battled with stouter heart than Shelley Winters to keep rumors of trouble away from her marriage.

When gossip was all over town that Shell and Vittorio Gassman were quarreling in cafés and that often she broke into tears when they appeared in public, Shelley told me:

"Oh, they're always trying to separate Vittorio and me. I guess the latest gossip started at the Hollywood premiere of *Shane*.

"For some silly reason, MGM wouldn't let Vittorio wear the dinner clothes which he had made in Italy—did you ever hear anything more ridiculous than that?

"Everyone else was dressed formally and Vittorio was so angry about the whole thing I suppose people thought he was quarreling with me."

Shell, who is nothing if not honest, added wistfully, "I guess we did argue a little, Louella, after I told him it was silly and not to be



While Geary Steffen attended the wedding of their old friend Ann Blyth, Jane Powell went out dancing with her new friend Gene Nelson.



upset about such a little thing. Anything like this wouldn't bother me at all. But, it's important to Vittorio."

She's such a really good girl at heart, I hope Shelley is always important to Gassman.

**N**ow it's Corinne Calvet and Joan Fontaine feuding on the set of *Flight To Tangier* at Paramount, and I mean, feuding.

We no more than get past the Marilyn Monroe-Joan Crawford battle than Fontaine and Calvet take over the spotlight.

Seems that Joan, who has an unruly sense of humor, keeps needling the French Corinne by constantly mispronouncing her last name:

Keeps calling her "Miss Culvert" or "Miss Culprit" or "Miss Cravet" as the crew chuckles and Corinne burns or freezes as the case may be.

It isn't amusing for anyone to be ridiculed, but I sometimes wonder if Corinne doesn't go a little out of her way to inspire these feuds.

Just a few months ago she and Zsa Zsa Gabor were locked in a legal battle after Zsa Zsa said Corinne wasn't French at all but a Cockney.

After all the publicity had been milked from this incident, la Calvet dropped her suit.

**T**HE LETTER BOX: A very cute letter in surprisingly good English from Kousuke Nishi, a first year high school student in Fukuoka, Japan, who reads *MODERN SCREEN* "amandently" (?) and thinks American fans would like to know:

"Most impressed by American movie *High Noon* and feel restless with the news that *Ivanhoe* and *The Quiet Man* is coming. Is this surprise?

"Japanese fans elate over quality. Please, who is Debbie Reynolds, Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie we read about but have not optically known?

"Very pleased to write you, and American movie fans, in English." Thank you, Kousuke, —your English is most "amandently" understandable.

There's not enough space to mention those of you who are "shocked beyond words" over the parting of Jane Powell and Geary Steffen—the letters still pouring in over this unhappy rift.

That's all for now. See you next month.



America's favorite TV couple will soon be seen in the movies. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are now working on MGM's *Long, Long Trailer*.

Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS  
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

*WHITE RAIN*

Fabulous New  
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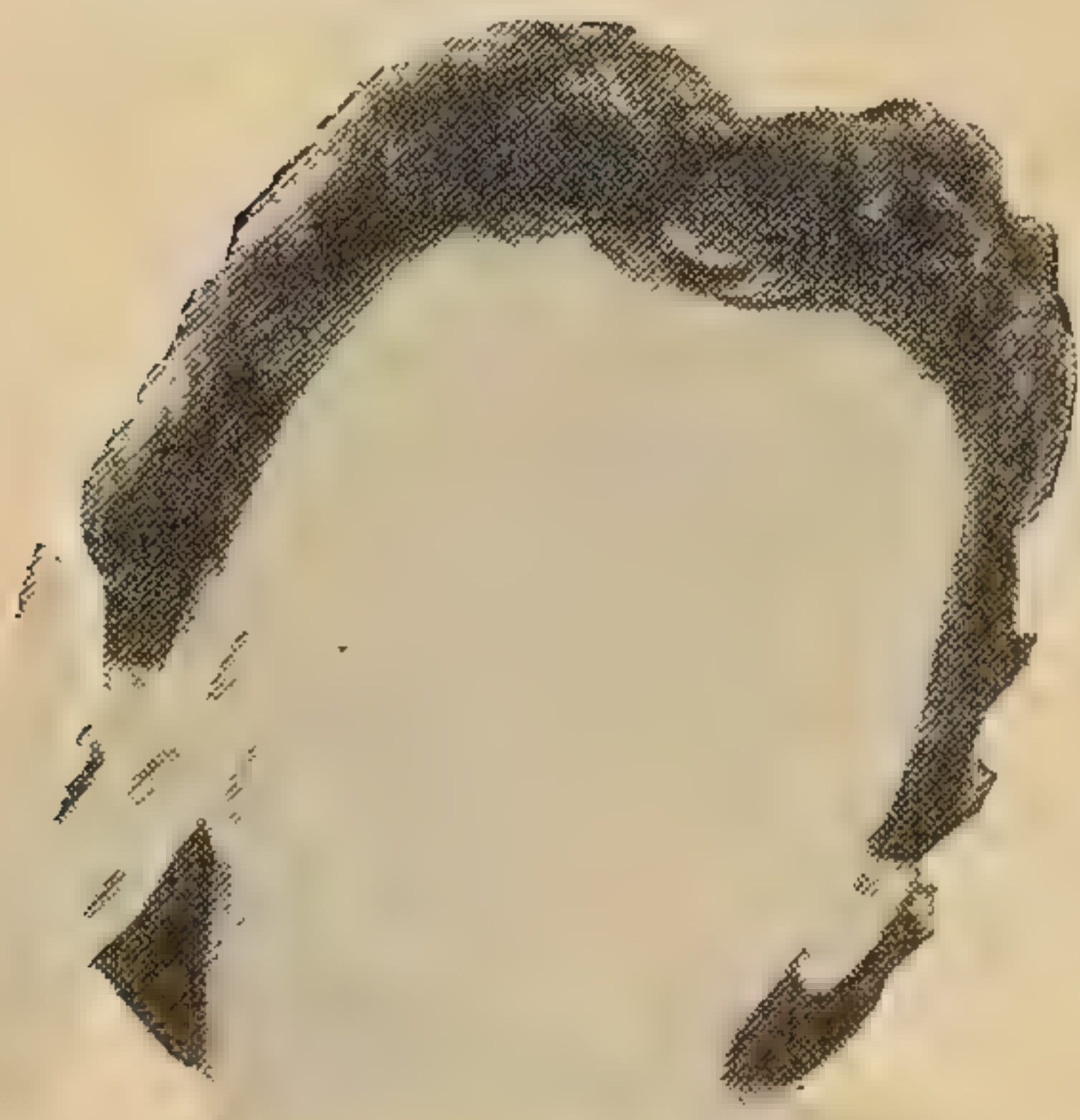




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## HOLLYWOOD ABROAD



AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND

THE WORLD

**AVA GARDNER** and **FRANK SINATRA** are no longer quarreling, but their marriage isn't going too smoothly, either. Frank is playing the British provinces on his concert tour while Ava works in London on *Knights Of The Round Table*. Unfortunately, Frank's Scandinavian tour turned out to be a great lemon. Scheduled to appear on the stage of a theater in Malmo, Sweden, for at least one hour, he walked off in half that time. Next day Swedish newspapers announced, "Sinatra flops . . . Singing horrible." Whereupon Frank grabbed the first plane and winged to London. Here, he took his bride to the Turpin-Humez prize fight at White City. During the course of the fight, one fan nodded at Ava and said, "Take her up in the ring, Frankie, and show us some real fighting."

**GEORGE SANDERS**, who almost suffered a nervous breakdown while making *New Wine* with Ingrid and Roberto Rossellini in Italy, was furious in a most sophisticated way, of course, when he learned that his wife Zsa Zsa Gabor was playing around with Porfirio Rubirosa, ex-husband of Doris Duke. "George shouldn't be angry," Zsa Zsa explained in Paris. "After all he had a romance or two in Rome while I was working hard in Hollywood. He will get over it."

**DEAN MARTIN** and **JERRY LEWIS** who arrived in England with an entourage of 19—round trip fares for the group came to \$26,000—completely devastated British audiences in Glasgow and Scotland. One night Martin and Lewis were taken to the swankiest dinner club in London to watch Noel Coward perform. During the meal Dean jumped to his feet and bowing to the waiter, said, "Shall we dance?" A moment later, Jerry went into his act. Smearing his face with ice cream and crossing his eyes, he shouted, "I don't want you people to think I don't know how to behave in a ritzy joint like this." The Duchess of Marlborough and other members of the British nobility sitting nearby were incredulous. "Who are these strange Americans?" the Duchess asked.

**PAUL DOUGLAS** is extremely popular in England these days. With what the British consider typical American modesty, Douglas keeps telling reporters, "I'm so ugly all you have to do is put any girl next to me, and she looks wonderful." Paul's wife Jan Sterling who flew over to London with the actor, has winged back to Hollywood—leaving Douglas a temporary bachelor. "I love Hollywood, too," Paul says, "except that the work now is over here, and an actor's got to go wherever he earns his bread and butter."

**ANNE BAXTER** and **STEVE COCHRAN**, who have just finished *Carnival* in Munich, were linked together as a romantic item by a hard-working press agent. The truth, of course, is that there is nothing between them. Anne is primarily intellectual and Steve basically emotional, so emotional, in fact, that last Christmas he clouted a party-crasher over the head with a baseball bat. Notified in Munich that he would have to pay the party-crasher \$16,000 in damages, Steve said, "I'm not gonna take this lying down. My lawyer and I, we're gonna appeal." *Carnival*, incidentally, will be Anne Baxter's last film for some time. After leaving Munich, she met with Charles Laughton in London and signed a contract to tour the U.S. with him and Tyrone Power in a recitation of *John Brown's Body*. The tour begins in Los Angeles on September 20th, and the last time Anne appeared on the stage for a regular run was in 1938 in New York.

**CLARK GABLE**, whose MGM contract expires later this year, was one of the few actors in Europe who failed to show up at Queen Elizabeth's Coronation. Instead of returning to London, Gable spent his time with Suzanne Dadolle, the statuesque Parisian model who gave up her job to travel with him. Together they celebrated Gable's final divorce decree from Lady Sylvia Ashley by sunning themselves on the Isle of Capri where Gable kept saying, "I'm a tired old man after two pictures in a row . . . Don't know what I'm going to do next."

**LANA TURNER** and her constant escort, Lex Barker, have succeeded in muddling most of the Italian newspapermen assigned to cover them. Lana keeps insisting that she has no marital intentions for the near future, and Lex Barker keeps confiding to the same newsmen that he'll get married in October when his divorce from Arlene Dahl becomes final.





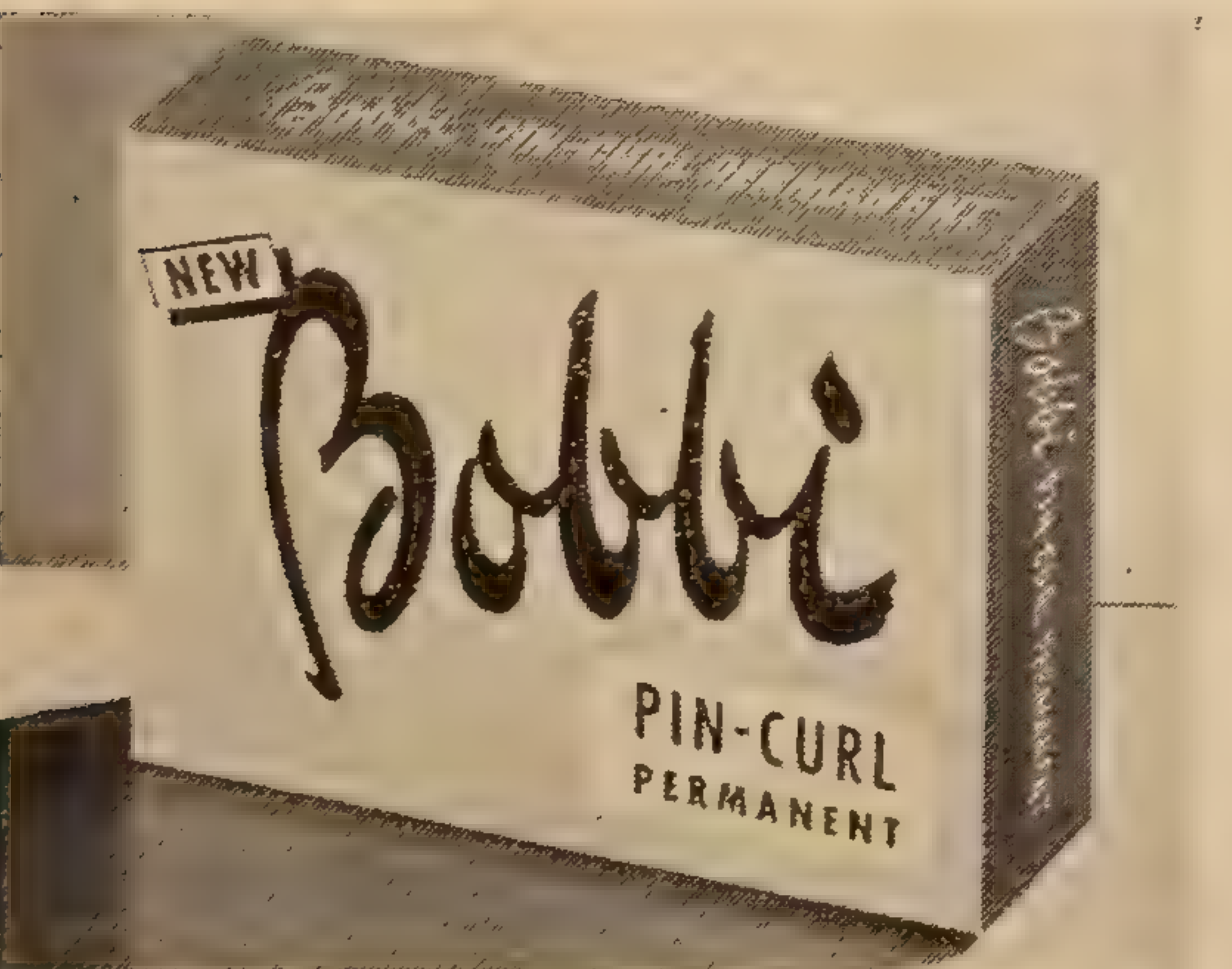
**Bobbi's soft curls** make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural continental look of this new "Capri" style. No nightly setting necessary.



Only **Bobbi** is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion". And you get your wave *where* you want it.



**Bobbi is perfect** for this casual "Ingenue" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent *designed* to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.



**Everything you need!** New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has . . . thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

**NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!**

## These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



**Easy! Just simple pin-curls** and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.



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SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

# hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for  
The Hollywood Reporter



## SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor, who look alike and dance alike, ran into each other at Ciro's and exchanged *very* cold hello's . . . Jerry Lewis phoned me to ask why the columnists in Hollywood are always hinting that he's breaking up with his wife or that Dean Martin is breaking up with his. I suggested that perhaps they give reporters reason to think so. Jerry said, "When and if the day arrives when I fight with Patti, I'll give up my career, buy two one-way tickets, and take Patti back to Newark with me. My wife is much more important to me than making movies!" . . . Best dancers in town: Gwen O'Connor, Donald's estranged spouse, and Dan Dailey . . . Fernando the Fickle showed up with a brunette (but Arlene's a redhead!) at LaRue . . . Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe, 20th's two top blondes, merely nodded to each other until they started working together in *How To Marry A Millionaire*. And you know something? Despite all their denials of any enmity whatsoever I *still* think there's no love lost between the twain!

June Allyson tells this wonderfully funny story about the unfunny illness of her husband, Dick Powell: "Six days after his appendix



the Powells

burst it was necessary to operate in an attempt to save his life. I saw him right after the operation. There were tubes coming out all over him. Tubes in both nostrils, tubes into his swollen abdomen, tubes in both arms. The doctor said, 'Go in and talk to him, June.' I did. It was the only time I had ever seen Dick give up. You've read about people who just give up? Well, Dick had. I began talking. I don't remember the things I poured out. Who can at such a time? And then all of a sudden he opened his eyes to look at me and his lips began to move. 'This,' said Dick, 'is a heck of a way to quit smoking!' And then I was sure he was going to make it!"

## LONG HUNCH DEP'T.:

Clifton Webb, who ought to know, tells us he thinks Marilyn Monroe will develop into the biggest femme star who has ever hit Hollywood. "Not," says Clifton, "because she's so all-fired talented but because she works so hard. It's nothing for Marilyn to go home after a 12-hour day at the studio and stay up till 2 A.M. studying with Natasha Lytess, her dramatic coach. And anybody who works that hard has to be successful." So you thought it was all glamor, hey? . . . The first syllable of Keefe Brasselle's



Palance

surname—Brass—suits him well. Little Sir Ego, as he's called, is due for the year's most brilliant boost to stardom, thanks to his portrayal of Eddie Cantor in *The Eddie Cantor Story*. Just wait'll you see *this* miraculous piece of acting!

Ann Sheridan was dubbed "The Oomph Girl," remember? Clara Bow was "The It Girl." And now comes Jack Palance, who's been dubbed "The Cruellest Face on the Screen" . . . Greta Garbo swept out of Hollywood in a 1953 model streamlined huff. Too many attempts to invade her privacy, she said, and trotted off to an unannounced destination where she can be alone . . . Oh, almost forgot: the guest list for the Blyth-McNulty wedding reception contained 786 names. A girl has a right to invite a few of her friends . . . Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor spent two whole afternoons together in Paris when I was there last month scrubbing their *diamonds* in a sink in Zsa Zsa's apartment . . . Ann Miller also has jewelry to *burn*—but a different kind. A hot admirer gifted her with earrings made of *anthracite* . . . What do you suppose it (Continued on page 24)



the Lewises



Monroe



# Rose Point *sterling in the mood of romance*

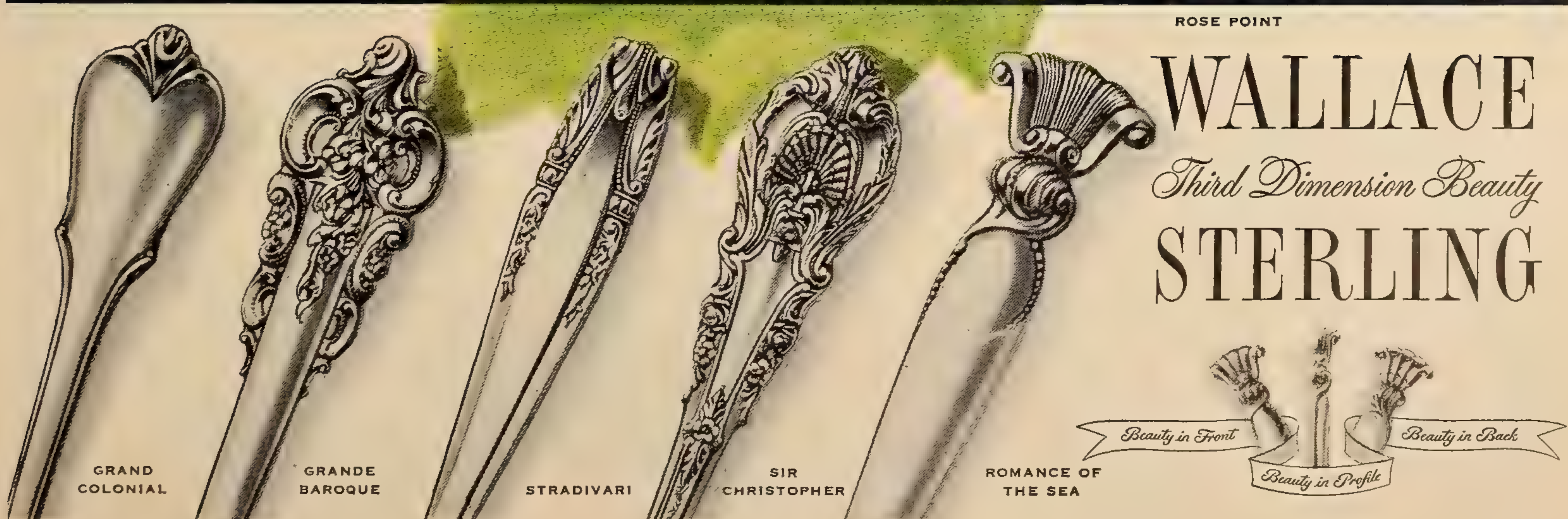
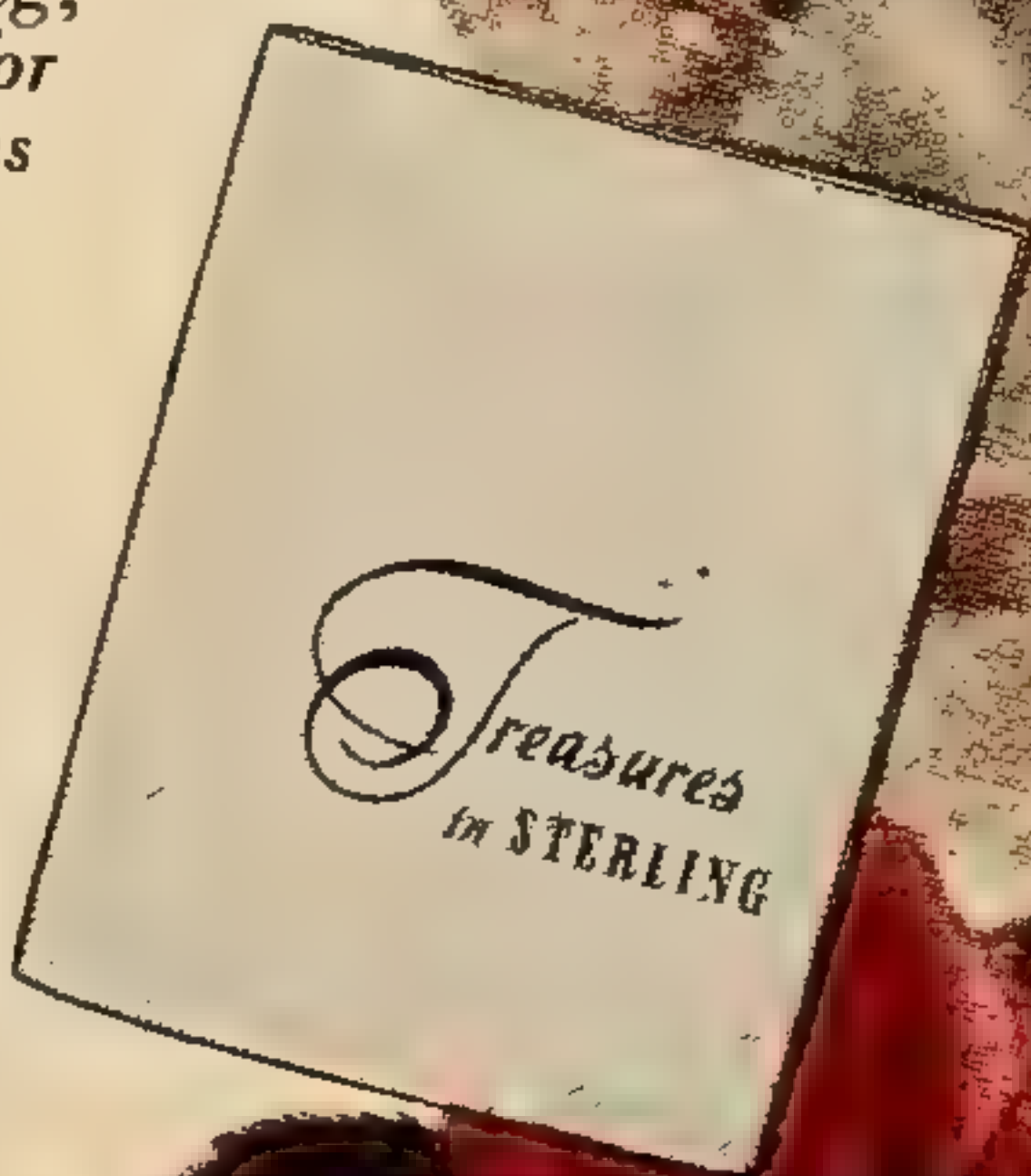
A legend of love in silver—Wallace's Rose Point!

It was inspired by the wedding veil of queens, the legendary Rose Point Lace. Centuries ago, a Venetian nobleman found in his gardens a full-blown rose, enshrined in a delicately spun web. He challenged his finest lace-makers to duplicate it and Rose Point Lace was born—a wedding veil for his bride.

In Wallace's Rose Point the full-blown rose, surrounded by silver pearls is sculptured in sterling by famed William S. Warren in exclusive "Third Dimension Beauty." Like every Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" pattern it is a masterpiece—beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view.

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# "Soaping" dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



**Yes, "soaping" your hair  
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos  
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.**

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo *does not dry . . . does not irritate!*

***Halo glorifies your hair  
with your very first shampoo!***



(Continued from page 4)

Q. Are all of Doris Day's teeth false? Also is it true she and her husband are money-mad?

—S.M., MT. VICTORY, OHIO.

A. No on both counts.

Q. If Gene Tierney marries Aly Khan, will she become a Moslem, too?

—B.Y., BRIGHTON, MASS.

A. Technically yes.

Q. My mother, who once dated Clark Gable, has told me that Mr. Gable finds it extremely difficult to part with a dollar. Is this true?

—V.Y., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Gable has always been careful with his money.

Q. How come there are never any stories about Jean Arthur, one of Hollywood's greatest actresses?

—B.E., ABBEVILLE, S. C.

A. Miss Arthur is a hard girl to track down, let alone interview.

Q. What's happened to Randolph Scott?

—T.G., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A. He is happily married, lives a quiet, unexciting life.

Q. All stories I read about Jane Wyman these days claim she's been married only twice. What is the truth?

—H.H., FREEPORT, L. I.

A. Miss Wyman has been married three times.

Q. Is it true that Bing Crosby and Spencer Tracy both plan to retire next year?

—E.E., LEESVILLE, VA.

A. That's what they say.

Q. Can you tell me what Gary Cooper does with all his money?

—G.U., BUTTE, MONT.

A. Invests it.

Q. What's happened to Greer Garson and her husband?

—O.P., ROLLINS, FLA.

A. They're in Spain where Greer's husband has oil interests.

Q. Is it true that Mario Lanza bought his parents a house and a car before he bought one for his own wife and children?

—F.R., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Yes.

Q. Of all the actors in Europe on that 18-month tax setup which one will return with the most money?

—F.T., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. Probably Gregory Peck.



# movie reviews *by florence epstein*

## PICTURE OF THE MONTH



**MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY** The cast reads like a Who's Who in Hollywood but what makes *Main Street To Broadway* more than a showcase of big names is the artful way in which the plot is interlaced with celebrities acting as themselves. The plot is simple. Young playwright (Tom Morton) sits up nights torturing dialogue into existence. He has a girlfriend (Mary Murphy) who's excited by his feverish approach to life, but she's from a small town and she thinks she'd rather go back there and marry a nice, quiet guy who putters around in the garden on weekends. The nice young man turns out to be Herb Shriner. While Mary's making up her mind, Tom's suffering in New York—but Gertrude Berg is there to feed him soup and hold up his head. Finally, he finishes a play for Tallulah Bankhead. His agent (Agnes Moorehead) says it's terrible, she won't even show it to Tallulah. So Tom tosses it into the river, although he's not far enough gone to jump in with it. The police pick him up, and maybe you don't believe it, but Ethel Barrymore and Louis Calhern come to his rescue. And Tallulah does that play (Tom kept a copy). There's more—there's Mary Martin singing. There's Helen Hayes, Shirley Booth, Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer, Faye Emerson. Leo Durocher, too. Even Leo Durocher's son. And that's still not all. *Main Street To Broadway* is quite a movie! MGM.



**MELBA** Sixty years ago Nellie Melba was the toast of several continents. She was one of the first opera stars who looked as good as she sounded, and she took advantage of her assets. Another operatic star, Patrice Munsel, brings her to colorful, wistful life in *Melba*. Her story begins in Australia where she was born. She had a sweetheart there (John McCallum) whom she leaves for Paris and the promise it offers. In Paris, a young Englishman (John Justin) falls in love with her and helps her snare the great Mme. Marchesi (Martita Hunt) for a teacher. After much study Nellie makes her debut and is an instant success at Covent Garden in London. Admirers swarm about her and she enjoys them all, but love seems remote. Until the day John McCallum turns up—in Monte Carlo—and marries her. Life with John is beautiful but brief, because Nellie must choose between him and her career. He goes—and she goes on to greater triumphs alone. Patrice sings arias from Melba's most popular operas (this is the first musical that uses stereophonic sound). The screen is wide, the staging lavish and in color. Robert Morley and Sybil Thorndike are in it too.—U.A.



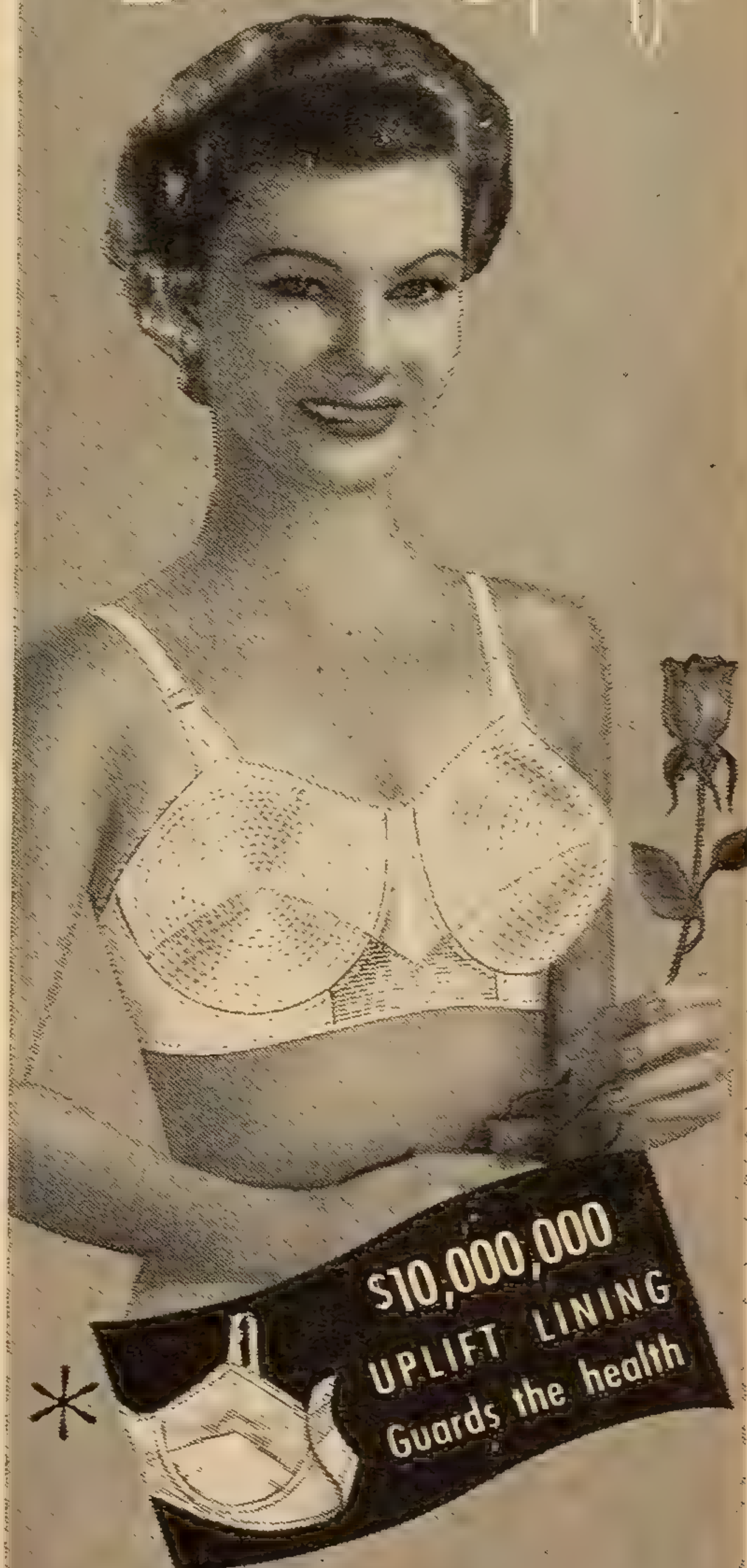
**THE MAN FROM THE ALAMO** Glenn Ford's the man. He would have died a hero like all the Texans who defended the Alamo, but lots were drawn to send one of them back to Ox-Bow where Mexicans were destroying homes and families. Ford arrives too late. His wife and child have been murdered, his ranch burned. Only a little boy (Butch Cavell) has survived. Ford takes him to the next town where he, Ford, is branded a coward and traitor. The little boy tells him that Americans disguised as Mexicans were the actual plunderers at Ox-Bow. Since Ford can't convince anyone of this he decides to round up the criminals himself. Victor Jory's their leader and Ford joins his gang. The good men want to hang him and the bad men don't trust him. Fortunately for Glenn, Butch is around to pick him up off the ground when the going gets real rough. And there's Julia Adams who kind of trusted him from the start. Rounding out the Technicolor cast are Chill Wills, Hugh O'Brien, Jeanne Cooper.—U-I.  
(more reviews on next page)



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**THE BEGGAR'S OPERA** When this highwayman (Laurence Olivier) comes riding, riding, all the girls start sighing, sighing even as he robs 'em. In bawdy England he is a hero but he also has a price on his head and this lands him in Newgate Gaol. The night before he is to hang, a beggar is tossed outside his cell. The beggar has written an opera about the bold and brave Captain Macheath. When he discovers that Olivier is Macheath he shows him the score and the opera unfolds. All about a carefree ladies' man of 300 years ago who is finally betrayed by the women he has been so gaily cavalier to. A man so free of moral obligation can't come to a good end—unless he's awfully charming. Olivier sings—as does the entire cast—to music written by Sir Arthur Bliss. Playwright Christopher Fry provided the lyrics. It's in Technicolor—Warners.



**IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE** Richard Carlson's talking up romance to Barbara Rush when what looks like a giant meteor flashes across the western sky and explodes in the desert. No coward, he, Carlson walks right into the seething crater, comes out swearing he saw a space ship. Those are rocks, the Army tells him, staring fixedly at his head. But eerie things begin to happen. People disappear in thin air and when they re-appear act like zombies. Some of them don't ever re-appear. Simple, really. Those spacemen are so ugly they're afraid to show themselves—each one is a viscous blob with a large eye floating in the center—instead, they take the shape of whatever people they find. But try telling that to Sheriff Charles Drake who's dying to blast 'em back to Mars. The movie, written by Ray Bradbury, is in 3-D on a wide screen with stereophonic sound.—U.I.



**SOUTH SEA WOMAN** When Marine Sergeant Jim O'Hearn (Burt Lancaster) is brought up for trial the court can't even believe the charges. Desertion, theft—that's okay. But who ever heard of a marine sinking a saloon? Not only a saloon. But almost the entire Jap fleet at Guadalcanal. And without permission. But as you'll discover, if any marine could have done it, that marine was O'Hearn. Virginia Mayo (she met him in Singapore) and Veola Vonn (she met him on an island where she ran a hotel) take the stand. So do various other characters who crossed O'Hearn's path during his exploits. All of them piece together an hilarious story. The whole trouble started when Burt's protégé (Chuck Connors) wanted to marry Virginia and Burt tried to rescue him. Somehow the light went out (they were in a saloon) and they all woke up in the China Sea. Don't ask me what happened. Ask Warners.

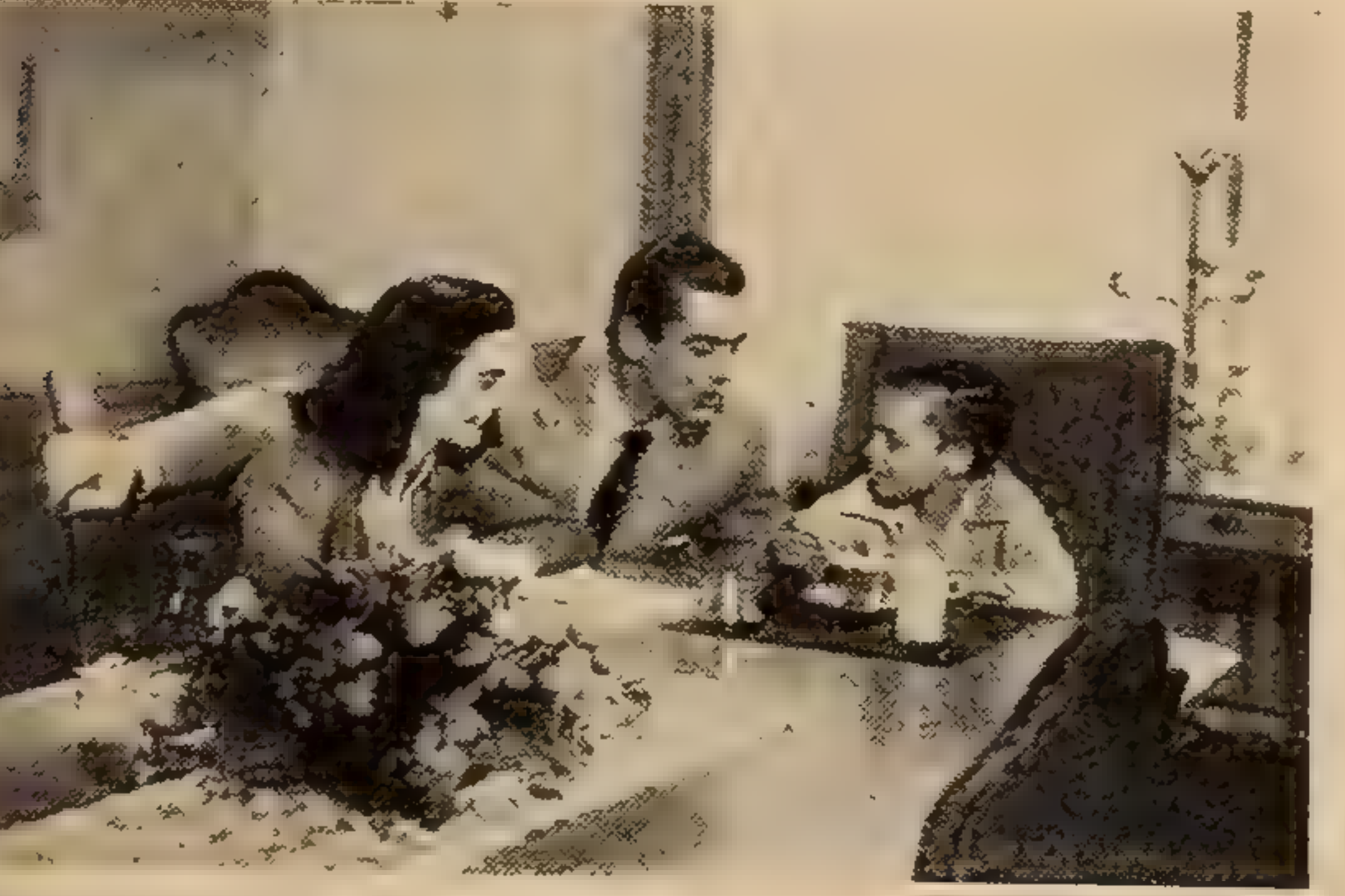




**THE AFFAIRS OF DOBIE GILLIS** If anyone who was responsible for this picture ever even *saw* a college I'd like to know the name of it. But go fight MGM who has Debbie Reynolds on their side. She's really interested in learning, can she help it if she meets a traveling-salesman type freshman (Bobby Van)? Together they blow up the chem lab, make monkeys out of their professors and turn the campus into a musical comedy set. Barbara Ruick and Bob Fosse—add a couple of pleasant songs and dances to the burdened air. It's not surprising that Debbie's father (Hanley Stafford) is reduced to a gibbering idiot in his efforts to isolate her from her frolicsome friends. He sends her to New York, but that doesn't work. He even calls the cops, and almost gets himself arrested. Well, it's all in fun, as they say. And Donald O'Connor had better watch out for Bobby Van.—MGM



**WHITE WITCH DOCTOR** Once again Africa (in Technicolor) provides a thrilling background for romance and darker passions. The year is 1907. Nurse Susan Hayward arrives in the Congo to work at a remote hospital post. Right away she meets Bob Mitchum who is being attacked by a wild gorilla (he sends 'em back alive to various zoos). She thinks he's brutal; he thinks she's frustrated. While they're falling in love, witch doctors are trying to cast spells over their competitor (that's Susan) and Walter Slezak (Mitchum's partner) is thinking up ways to steal gold from the dread Bakuba tribe. He gets his chance when Susan is called to the Bakuba village to tend the chief's son. To complicate the situation, Slezak is advancing on the village with greed in his eyes and dynamite on his porter's backs. The real excitement, though, lies in the sound of the drums and the shots of native dancing—20th



**AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER** Romance in the big city generally involves cab drivers, motherly landladies, starving artists and models. *Affair With A Stranger's* no different. It's a woman's story with a handsome hunk of man in it. That's Vic Mature, a playwright, unpublished. On New Year's Eve, in the middle of Times Square, he finds Jean Simmons and his worries are half over. She very conveniently falls in love and is shortly providing him with all the meals he'd otherwise have to steal from the automat. But before his movie's through, Mature owns a house larger than Long Island and is rumored getting a divorce from Jean. Flashbacks trace their courtship, his first Broadway flop, the birth of their baby, the strike-it-itch days. Those are the days that usher in siren Monica Lewis. She stars in Vic's plays and makes passes at him off stage. He resists her for a while—the question you may ask is, how long? You may well ask.—RKO (More movie reviews on next page)

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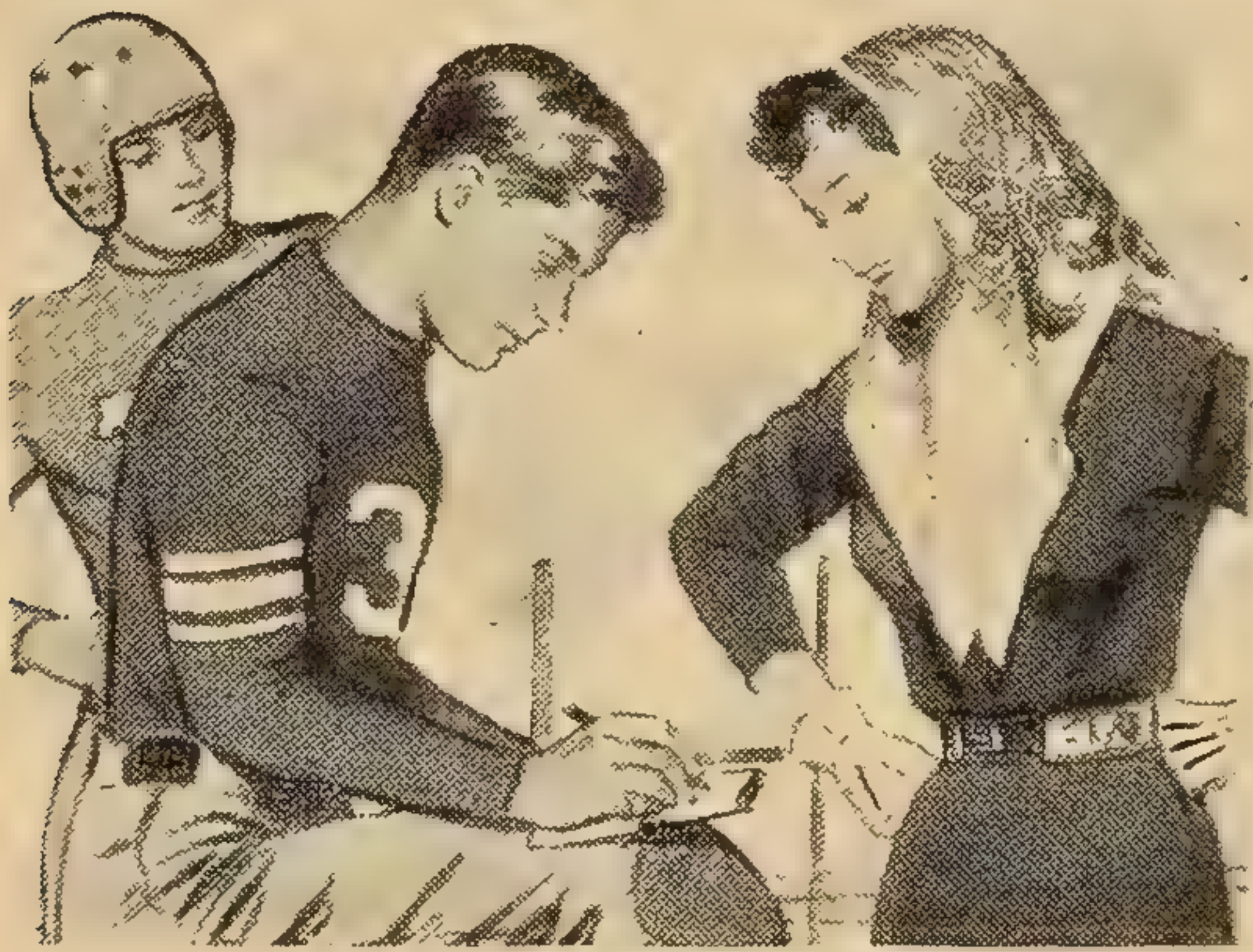




## Are you in the know?

### To start school with a bang—

☐ Be a hide-beater ☐ Gang up ☐ Try soloing  
Don't let those hermit blues set in! Have you a special talent, hobby? Gang up with kindred souls who share it. Help with the school paper, or posters for the fall prom. Or, hop on the bandwagon (who knows—you might be a Rosemary, junior grade!). And don't let *calendar* cares nag you. With Kotex, you can beat off "outline" blues, for those *flat pressed ends* don't show—so, your public will never know!



### Are these autographs likely to go—

- ☐ To her head ☐ Round her waist

A walking album—your scrapbook belt (new fun fashion)! Make-believe leather with vinyl plastic "window", it holds your heroes' autographs, snapshots—whatever suits your fancy. And here's something for your *memory* book: at problem time, you can choose a Kotex absorbency that suits you—*exactly*. Try Regular, Junior, Super.



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Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic... they're designed to prevent curling, cutting, or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunkings; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two... *for a change!*



### What's on a smart job-holder's mind?

- ☐ The future ☐ The clock ☐ New material

Your heart's set on a big-time career? Better keep your mind on the future instead of each visiting fireman. Show the boss you're dependable. Promotion-worthy. What's more, come "those days", don't count on heaven alone to protect the working gal. Choose Kotex! That *safety center* gives *extra* protection—and you get lasting comfort, for this softer Kotex *holds its shape!*



**SHE HAD TO SAY YES** Here's a small town in Arkansas that just sets there and lets the rest of the world go hang. They don't even *mention* money in this place. They pay each other in livestock and eggs. The town doctor, Bob Mitchum, is more interested in landing a trout named Hercules than any patients. People like Edgar Buchanan, Wallace Ford and Raymond Walburn run the stores and the jail, none of which are ever crowded. So suddenly an heiress (Jean Simmons) slides into town in a flashy Cadillac and wreaks enough havoc to last a hundred years. All she wants to do is repay the people of this town for saving her life when she was a baby. They sent her to a hospital when her father, who was still sniffing for those oil wells, couldn't afford it. How she repays them (mostly by disrupting the entire economy) and how she falls for Dr. Mitchum is what this movie's all about.—RKO



**THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE** In 1745 every Scotsman worth his salt was fighting George II. Unfortunately, George II won and no Scotsman could go home again (if he did he was hanged for a rebel). This is Errol Flynn's problem. He owns a castle in Ballantrae, and has a fiancée (Beatrice Campbell). He does manage to see her one night for a kiss, a promise of undying love and some money. The money will take him and another rebel (Roger Livesey) to France. But someone tips off the Redcoats and Flynn is shot, falls into the sea. Dead? No. They fall in with a crew of pirates, fight duels, toss rival pirates overboard, and finally amass a fortune. They return to Scotland, stage a war with the Redcoats in their own castle and Flynn is locked up. Redcoats think they're going to hang him, but they don't know about the secret passage.—Warners.



**SEA DEVILS** This movie crosses the Channel so much you get seasick. It takes place in the days when Napoleon was threatening to invade England and there were so many spies you never knew which side they were on. That is Rock Hudson's problem. He's a smuggler, owns a little boat. One night Yvonne de Carlo, draped in mystery and a low cut gown, asks him to take her to France. She wants to ransom her brother, she says; he's being held by the revolutionaries. A few hours later Hudson lovingly drops her on the coast of France. Next time he sees her she is all dressed up like a countess who is a French spy. Rock doesn't think twice; he kidnaps and delivers her to the British. Naturally, the British send her back to France, because she is no spy. That is, she is a spy but an English spy. When Napoleon finds that out, there's trouble! And Rock's crossing the Channel again. Among those ashore are Maxwell Reed, Denis O'Dea, Jacques Brunius.—RKO



# sweet and hot



\*\*Highly  
Recommended  
\*Recommended  
No Stars:  
Average

by leonard feather

## FROM THE MOVIES

Whew! Never before in the history of this column has there been such a mountainous monthful of movie music piled on my record changer. Looks as though Hollywood is again becoming aware of how mutually helpful the studios and Tin Pan Alley can be to each other. Following are some of the more interesting items.

**ALL I DESIRE**—title song by Tony Arden & The Four Lads\* (Columbia); Camarata (Decca); David Rose (MGM); Bob Manning\* (Capitol).

**THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL**—*Love Is For The Very Young* by Victor Young\* (Decca).

**BRIGHT ROAD**—*Suzanne (Every Night When The Sun Goes Down)* by Harry Belafonte\*\* (Victor).

**BAND WAGON**—sound track album by Fred Astaire, Nanette Fabray\* (MGM).

**CINEMA RHAPSODIES**—Vol. I by Victor Young\* (Decca).

This is an EP record by Victor Young's Singing Strings group, featuring *Moulin Rouge*, *Ruby*, *Hi-Lili Hi-Lo* and *Change of Heart*, the theme melody from *Forever Female*.

**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES**—sound track album by Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe\*\* (MGM).

This may surprise you! We already knew Jane was a good singer, but Marilyn does all right too. They both do separate versions of *Bye Bye Baby* and are featured together on *When Love Goes Wrong* and *A Little Girl From Little Rock*.

**JENNIFER**—*Angel Eyes* by Nat Cole\* (Capitol); Ella Fitzgerald\*\* (Decca).

**LIMELIGHT**—*Terry's Theme* (now retitled *Eternally*) by Jackie Gleason\* (Capitol); Johnny Smith\* (Roost); Ron Goodwin (Coral); Hugo Winterhalter (Victor); Richard Hayman (Mercury); Victor Young (Decca); Noro Morales (Victor); Wally Stott (Columbia); Jimmy Young (London).

**MELBA**—*The Melba Waltz (Dreamtime)* by Patrice Munsel\* (Victor); Percy Faith with Frank Parker & Marion Marlowe (Columbia); Victor Young (Decca); Tony Craig (Vogue). *Is This The Beginning Of Love?* (Victor).

**THE MOON IS BLUE**—title song by Sauter-Finegan (Victor); Silver Strings (Victor).

**MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD**—album by Percy Faith\* (Columbia).

This LP features the fine double-length Faith versions of *Return to Paradise*, *Ruby*, *Moulin Rouge* and *The Bad & The Beautiful (Love Is For The Very Young)*.



once I had blond hair...



then I turned drab and mousey...



Photograph by Mark Shaw, courtesy of MADEMOISELLE



now—Richard Hudnut  
Light and Bright has brought  
back natural looking lightness

Nothing to mix or fix  
"It's simpler than  
setting your hair!"

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by RICHARD HUDNUT is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brunettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, timing or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters, **1.50** PLUS TAX.

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# Now! A Panty Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits  
... all revealing summer clothes ...  
you'll think you've lost a full size,  
no matter what your size!



**Hidden "finger" panels** smooth and support your figure in *Nature's* own way. **Boneless** non-roll top stays up without a *stay*. See the lovely textured latex outside ... feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.



## New Playtex®

# Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is ... a brief with *all* the figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle ... a brief that gives you the figure *and* the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleekest slacks, washes in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've *ever* worn a brief, see the *difference*. If you think you *can't* wear revealing playclothes, let Magic-Controller Brief *show* you!

**Playtex Magic-Controller\* Panty Brief, \$6.95**  
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Ask to see these other famous Playtex Panty Briefs. **PLAYTEX® Living® PANTY BRIEF** turns your swimsuit into a slimsuit. \$3.50  
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## hollywood report continued

means when David O. Selznick checks into Lebanon Hospital for a physical check-up and lists not his wife, Jennifer Jones, as his closest friend and/or relative to be notified in case of an emergency—but Joseph Cotten??!

### QUICK QUOTES:

Asked if she knew anything about love, Debbie Reynolds said, "No, but I'm ready." Wow! ... Evelyn Keyes, asked why it is she looks prettier and younger than when she was here two years ago, replied, "With me the new switch in show-business isn't 3-D but 3-L: eat Lightly, sleep Late, always be about to fall in Love" ... Know how a gal gets all a-flutter and a-fluster when you ask her if she'll marry a guy? Well, I asked Rosemary Clooney if she'll marry José Ferrer and this is her word-for-word answer on my tape-recorder: "If you say in your Modern Screen column that I'm going to be married—uh, well—I'm afraid to say definitely that I *will* be! That is to say, you see, you can say I *might* be at the time your readers read this and not look stupid to your readers—oh, you know what I mean!—because I still have marriage very much in my mind and so does José!" (!)



Clooney

### ODDS BODKINS:

Terry Moore's been complaining to everyone that the publicity her studio gives out about her isn't very dignified. But hey, Terry, what about those sexy poses you get yourself into for the photogs? ... Farley Granger sends out form letters telling romantic girl fans of his why he can't marry them ... Mitzi Gaynor can say, "Look, no scar!" Since her sawbones performed a plastic job on her appendectomy ... Movie star who never lets her public down: Joan Crawford. Always bright and shining in hat, gloves, furs, simple jewelry, sharp makeup and driving a *crazy* car, that's our Joanie ... Anna-Maria Alberghetti, the girl you liked so well in *The Stars Are Singing*, is really growing up. She has been signed to fill the tights originally intended for Jane Russell in *Red Garters*—and once more she'll be playing with her pal, Rosie Clooney ... Janet Leigh still hasn't seen *Jet Pilot*, the movie she made with John Wayne for Howard Hughes. The necklines of her dresses four years ago, when the picture was made, were much lower than they are now!



Gaynor

Dottie Lamour got over the mumps in time to celebrate her tenth wedding anniversary with Bill Howard and guess what? I'll bet they'll celebrate 50 more! ... Ingrid Bergman's ermine wrap is still hanging in a Beverly Hills fur storage vault, after all these years. Once a year the storage bill goes to her attorney, Greg Bautzer ... Sunset Strip sight: Charlie Chaplin, Jr., and his ex-stepmother, Paulette Goddard ... Frank Lovejoy has lowered his sports car two inches so that he can strike matches on the pavement.



... June Haver loves the packages of cheese her Hollywood pals have been sending to her in the convent. She is also enjoying the caramel corn.

#### SEX APPEAL:

Hey, what did you think of Janie Powell in *Small Town Girl*? Grown-up all of a sudden, isn't she—all this and pretty, poised and surprisingly sexy! ... The script for Joan Crawford's new picture at MGM, *Torch Song*, describes the woman who plays the leading role (and kiddies, I do mean Joan herself!) as having beautiful legs. So, first day back on her old home lot after a ten-year absence, Joan got herself rigged out in leotard and mesh stockings for her dance rehearsals with Chuck Walters and, sure enough, there they were—the most beautiful legs in town! ... Incidentally, Penny Edwards has plenty upstairs too but have you ever noticed her gorgeous gams? —Crawford



Wheweee ... Something I never expected to see: Shelley Winters in hat and gloves ... I had a feeling George Sanders would emerge as an entirely new character in *Call Me Madam*, and sure enough he did, opening up a brand new field for his acting services. His fan mail now shows that you gals are drooling over him, and about time ... And you guys will be oh-ing and ah-ing little Natalie Wood pretty soon. Here's a child star who's growing up into a real looker.

Despite Rita Hayworth's denials, her biggest romance since Aly Khan is Manuel Rojas (pronounced Ro-hass), the Chilean polo player. They sizzle when they're together! ... Richard Burton, an independent cuss, has this to say about himself: "If I saw myself on the screen I would see room for improvement so I don't see myself. Anyway, I don't have any sex appeal and I don't like movies!" ... Wait and see if I'm not right with the prophecy that Herb Shriner will be a big star, on the order of the late, beloved Will Rogers, when *Main Street To Broadway* hits the nation's screens ...

#### FUNNIES:

Farley Granger thanked Don McNeill for asking him to make a guest appearance on Don's "Breakfast Club" radio show: "After eight months of being suspended by Sam Goldwyn, I needed a free meal!"

Tommy Morton wants you to know that Hollywood's a place where every kick in the pants is a step forward ... Jean Peters asks if you know the difference between a buffalo and a bison? A buffalo is an animal that roams the plains and a bison is a receptacle that an Englishman washes his hands in ... Fascinating problem submitted by Dale Robertson: What does a drunkard see when he staggers into a 3-D movie—6-D? ... Bob Wagner's definition of a Hollywood phony: a guy who has a million things on the fire but hasn't got a pot to cook in ... Rory Calhoun says the only thing they use radio for any more is to sell television sets ... Gossip item mentioned that a producer was seen with a gorgeous blonde. "That was no gorgeous blonde," shrieked his wife. "That was me!"



Peters



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**Four times better than tooth paste in clinical tests**

Listerine stops bad breath instantly and usually keeps it stopped for hours on end. In fact, in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll

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**No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Bacteria Like This ... Instantly**

Listerine instantly kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath ... the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth. Chlorophyll does not kill germs; brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Listerine does!



*The most widely used antiseptic in the world*

**LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH**  
4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

**ON TV ... LISTERINE "SUMMER THEATER"**—See your paper for time and station



The year's biggest shock to the  
entertainment world was Bing's calm  
announcement that he's ready to retire. He has  
private business to attend to.

BY JACK WADE

# bing crosby: "it's time to quit"

■ It was in June, just before he and his boy Lindsay pulled out of Europe that a jaunty little man named Bing Crosby sat in a large rococco hotel room in Paris and with typical Crosby levity announced his impending retirement.

"I'm 49," Bing said. "I've been around a long time, and I think I've earned a rest."

"They've got me penciled in to do *White Christmas* with Fred Astaire—I guess that'll roll in August—and then another *Road* picture with Hope, and that's it."

"Of course, if something very good comes along,"—Bing pressed his right thumb and index finger together—"the *pièce de résistance*, I'll probably do that one, too. But I've had it, and it's time for me to stop. Why, man, I'm as old as Hope."

"Is Bob Hope thinking of retirement?" someone asked.

The *Groaner* ran a hand through what is left of his hair. "Of course not." He grinned. "The public isn't that lucky . . . Well, I've got to hit a few today. I'm entered in the French Amateur (Golf Championship)."

And with that Der Bingle was off. Casual, nonchalant, seemingly light-hearted, he attached no importance to his announcement, didn't even consider it newsworthy enough to call a full-fledged press conference. The most fabulous career in motion pictures was on the verge of coming to an end, and its possessor considered it on par with a round of golf.

As a matter of fact that same day, Bing drove out to Chantilly, some 30 miles from Paris, to compete (*Continued on page 72*)



"Comment ca va, Old Boy?" Crosby's nonchalance captured French hearts at the Moulin Rouge hospital benefit. After his European jaunt with Lindsay, Bing will go home to make two more pictures and devote himself to Gary, Philip and Dennis.



Thrilling Beauty News *for users of* Liquid Shampoos!

LUSTRE-CREME is the  
favorite beauty shampoo  
of 4 out of 5  
top Hollywood stars...  
and you'll love it in its  
new Lotion Form, too!

*Marilyn Monroe*

starring in

"GENTLEMEN PREFER  
BLONDES"

A 20th Century-Fox Production

Color by Technicolor



MARILYN MONROE says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

## Now! Lustre-Creme Shampoo also in New Lotion Form!



**NEVER BEFORE**—a liquid shampoo like this! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form is much more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a *new* creamy lotion, a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion, that brings *Lustre-Creme* glamour to your hair with every heavenly shampoo!

**VOTED "BEST" IN DRAMATIC USE-TESTS!** Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form was tested against 4 leading liquid and lotion shampoos . . . all unlabeled. And *3 out of every 5 women preferred Lustre-Creme* in new Lotion Form over each competing shampoo tested—for these important reasons:

- \* Lather foams more quickly!
- \* Easier to rinse away!
- \* Cleans hair and scalp better!
- \* Leaves hair more shining!
- \* Does not dry or dull the hair!
- \* Leaves hair easier to manage!
- \* Hair has better fragrance!
- \* More economical to use!

*Prove it to Yourself...*

Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form is the best liquid shampoo yet!

Yes! Now take your choice:

Famous Cream Form...or new Lotion Form



Famous Cream  
Form in jars or tubes,  
27¢ to \$1.  
(Big economy size, \$2.)

New Lotion  
Form in  
handy bottles,  
30¢ to \$1.

**POUR IT ON — OR CREAM IT ON!** In Cream Form, Lustre-Creme is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form *you* prefer, lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.



# That Ivory Look

*Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!*



*Best-known beauties have it...  
So can you!*

Cathy Avery's complexion wasn't always the peaches-and-cream perfection it is today. She says a change to Ivory and regular care worked the magic. "I'd like to tell every girl," says this popular model, "what wonderful things Ivory's purity and mildness can do for her complexion!"



**99.44% pure... it floats**



*Brand-new beauties have it...  
so can you!*

Young as she is, this little Miss has a beauty tip for you—a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap. Famous for pampering delicate skin like hers, Ivory is advised by more doctors and skin specialists than any other soap.



*You can have That Ivory look  
in just one week!*

It takes so little time to have a lovelier complexion if you just do this: change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory. In seven days your complexion will look smoother, softer, younger! Yes, you'll have *That Ivory Look*.

*More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!*





Constant dates in Hollywood made Bob so lonesome for Ursula in England, he flew to the US to join her in a visit to his hometown.

HERE IS MODERN SCREEN'S FRANK ANALYSIS OF THE ROBERT TAYLOR-URSULA THIESS COURTSHIP.

# Why doesn't he marry the girl?

by Consuelo Anderson

■ It is an unwritten rule in Hollywood that every actor who gets a divorce eventually re-marries.

Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Alan Ladd, Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant, Michael Wilding—the list goes on and on including practically everyone except Spangler Arlington Brugh, a strikingly handsome 41-year-old actor who for 19 years has been playing in motion pictures under the name of Robert Taylor.

More popular than ever before—the result no doubt of his appearance in *Quo Vadis*, *Ivanhoe*, *Above And Beyond*, *All The Brothers Were Valiant*, *Ride, Vaqueró*, and *Knights Of The Round Table*—Bob Taylor admits that he has lost his heart to Ursula Thiess, the German actress now under contract to RKO. "But I don't know about marriage. After all, my divorce first became final in 1952, and I'm here in England, and Ursula's back in Hollywood, and who knows whether anyone's ready for marriage?"

Now, Bob Taylor is one of the few actors in the business who talks modestly, honestly, (Continued on page 74)



They shouldn't  
have fallen in love  
—but they did.

So with courage  
and honesty these  
two decent people  
are facing their great-  
est problem together.

BY PAMELA MORGAN

**O**ne sunless afternoon in a small bachelor's apartment overlooking the sound stages at 20th Century-Fox, a tall, lean, well-muscled actor sat in an easy chair reading the afternoon newspapers, reading in fact, his own journalistic cremation.

Like most talented artists, Gene Nelson is a sensitive, easily-hurt man, and when he read that, among other things, he was a "home-wrecker, a regular junior Don Juan, an actor who obeys his first impulses and nothing else," his large blue eyes grew small and flinty. He bit his lower lip hard and there burned into his mind the unforgettable realization that for love, the true love, a man must be willing to sacrifice everything—his reputation, his work, his money, his life.

Sitting there in that furnished apartment, his soul filled with a quiet fury, Gene Nelson asked himself what crime he had committed that such a vicious attack should be visited upon him.

He had fallen in love with Jane Powell, a beautiful, honest, talented young star who had fallen out of love with her husband. For this, he was being treated like a Bluebeard.

The simple truth is that the Jane Powell-Gene Nelson romance is one of the truly great love affairs in Hollywood's long and tempestuous history, also one of the most honorable and sincere, because these two kids are young people of candor, integrity, honor, consideration, and background.

No woman can padlock her heart to love, no man blind his eyes to beauty and it is a tribute to the character of Gene and Jane that never once in this whole romance has either of them stooped to deceit, evasion, or falsehood.

Both were dissatisfied with their marriages long before Jane was borrowed from MGM to star opposite Gene in *Three Sailors And A Girl*. (Continued on page 81)





Gene Nelson and Jane Powell:

# “HOW WE FELL IN LOVE”







Dan Dailey and Gwen

O'Connor are in a whirl

... they're together constantly,

but both keep on dating

their ex-spouses, too! Who's in

love with whom? Not even the

O'Connors and the Daileys

know themselves!

BY SANDY CUMMINGS



# hollywood muddle



"We're more mixed up than this spaghetti," cracks Don O'Connor about his and Gwen's marital problems. But Hollywood suspects he's just laughing to keep from crying. With Gwen concentrating on Dan Dailey (left) there's little chance of an O'Connor reconciliation.

■ When Donald O'Connor's attractive, 26-year-old wife stalked into the California Superior Court a few weeks ago to pick up her divorce, reporters were a little disappointed to find Gwen unescorted by lanky Dan Dailey.

Ever since her marital breakup, Gwen had been seen practically everywhere with the tall, talented hooper, and it was anticipated that in her hour of need he would remain at her side, a bulwark of comfort and reassurance.

In Judge Otto Emme's court, however, there was no sign of the great Casanova that particular day. A friend offered the possibility that he might be enjoying the company of half-a-dozen horses or half-a-dozen girls.

Anyway, Gwen O'Connor, demurely dressed in a tailor-made suit, her marriage ring removed, ambled into court flanked by her attorney Bernie Silbert, a rotund old hand at Hollywood divorces and by Nancy O'Hanlon, the former Nancy Clark of films who is married to George O'Hanlon, the TV comic. Nancy came along as a witness to corroborate Gwen's testimony as to what a bad boy her husband had been.

(Continued on page 84)



THE O'SHEA BABY ISN'T DUE TILL NOVEMBER—BUT VIRGINIA AND MIKE

# Great Day Coming!



Even for first-time parents Virginia and Mike started shopping early for their baby. They're going to completely remodel their house, too.



Horses and long-horn cattle will be O'Shea Junior's pets, but until he's really old enough for ranch life he'll need some gentler companions.



Virginia and Michael O'Shea have no preference for boy or girl. As Mike admits, "I'm crazy about little girls, but so it's a baby, so it's ours, so we'll love it." They have definite ideas about the advantages they want to give their child: education, sound religious background, lots of friends.





Feminine Virginia boosts a luxurious christening robe. Practical Mike's all for a plain cozy undershirt. Baby'll have both.



Ginny Jones of St. Louis had lots of books and dollies before she grew up to be a movie star. But O'Shea missed all that, is making sure his kid doesn't.



"So if he wants to be a 6-Day Bike Rider he'll get a good start," says Mike as Mrs. Mike spoofs his choice of vehicle.



"Uncle Bernie" of the famous toy shop has sold Virginia on a cuddly rabbit; Mike had something more rugged in mind.



Virginia's not ready for maternity clothes yet—but she simply can't resist shopping for them. Perhaps Mike's calling her "Fatso" has something to do with it.



"Nothing today, just looking." Mrs. O'Shea leaves Hollywood's maternity shops empty handed, but with lots of ideas.

■ Due to one thing or another—the noon-day sun of the San Fernando Valley, maybe, or simply the fact that the baby was still six months off—the expectant couple did not look terribly expectant at the moment. They did not, for example, look anywhere near as expectant as their bulldog, who appeared ready to expire from sheer button-eyed anticipation at any moment. It was hard to know what he anticipated, but then, bulldogs are inscrutable that way.

Michael O'Shea, cast these days in the role of incipient pappy, wore denims, a

baseball cap and a warmish look. He'd earned the last; an enormous tree-felling job was going on back in the stable-area of the O'Sheas' ranch, and O'Shea had helped fell a few. Virginia Mayo O'Shea was a lot cooler. She is disqualified from lumberjacking until after early November at least. She had on bright red pedal-pushers, their usual accoutrements, and she was not yet entitled to be called Fatso, O'Shea to the contrary.

"Fatso," said O'Shea, "should you sit out in the sun?"

"Certainly," said Miss Mayo. "Don't

you start that now. You know," she said in another direction, "what surprises us is that there's so much interest in all this. Not that it's not flattering. But it seems so—"

"People *do* have babies," said O'Shea. "I have it on excellent authority. Some people after a year, some after five, some ten. We've been married six years. We refuse to look on it as a miracle."

"As a matter of fact—" began Miss Mayo.

"As a matter of fact," said O'Shea, "this one has (Continued on page 87)





Nobody wants to  
believe it. But every-  
body in Hollywood is  
worried about The  
Most Beautiful Girl In  
The World . . .

## IS LIZ LOSING HER BEAUTY?

by Susan Trent



■ At Hollywood sewing circles these days, a frequent subject under discussion is that of Liz Taylor's looks. The girls get together behind closed doors and pound the subject into the floor. "Have you seen Liz lately?" "Don't you think she's losing her looks?" "What do you suppose is happening to her?" It's all part of the girls' fun, the age-old feminine twist of jealousy where a beautiful woman is concerned. Much of it is cattiness and wishful thinking, despite the fact Liz is a well-liked girl. But the talk would never have started if there had been no basis for comment.

If it is true—and the cameramen who know are beginning to notice it—Liz had best look to her laurels among the other beauties of Hollywood.

There was a time, last May, when an accident on the set of *Elephant Walk* came near to causing her the loss of an eye. The blast of a wind machine lodged a tiny sliver of steel in her right eye, and the doctor removing it found it had penetrated 3/4". If it had gone 1/16" in the opposite direction, he said, it would have pierced the iris. It was an extremely painful injury, and less than a week later it became infected and Liz was taken to the hospital, where she remained for a week.

This was a near-miss that was beyond Liz' control, but the thing that people are talking about is not. She has a God-given gift of beauty, a beauty that was evident from the time she was a tiny child until she blossomed in adolescence into a strikingly lovely young woman. The combination of her pale skin and black-lashed, violet eyes has been enough to make men wish knighthood were once again in flower, that they could do daring deeds to win the heart and hand of such a maiden.

Now there is talk that the freshness of her appeal is beginning to fade. If so, it is the course of nature, for every girl has a beauty of her own, whether or not she looks like Elizabeth Taylor, during her teens and early twenties. The firmness and the brightness begin to disappear along with the years, (Continued on page 90)

See page 38-39: How The Stars Preserve Their Beauty!







# Beauty is every woman's job

Not all women are born beautiful. But each and every female has an obligation to herself to make the most of her natural equipment. It takes hard work . . . but the results are worth it!

By TERRY HUNT

■ Bob Wagner took a long, lingering look at Terry Moore's delightful figure which at the moment was filling out a clinging bathing suit to the male viewpoint's utmost satisfaction. "Terry," he exclaimed, "I just don't believe it!"

"Just don't believe what?" Terry asked.

"Why, the story that you work out in a gym with barbells. Where are all the bulging muscles?"

Terry laughed. "You're behind times, boy," she replied. "It's true—I do work out with barbells. So do a lot of other girls these days. But we don't wind up with bulging muscles, and we're not trying to become lady weight lifters. We're just following the latest scientific methods to stay fit."

Terry Moore puts it simply by explaining that the science of beauty and health is keeping step with the progress being made in many other fields in this atomic age. As a veteran in the field of keeping glamor alive in Hollywood, I can report that great strides are being made in the profession of physical fitness, particularly in relation to beauty and mental health. Such educators as Dr. Laurence E. Morehouse, of the University of Southern California, Dr. Harvey Billig and Evelyn Loewendahl of Stanford University, and Eleanor Metheny, author of "Body Dynamics," have accomplished amazingly valuable research in this respect.

However, the purpose of this (Continued on page 86)



Gloria Gordon started off her exercises with this thigh, calf, and ankle exercise. Take position as illustrated, with ankles locked, under the weight. Bring feet up until the knees are locked, then return to first position.



An excellent conditioner for the arms, bust and back is this exercise. Take position as illustrated, then slowly pull bar down to chest. Next, return to original position, slowly. Watch your breathing, making sure you inhale as you let bar up, exhale as you bring bar down.



This exercise keeps the hips and thighs trim and supple. Lying as illustrated, on a heavy table, grip the sides of the table and kick scissor fashion with the knees stiff. Swing the legs for about 30 seconds. Do two sets, resting between for a minute.



**EXERCISES RECOMMENDED FOR KEEPING YOUR FIGURE SLIM. DO THEM AT HOME OR AT YOUR LOCAL GYM.**



Barbell exercises aren't hard to do. Start off with this simple one: Place barbell on floor, then pick up, bring up to chest, as illustrated. Then raise it above the head, and lower to back of neck. Next, reverse the procedure, and finish by placing on floor. Be

certain not to perform with a jerky movement. Repeat exercise six times, and increase every other day to a maximum of 12 times. This exercise is not to develop big muscles, but to develop the back, arms, bust. You'll be very pleased with the results.



For toning up hips, thighs and mid-section, take position as illustrated. Then move legs in bicycle fashion for about 30 seconds. Breathe at will. Begin with two sets a day. Increase one minute only after you can do the exercise without strain on midsection.



This bicycle exercise is excellent for the legs. Terry, whose physical education programs are used by the Army Air Forces, recently opened a new Health Club exclusively for women at 12446 Ventura Boulevard, Studio City, near Republic and U-I studios in Cal.



Gloria finishes up her exercise regimen with a few minutes on the hip-reducing machine. There's no work to this one . . . just lean back and let the machine whittle away excess poundage. It's easy as pie.





The early bird around Del Monte catches Doris up looking scrubbed and sexy and "full of beans." After she gets full of eggs and bacon and a mountain of wheat-cakes, she's ready to go. The rest of these pictures show where she went—and what she did.



True sight-seers, the Melchers hustled down to the Associated Artists Gallery in Carmel, California. There they fell for a harbor scene by Sam Harris.



Doris won't stop for anything but dogs when she's touring; and she's constantly hungry. Her dilemma's solved by her carry-all. It holds a picnic or a puppy.

THE PRESENT'S PLUS-PERFECT. THE FUTURE COULDN'T LOOK ROSIER. BUT DORIS AND MARTY

# SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

BY CARL SCHROEDER

MEMO: TO THE EDITOR OF MODERN SCREEN

"Dear Chuck: I hope this report will explain about that picture you wanted of Doris Day in the red bathing suit, and a few other things. . . .

There has been a lot of nonsense written about Doris Day, which comes from the fact that she has been interviewed over 600 times by well-meaning writers who could only be allowed about an hour during lunch time at the studio.

So, like you requested, Boss, I talked Doris and her husband, Marty Melcher, the astute young agent, into accompanying them on the last lap of their vacation,





Here's a nifty hat that gives Doris' pony-tail the run-around. She and Marty spent hours in Del Monte's Cabbages and Kings shop.



"This'll shake my New Englander up," grins Mrs. Melcher. Marty's a conservative, Doris loves California's gay colors, keeps urging him to be more informal.



"Lend me a dime to look at the seals?" She got her dime. She focused in. Then swore a big, fat walrus winked at her.



The good old days were never like this. Doris gave an impromptu performance at California's historic first theater in Monterey.



Marty and Doris, who never go night-clubbing, made a big thing of dancing at the Del Monte Lodge. In Hollywood they prefer stay-at-home fun with Doris' son Terry.



Her feet may give out after a busy day—but never her appetite. Doris designed her smart evening dress with a jacket herself.

## TOOK A JOURNEY INTO EACH OTHER'S PAST—AND FELL IN LOVE ALL OVER AGAIN EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

along with our photographer, Mr. Bob Beerman.

"It is sort of a dirty trick," Marty said over the telephone, "but you have caught us so to speak just as we are going out the door, so you may as well come along. We are headed for Del Monte Lodge. If you can keep up with my new Olds, we're leaving in a half hour and we'll meet you at Blackwell's Corner for lunch."

"It's a date," I agreed, "and tell Doris to pack that sensational red bathing suit. The Boss wants to see how she fills it out."

Well, we barely made it. We picked

up the Olds light green convertible just as it turned onto Sepulveda a couple miles behind—that Marty certainly wheels a car—until we got trapped by a big diesel truck. By the time we shook ourselves loose, there was no Olds in sight, so we hit out for Blackwell's Corner. When we pulled up, there was nothing but a gas station and a lunch counter. Some joker, that Marty. Anyway, we stopped for a beer and a hardboiled egg, and by the time we reached Del Monte Lodge, the Melchers had checked in and retired.

Next morning we went into the dining room ten minutes after it opened. Being

a little put out, we pulled up chairs alongside Doris and Marty without a word. Doris looked up from behind a yard of breakfast menu and said to the waitress, "I'll have ham and wheatcakes—and could you put a couple of big-eyed fried eggs on top of the cakes?"

Marty gave us an accusing look. "Where were you guys? We were going to meet at Blackwell's Corner."

"A likely story," I snapped. "We followed your road-racing Olds until we lost you. I got a life-size picture of our movie star, here, stopping at that lunch counter."

"Is that so?" (Continued on next page)



# SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY continued

Doris countered. "For one thing, we didn't take the Olds. I talked Marty into using the Cadillac. For another, I can prove we stopped at the Corner."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah—right above the counter there's a sign reading, 'If you prefer to put ashes and cigarette stubs in your cup, please tell the waitress—she'll serve your coffee in an ash tray.' Now, did we stop, or not?"

"You stopped," I agreed. I watched Doris polish off the wheatcakes and order a glass of milk. She had on a white sweater filled in the right places. She was also wearing a scrubbed and slightly sexy look, which is pretty good for anyone to achieve at seven-thirty in the morning. I was beginning to like the assignment.

So I said to Doris, "First off, how about climbing into the red bathing suit?"

She looked out through the huge plate glass window, across the 18th green, out over the blue Pacific. "Don't be ridiculous," she said, "the sun's not out. I'm not freezing to death for anybody."

"Okay," I suggested, "let's get out on the golf course for a few shots."

Marty put in his two-bits' worth. "Nix," he said. "Doris doesn't play golf, and she won't pose for any phony pictures about a sport she doesn't go in for."

There you get an idea how difficult it is to deal with some movie stars. "Okay, Doris," I countered, "Pebble Beach is the golfers' paradise, but you don't play golf. You tell us what you will do."

"That's a deal," she retorted. "Let's go."

We did, and I learned a lot of things in the next few hours—about this country we live in, and more particularly about Doris Day and her husband.

For one thing, Doris told me, "You know, we've had the time of our lives in the last few weeks. We've traveled 4,300 miles. I've met a lot of wonderful people and the best thing is I've learned to know my husband."

"Oh, I dunno—you've been married quite awhile and you seem reasonably well acquainted."

"I don't mean that," Doris said as we walked through the grounds of the Lodge toward the swank Del Monte shops. "I never quite got Marty's tastes—you know, always in the dark, quiet business suit. After all, we live in California, where you owe it to your surroundings to go a little overboard with the color and the cut. He claims that some of the outfits I try to push him into make him look like a race track tout. But now that I have visited his home town of North Adams, (Continued on page 62)

FOR THE FIRST TIME DURING THEIR TWO AND A HAL



"Yipes, the place is going to the dogs," yipped Dodo. She was all set to buy out the shop till Marty told her "no money," and the poodle couldn't find anything to suit her. There's nothing like shopping in California.



On famous 17-Mile Drive Doris and Marty visited the scene of the wreck of the John B. Stetson. Dozens of ships crack up here because of the heavy fog. P.S. These are the first white shoes M. Melcher ever owned.

**Doris takes her first tennis lesson from professional John**





**YEARS OF MARRIAGE THE BUSY MELCHERS TAKE TIME OUT JUST FOR FUN AND JUST FOR EACH OTHER.**



"Anybody home?" When the diver didn't answer Doris' polite "How do," she decided to investigate. Fisherman's Wharf outside Pebble Beach, California, has many such interesting displays.



"Get ready . . . get set . . ." then Mrs. Melcher let fire with her miniature silver pistol to start the sailing races. She got hungry before the finish, dived into the galley; still doesn't know what yacht got what.



Marty Melcher comes off a poor second when there's a compatible pooch around. So, while his wife flirted with other lucky dogs, he reloaded the camera for more scrapbook snapshots.



Portrait of an agent spoon-feeding a client. Or better still, a devoted husband pampering a wife who loves it . . . and him. Keeping this girl fed requires mountains of food—and she wasn't thinking of hamburgers.

**Gardiner. Teacher says, "What coordination. What savvy." And we say "What form." Final score? Love, all.**










Meet Miss Cinderella  
of 1953! She's Elaine  
Stewart, the girl who  
dreamed her way  
straight into the hottest  
new career in Hollywood.

BY JIM HENAGHAN



# "SHE OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES!"

■ Things were going very well at the first press screening of an MGM picture called *The Bad And The Beautiful*. If you saw the movie, you'll remember it was all about Hollywood—and how a producer made the town click according to formula. All the familiar elements were there, all the familiar success stories. The rise of a writer, a director and a star. It ran like a collection of Cinderella stories.

In the back of the projection room on the Metro lot, the publicity man assigned to the screening leaned against the wall and felt good about the whole thing. He knew what was in the picture—and he knew how it was going to be received.

Then something went wrong. Not exactly wrong, maybe, but different from how it was supposed to go. A tall, dark-haired girl appeared on the screen and the audience began to get restless. Some of the reviewers took their programs out of their pockets and held them up to the light, to see who this girl was. Her name was Elaine Stewart.

The next morning the press agent was in the producer's office.

"It was the doggondest thing," he said. "The minute this kid showed up on the screen everyone sat up and took notice. There was a whispering murmur and a shuffling of programs you'd have to hear to believe."

"Hmmmmm," said the producer.

Now "Hmmmmm," in Hollywood can mean many things. But one thing it does mean is action. Good or bad action, maybe, but action. In this case it was good, because as soon as the producer was alone, he picked up his inter-com phone and called a meeting of his staff.

As soon as they had gathered in his office, he said, "We have a great report on this new girl, Elaine Stewart—and I have a hunch we have a winner. Let's get moving with her. The coaching, the dancing, the works. And let's put her into something quick. I want more reaction, fast."

That was several months ago, quite a few months ago. Today, the success of Elaine Stewart as a movie star is assured. Her name is up in lights on her own. The press and magazines have adopted her. She's at the point in the story where the glass slipper has been tried on and fits. It all began in a dark projection room, where the rustle of programs indicated interest. (Continued on page 76)



# He never said "can't"



Gordon MacRae's family life with wife Sheila, children Meredith 9, Heather 6, and Gar 5, is as successful as his career.

Any guy but MacRae  
would figure he's got it  
made and sit cozy.

He's got a different slant:

When you're at the  
top there's no place  
to go but UP.

BY LOU POLLOCK

■ When we all start riding space ships through the solar system, and the scientists get around to outfitting them with the inevitable jukebox, the first nickel in the slot will probably get you Gordon MacRae's voice. It will ring out confidently amid the cosmic rays and darting meteors just as if it belonged there. And as far as Gordon is concerned it does. They'll need song up there won't they? How are the acoustics around Mars and Jupiter?

It isn't that he considers himself the biggest name in popular music; others are heard more frequently perhaps. But that is only because they have sought to secure their positions in the one field. Not Gordon. Against a background of success as a movie, radio and recording artist, he spends little time contemplating where he is compared to the thought he gives about where he is going; in addition to the three pursuits already listed there is TV for him surely, concerts and multi-thousand-a-week night club engagements undoubtedly, opera very likely, and after that—well, that's where the space ships will fit in nicely.

That's why nobody worried about Gordon's plans when Warner Brothers decided to shut down for a few months pending a study and preparation period for 3D production. With other stars wondering about their next step Gordon was up to his baritone tonsils in projects that range from opening a Lake Tahoe night club with Peter Lind Hayes to studying opera at Milan, and from offering to sing at Ann Blyth's wedding to starting off on a nightclub tour.

Accustomed as Hollywood is to high (Continued on page 68)









Warm love scenes with Bob Wagner  
on sunny Floridian sands sent "engagement"  
rumors flying back to Hollywood.



by Steve Cronin

# IS TERRY MOORE HEADING FOR TROUBLE?

**TERRY'S A PRESS AGENT'S DREAM THESE DAYS WITH  
HER CURVES AND HER FAMOUS BEAUX. BUT . . . IS SHE  
LIVING HER PUBLICITY UP JUST A BIT TOO MUCH?**

■ From Florida, where the moon hangs low over the palm trees, and a press agent's thoughts turn, naturally, to love, came the news: "Terry Moore is going to marry Bob Wagner."

That news, flashed to Hollywood, hit the town like a bombshell. That town had learned to expect amazing things from Terry, but this was something! She had been out on only a couple of dates with Bob before they left for location in Florida. And now she was going to marry the boy?

It turned out the story was a phony. It was as much a bombshell to Terry and Bob as to Hollywood. Here's how it happened:

The press agent for the *12-Mile Reef* company in Florida was looking around for ways to publicize the picture. It happened that Terry's divorce from Glenn Davis was to be final the next day. So he wired the three press services to that effect. Like a good press agent, he added that Terry was being linked romantically with Robert Wagner, her co-star in *12-Mile Reef*.

Two of the press services sent the news out as it had been reported to them. The other burst out with: "Friends of Terry Moore and Robert Wagner said the pair will be married next week."

Nobody was able to find out how the erroneous story started. One clue was a line in the script. Bob had a line in which he said to Terry's parents, "We're married." Perhaps someone overheard it and misunderstood.

Or it might have been caused by Bob's jaunty routine with gals he knows. He'll say to them, "Hi, doll, why don't we get married?"

Whatever the cause, pandemonium broke loose. The story hit front pages everywhere. Bob's sister called him tearfully and said, "You might have waited until the folks got back from Hawaii." Terry's lawyer long-distanced: "For heaven's sake, don't get married until I send you the divorce papers to sign. It won't be legal!"

Terry and Bob spent most of their time telling people that they weren't getting married. They were, (Continued on page 69)







A clear blue sky, colorful flowers, trees, and beautiful music, played by world-famous violinist Harold Stern and his orchestra, set the gala mood of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood fashion party. The MODERN SCREEN Star Board

Members who viewed, approved and voted the fall-winter fashions and accessories are shown above—left to right: Bob Horton, Barbara Ruick, Barry Sullivan, Mona Freeman, Jeanne Crain, Jeff Hunter and Keenan Wynn.

# hollywood goes to a fall fashion party

■ Going places—whether you're a career gal, country gal, school gal or just a lucky stay-at-home gal—these wonderful basic glamor-wise award winning fashions are for you! The new fall and winter fashions of 1953, modeled by Hollywood's top mannequins, were paraded before MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood Fashion Board of terrific motion picture personalities at a fashion luncheon party held on the fabulous estate of society's Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Putnam in Bel-Air, California. Hundreds of balloons decorated the grounds, goodies were served by the famous Brown Derby and exciting door prizes were given by top manufacturers. After the show stars posed in the winning fashions for these and the following fashion pages. (Continued on page 67)

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE  
BOUGHT FROM STORES ON PAGE 66

Umbrellas by Wilshire Awning—Beverly Hills



Ann Blyth in Doris Dodson's classic sharkskin jersey frock—angora trim, patent leather belt. Sizes 7 to 15. Dark green, red or navy. About \$18. See Ann in MGM's new Technicolor film *All The Brothers Were Valiant*.





Elaine Stewart and Ursula Thiess pose with colorful party decor, Lee-tex balloons—all "easy on the eye."



Bob Stack, Louis Calhern, Barry Sullivan and Ricardo Montalban discuss the male viewpoint on newest fashions with lovely Jean Hagen.



Mona Freeman and Cyd Charisse get a party souvenir from Keenan Wynn—Paper-Mate pens engraved, M. S. Fashion Party.



Shelley Winters draws the number of some lucky door-prize winner, Jean Hagen watches and hopes.



Hostesses of TWA, United and American airlines give hints on career clothes to Bob and Barbara.



Mrs. Cleveland Putnam, hostess of MODERN SCREEN fashion party, presents Greer Garson, a door-prize winner, with a Crosley radio.



3-D triumphs in the Holeproof hosiery exhibit at party—the model wears cerise and char-treuse—colors of the Holeproof hosiery box.



Keenan and Bob congratulate guest, June Taylor, for her spectacular swimming performance.



Janet Leigh, an MGM star, in College-Town's wool flannel belted skirt. About \$7—colors, sizes page 54. Catalina sweater. Cameo's Can't Run Burmalace stockings. American Beauty compact. Samsonite luggage.



Jeanne Crain in Princess Junior's dress of Dynalure jersey knit. 7 to 15. Also available in brown, tan trim. About \$11. Moxee casuals. Nylon hosiery, 15 denier Kno-Run, by Holeproof. Jeanne wears a Waltham wrist watch.



Mitzi Gaynor in Joselli's wool suit—velveteen trim. 7 to 15, also 8 to 18. Grey only. About \$50. Holeproof nylons, full-fashioned 15 denier 60 gauge. Samsonite luggage. Mitzi is now in 20th's *There's No Business Like Show Business*



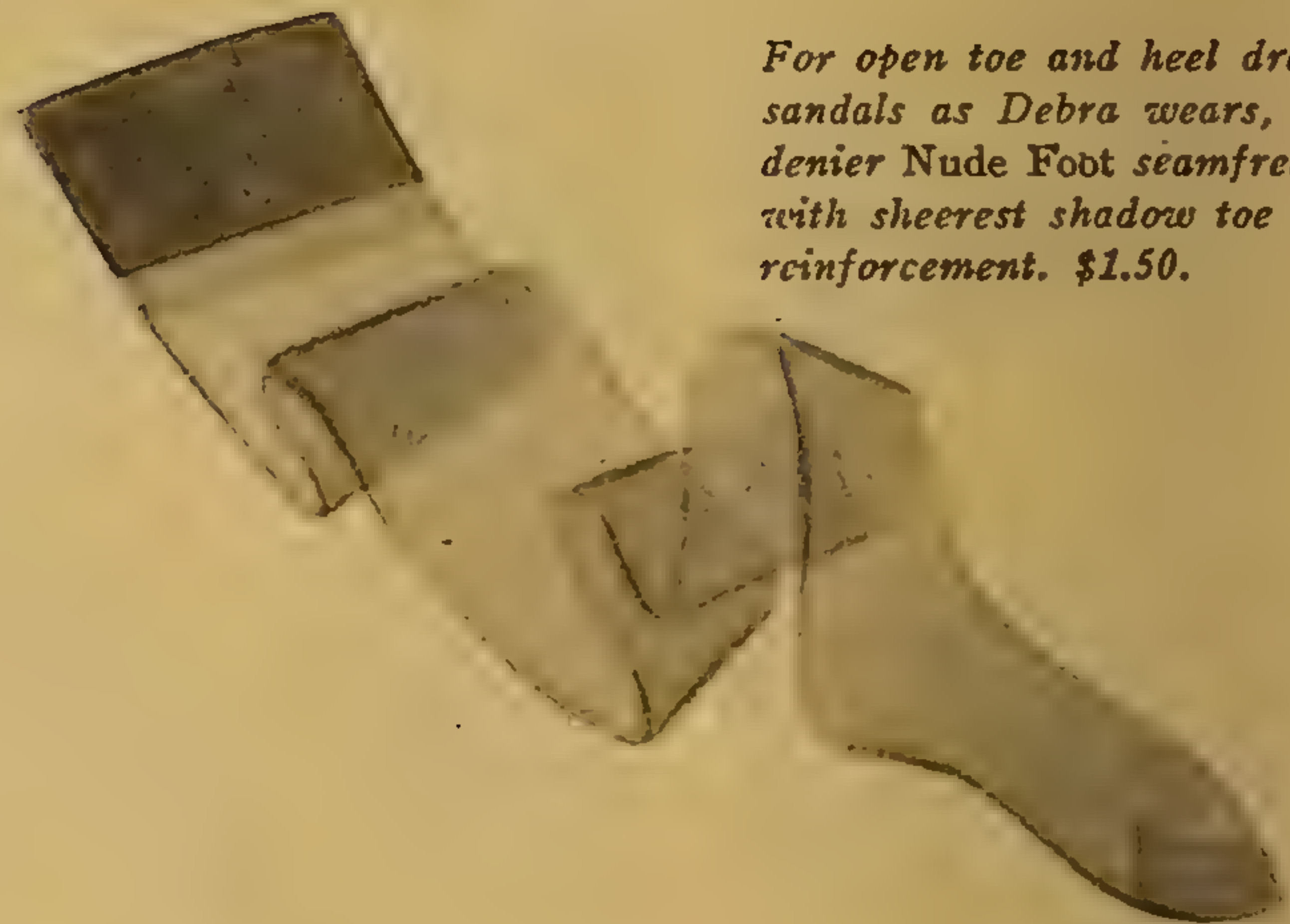


Debra Paget, appearing in 20th's *Prince Valiant*, pretty as a picture in Princess Junior's frock of acetate and rayon flannel (crease resistant finish). The full, flared skirt is trimmed with Soutache braid to match the contrast buttons and belt. Grey, tan or blue. Sizes 7 to 15. About \$11. Debra wears a Waltham watch; holds an American Beauty compact.

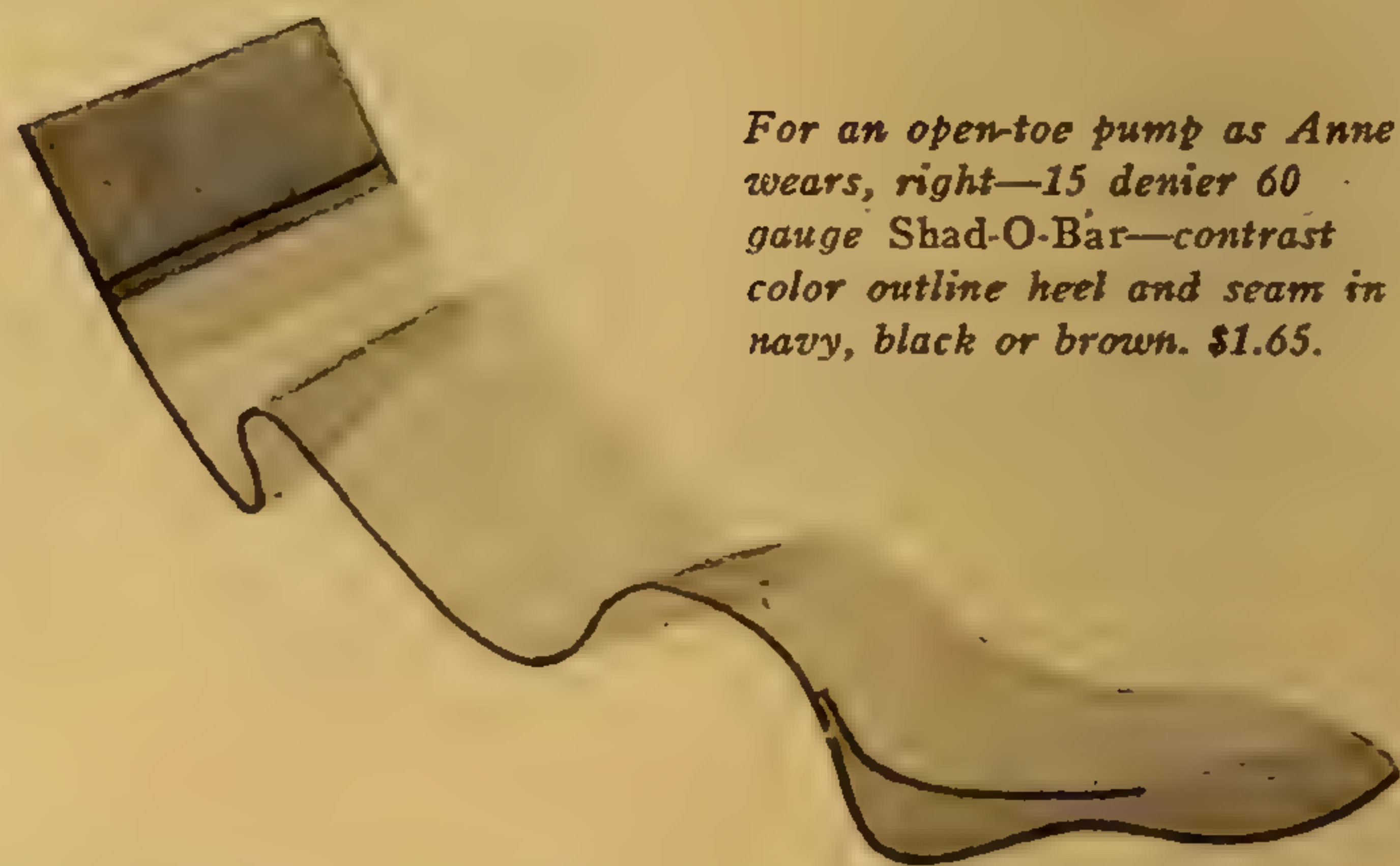
## hollywood goes to a fall fashion party

HOLLYWOOD-APPROVED FASHIONS  
MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES  
LISTED ON PAGE 66

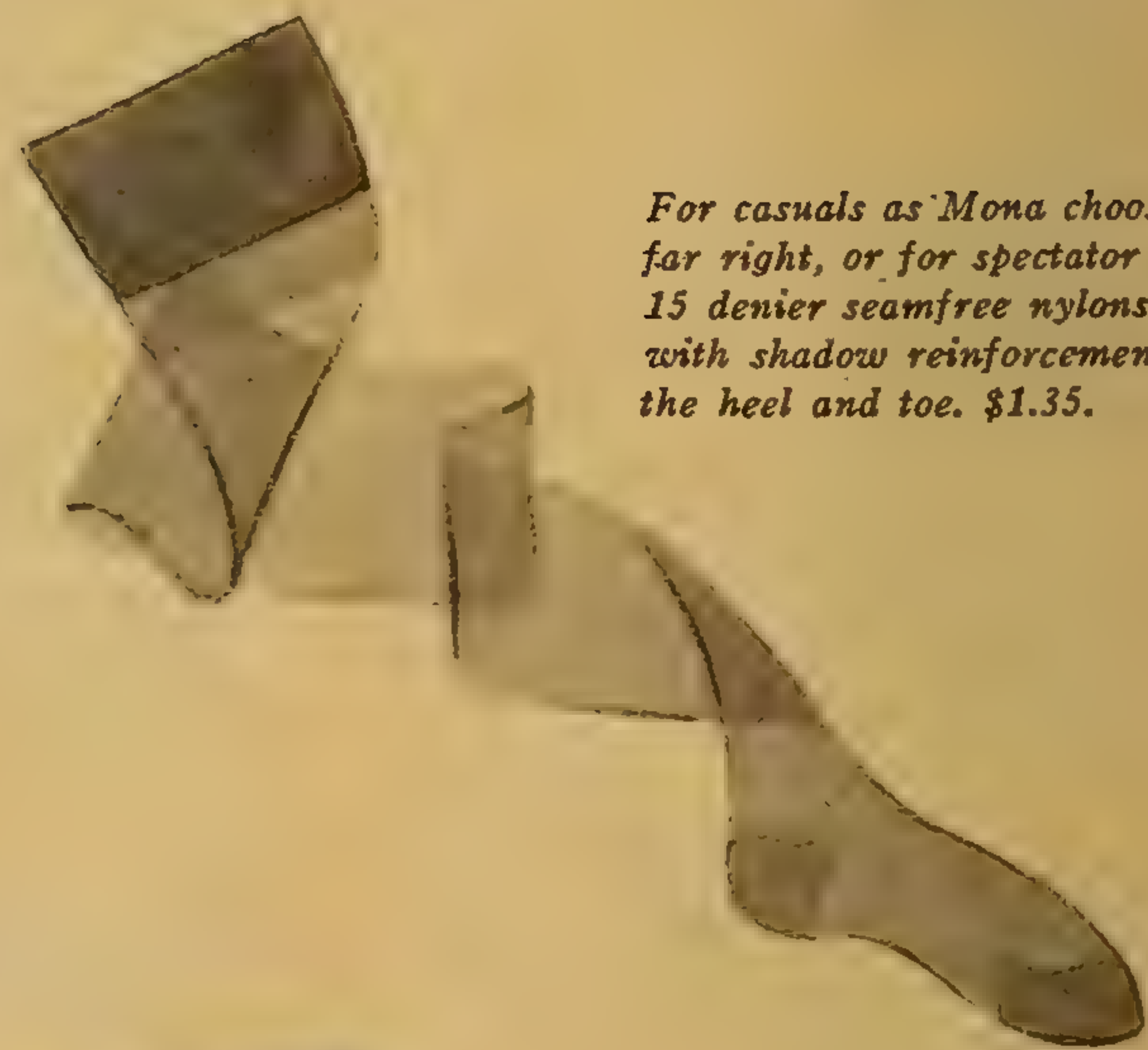
### NYLON HOSIERY STYLES FOR YOUR SHOE WARDROBE BY HOLEPROOF



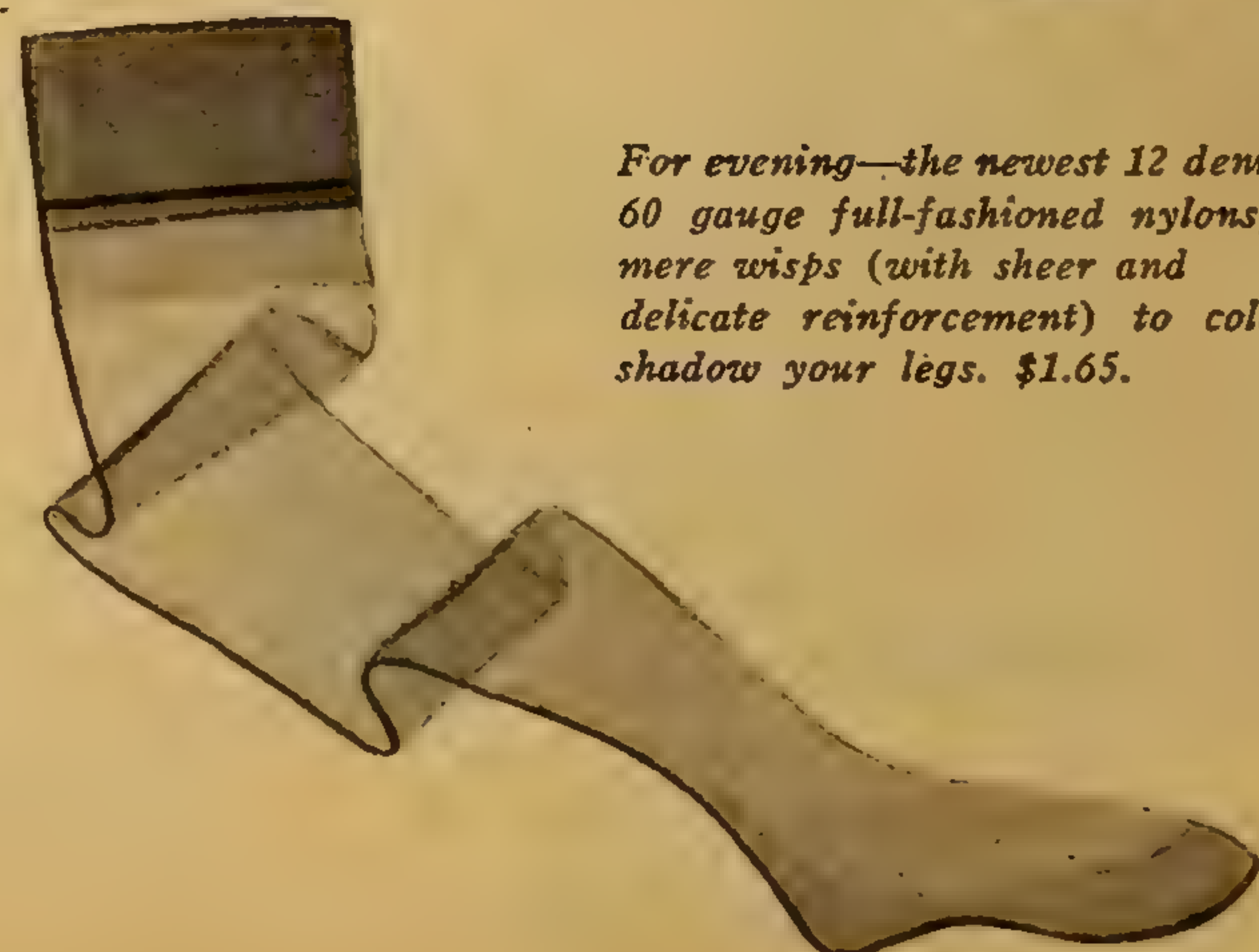
For open toe and heel dress sandals as Debra wears, left—15 denier Nude Foot seamfree nylons with sheerest shadow toe reinforcement. \$1.50.



For an open-toe pump as Anne wears, right—15 denier 60 gauge Shad-O-Bar—contrast color outline heel and seam in navy, black or brown. \$1.65.



For casuals as Mona chooses, far right, or for spectator pumps—15 denier seamfree nylons with shadow reinforcement in the heel and toe. \$1.35.



For evening—the newest 12 denier, 60 gauge full-fashioned nylons, mere wisps (with sheer and delicate reinforcement) to color-shadow your legs. \$1.65.





Anne Francis poses in Doris Dodson's two-piece dress of sheer wool with fringed stole. The blouse has a turned-over collar and cuffed raglan sleeves. Huge fringed patch pockets trim the skirt that has an inverted front pleat. Plaid—rust, beige or red with black; black top only. 7 to 15. About \$25. Anne, a 20th star, is in Warners' new film *A Lion Is In The Streets*.



Mona Freeman, last seen in RKO's *Angel Face*, in another Doris Dodson frock. The blouse with its ruffled jabot-like tab is of wool jersey. It is trimmed with the fabric of the multi-color striped taffeta of the widely flared and gored skirt. 7 to 15. Blouse available in mauve, orange or blue—multi-color striped skirt only. About \$18.



All decked-out in her pretty fashion, Barbara Ruick shows guest Louis Calhern her gift of a precious Waltham watch.



Happy-go-lucky and ready to take off, Mona, with her wonderful gift set of handsome Samsonite luggage.



Gifts of Holeproof hosiery for the stars—Jeanne Crain accepts her ribbon-tied box from the Brown Derby captain.



# hollywood goes to a fall fashion party



Cyd Charisse, now in MGM's Technicolor film *Band Wagon*, poses in a College-Town wool flannel skirt. About \$8.50. Grey, brown or navy—or in windowpane check. This skirt, like Janet Leigh's (pg. 51), comes in sizes 9 to 17; also 10 to 18. Janet's skirt available in grey, brown, black, green, royal, brandy or navy. Cyd's sweater by Catalina. Copper jewelry, Roslyn Hoffman.

## FOR CASUAL CLOTHES— CASUAL SHOES BY MOXEES



**CLASSIC:** Brown, red or black leather. In sizes 3 to 10; AAA-C. About \$7. *Handsewn in genuine Moccasin construction.*



**LACED JESTER:** Red leather—cream cushion sole and trim; saddle tan or wild oats—brown cushion sole and trim. Sizes 3½ to 10; AAA-B. About \$8. Worn by Jeanne Crain (pg. 51).



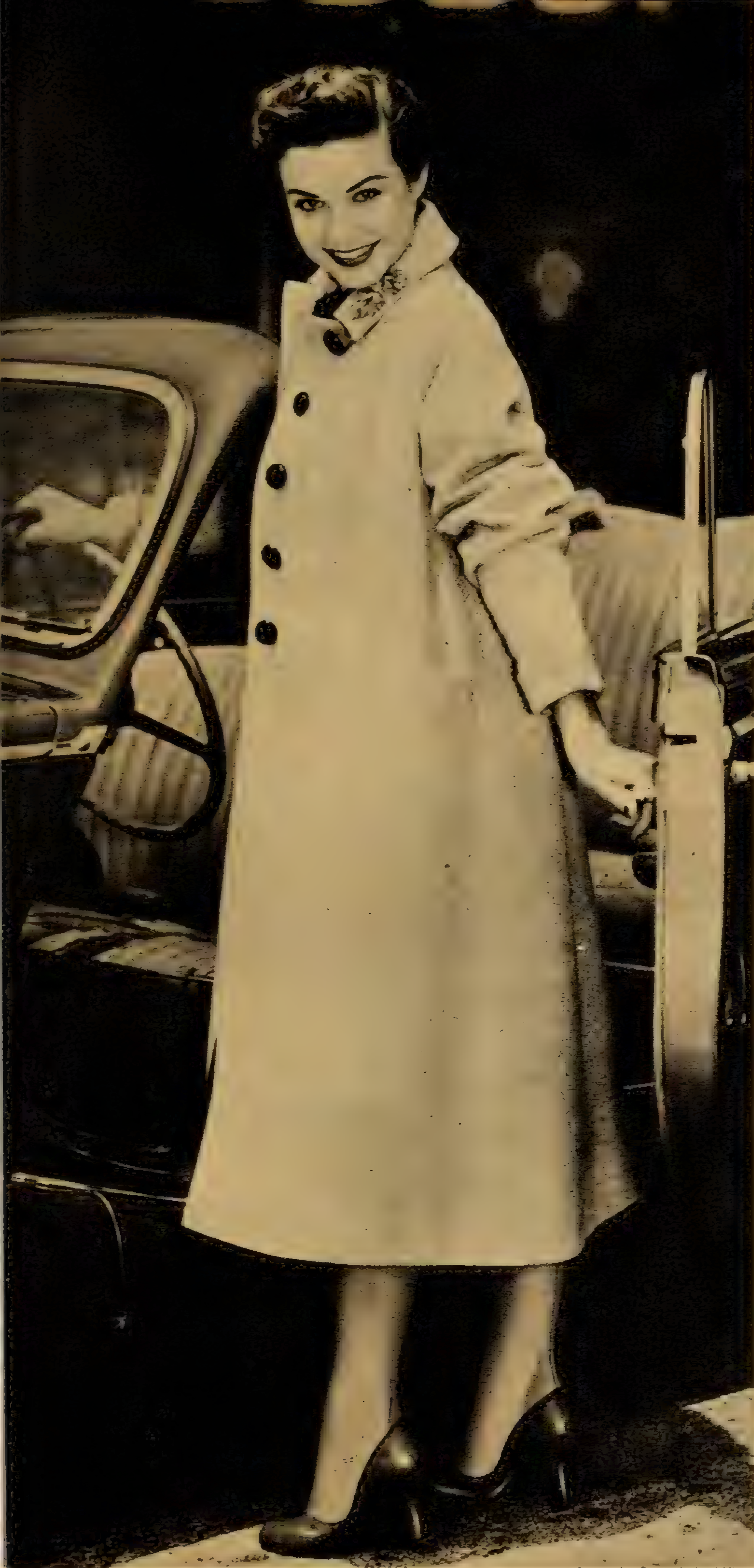
**LACED SHELL:** Wild oats (neutral color), brown or red leather. Sizes 3½ to 10; AAA-B. About \$7. *Handsewn in genuine Moccasin construction.*



**SADDLE:** White with brown, black or navy trim. Sizes 3½ to 10; AAA-C. About \$7. This basic style is a must for your shoe wardrobe.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY  
BE BOUGHT FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 66.





Lassie Maid's coat of checked wool that goes places in style is worn by Jean Peters, now in 20th's *Vicki*. About \$50, in beige, rose or medium blue. Jean wears Prim's *Career Girl*, 15 denier—51 gauge Prim nylons that feature preferred styling—the Color-Genic heel, delicately shaded with a tone-on-tone effect to lend ankle-interest.



Dawn Addams and Shelley Winters chit-chat about the latest Hollywood doings on arrival at the M.S. fashion party.



Ricardo Montalban helps Cyd Charisse select her luncheon from the bountiful table of Brown Derby specialties.



Anne Francis and Jean Hagen were delighted with their exquisite American Beauty compacts, gifts at fashion party.



A Puritan maiden lifts her full, full skirts to show Bob Stack the very sheer beauty of her Prim nylon hosiery.





It was tough... Mom was so protective.



I wanted to act. Didn't know how.

Jeff says if you  
look before you leap  
maybe you'll never  
get your feet wet  
—but it's a cinch you'll  
stay where you are  
longer. So if you're in a  
hurry for success . . .



I got a fast shuffle. Quit my first job.

# don't play it safe!

by Jeff Chandler





Was I an off beat character!



I told the producer what I wanted...



He could only turn me down... so he did!



With my face I only got "mug" parts.

■ When I was 14 in Brooklyn, our grade school Alumni Association held a benefit auction. As president of the Association it was up to me to maintain order. Shortly after the auction began a half dozen tough kids of the neighborhood walked in and began heckling the proceedings. They paid no attention to me when I called to them to stop. My duty was clear. I walked down among them to enforce my orders. They showed no respect for the president at all. They gathered in a half circle and let me have it... good.

Although I was big for my age and weighed more than any of them, I did a poor job of defending myself. I didn't know the first thing about fighting. They didn't need six to lick me—any one of those kids could have done the job alone. While they clouted away and I kept ducking away from one blow right into another I kept telling myself bitterly, "This will be a lesson to me." It was.

The lesson wasn't just about the advisability of taking up boxing. The lesson also dealt with the fact that you can't play life too safe. That's exactly what I had done up to that time. My mother had always been over-protective about me and I had fallen into a pattern... almost unconsciously. I had never climbed a tree because I might fall, I had never been on a pair of roller skates because I might break a leg, I had never tangled with any kids because I might get hurt. Well, I was getting hurt in that auction, but the blows those guys were landing were doing more than just (Continued on page 78)



"Wet she is-  
dry she ain't!"

Ply her with  
Shakespeare—tempt  
her with Shaw.  
Esther won't climb  
out of her pool.  
Not while she's the  
biggest splash  
in the world.

BY JANE WILKIE





■ While escorting her sons to a studio party not long ago, Esther Williams was approached by a writer of movie scripts. "I want to write a picture for you that will make you happy," he said. "Let's get you out of a bathing suit for a change and give you a really dramatic part. Something that will make them sit up and take notice."

He followed with a tirade against her past pictures, referring frequently to the lukewarm reviews. Esther heard him out, smiling, and when he was finished she said, "But you don't understand. I *like* the kind of pictures I've been doing. Perhaps I want them better, but I want to continue with the same type of thing, including the water."

All of which goes to show that Esther Williams understands her own career a lot better than most people think. When, ten years ago, she first splashed onto the nation's screens, she became an overnight star. She has remained top box-office ever since, despite the fact her pictures have been ignored by award-giving organizations. With the exception of some really stunning water ballets, they have not been considered works of art. The flintier critics have reveled in bombasting her movies, and show people have latched onto the bandwagon of Esther Williams jokes. A reference to water in any sort of comedy script will inevitably draw Esther's name into the act. Tallulah Bankhead, talking about the picture *Lifeboat* in her first nightclub appearance, said it was during the making of that movie she first met Esther Williams. "She wasn't in the picture—she was just swimming by."

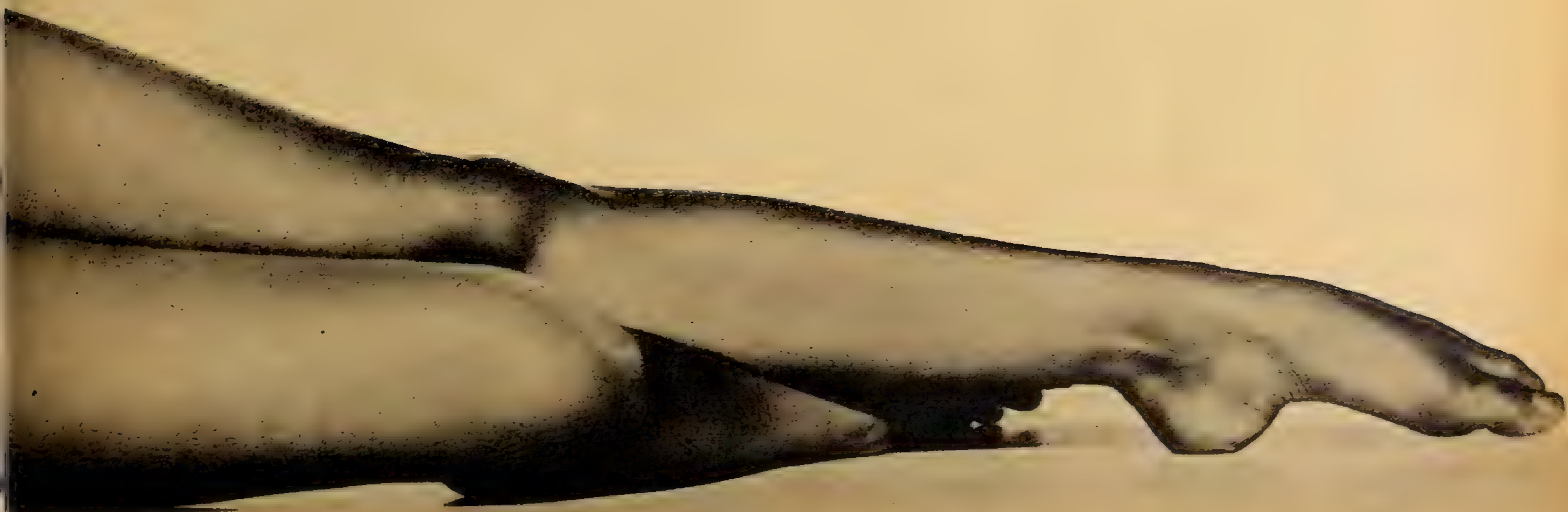
Esther has become the epitome of the mermaid and of the bathing beauty, and since the inception of her career, American households have switched from

Weissmuller to Williams when referring to anything from a soggy state to a well-stacked form. She herself joins in the banter, and recently remarked that for her, life was one damp thing after another.

Some of the merriment has been barbed, such as the comment of the late Fanny Brice, "Wet she's a star—dry she ain't." This sums up the attitude of the critics, who lambast her "dry scenes" and who feel that Esther's continued submergings for the screen are eventually going to erode her entire career. They are growing tired, they say, of seeing Miss Williams inevitably dunked in a pool, as was Paulette Goddard in a bathtub.

The point is that Esther's fans are *not* tired of watching her swim, and according to reaction gathered from all over the country, would scream for a refund of their money if they saw their favorite in a film that did not include a tub, pond, lake, river or ocean. It has been established that movie goers expect Fred Astaire to dance in a movie; Bing Crosby to sing; Roy Rogers to ride; and Esther Williams to swim. It is a point that critics overlook.

To make her fans happy she must swim, and to make them happy, she must also be Esther Williams and nobody else. This is a fact which reviewers might well think over, in the event they wonder why, with mediocre films, Esther stays in the top ten on many polls. There are actors who are such fine thespians they can submerge their own personalities in each role they undertake, and while these people are highly regarded, they seldom attain the rush of popularity held by those who, regardless of their role, are always themselves on the screen. John Wayne is an example, Bette Davis another, Bing Crosby yet another. They (*Continued on next page*)





may play Tom or Dick or Harriet, but they are themselves, and they are so strongly niched as personalities that you know before you see the picture what kind of a movie it will be. Esther, too, falls into this category.

Why does she consistently hold her position in the top ten? By academic standards she is not beautiful, yet hers is a pleasing face, with smiling hazel eyes and a wide, generous mouth. Her five feet and eight inches towers above the average girl, yet she moves with such easy grace that attention is called only to the fact that she possesses a strikingly lovely figure. Her personality has neither the atomic quality of a Hutton nor the dignity of a Garson; instead it projects a warm, rather simple sincerity. It is this personality that the fans like. They think of her as glamorous, because she is a movie star, but they also feel she would be easy to know and fun to know. They have come to know her as a person through the medium of movies, and they are perfectly content with the kind of movies that star Esther.

So is Esther. But she wasn't always. Five years ago she approached MGM executives in determination to end her movie career. "I want to have children. I want to stay home," she told them. "I'd rather have babies than put myself through this torture."

It was a decision made because of many things. First, she wanted children and the chance to be at home with them and with Ben. Possibly she would have foregone this point had she felt she was making any kind of contribution to films, but she was certain she was not. She found the career of a movie star, especially one which included months of rigorous rehearsals for her swimming numbers, an exhausting procedure without any foreseeable reward. Reviewers were panning her pictures, with the exception of throwing an occasional bone in the form of, "Naturally, the numbers are beautiful." How, said Esther, could they assume that hanging from helicopters and whipping down greased slides was "naturally" beautiful? These things had cost her long hours of back-breaking labor, yet critics tossed them off as a "natural" thing. She was tired, she said, and she wanted to go home and stay home.

MGM brass hats then ladled out to her the tonic that they keep in preparation for their disillusioned stars, and while it may be a much-used concoction, it is one that contains considerable truth. They pulled some statistics out of a desk drawer and pointed out to Esther that she had hit the top ten. This meant, they told her, that she had at last arrived, after an investment of a great deal of energy both on their part and on her own. She was now a commodity, and no longer belonged to herself. "People like your pictures," they said. "You have something to offer."

That was the clincher. Esther had been convinced she had nothing, and suddenly the whole outlook was changed. As one director kidded her, "You're just as good as most actresses in the business. If you weren't, you couldn't say those lines they give you."

FROM that point on, Esther settled down and decided to do the best possible. If she could improve the numbers or the scripts or her performances, so much the better. She had been thinking of her career as a brief and fluffy thing about which she would one day tell her grandchildren. Now she felt stimulated and enjoyed the work once more. "It was like a marriage," she says now. "All the mysticism and initial excitement had gone out of it and I settled down to do an exacting and enjoyable job."

She went on personal appearance tours,

and attended script meetings, insisting on pictures that made people happy. She made contributions and objections, such as the time she balked at portraying a Tahitian girl in *Pagan Love Song*. She felt the studio had spent so much money in exploiting her as the All-American girl that to play a Tahitian, in her opinion, would be bad casting.

Since the time of the switch in her attitude Esther and MGM have enjoyed a pleasant, down-to-earth relationship, and if she was asked to do a picture she didn't like, she tried to find a better working arrangement for it, always with an eye to the box-office. It has resulted in her being one of the studio's most valued stars, because she works always *with* them. When people have tried to console her after reading a brickbat review, she says, "I'm not nervous about what the critics say, so don't you be nervous about it. If something inside me demanded dramatic roles I'd have fought for them. As it is, I only want to improve myself with each picture, and each picture along with me, so that

the **october** issue  
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is loaded with extras!  
delectable  
**marilyn monroe** is  
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photos of the fabulous  
"girls wanted" contest  
winners inside.  
on sale **september 8**

people don't grow tired of me. People in town may think I'm frustrated because I haven't an Oscar, or lazy because I continue to make my own type of picture. I'm not lazy—I've never worked harder than I have in the last few years, concentrating to make everything right."

Esther makes an average of two-and-a-half pictures a year. Each requires two months of rehearsals, three months to shoot, and a month of publicity and retakes and dubbing. This results in the work overlapping, so that she has had free time only when pregnant. She is now expecting a third baby, and is luxuriating in the days spent at home with her two sons. "I'm like a hatband that's been stretched for years and then suddenly comes back to normal—and the tension is all gone."

A question that Esther doesn't answer, possibly because she doesn't know the answer, is why, if she is so enchanted with days at home, doesn't she give up her movie career entirely? The answer probably lies in her nature, which is one of extreme vitality. In school she was a straight-A student, Vice-President of the student body, head of the Athletic Association, she wrote plays for the football rallies and was in the middle of every club on the campus. It was as if she had tumbled onto a conveyor belt and couldn't get off, and it is fairly certain that whatever she tackled in the way of a career, Esther would have been on top. She

possesses a drive that will never allow her to sit at home in the midst of her brood and grow sleepy and plump in a sedentary life.

Despite her current concentration with her career, there are many facets of it she dislikes. There are few women who, in the first months of pregnancy, would have the will to forget nausea in order to water ski for the cameras. And there are few women who wouldn't blush at the scrutiny given their figure because their career was built on its existence, or grow tired of the never-ending insistence that they look pretty every minute of every day, without let-up. Esther does these things because they are a necessary part of her career. By now she forces a smile when strangers ask her when she learned to swim. It is the question most asked, and has been asked well over 2,000 times. Publicity, says Esther, makes it difficult to hold on to things that matter. "Kim says something funny and bright, and Ben and I laugh about it, and before the week is up I give the anecdote to a writer who is struggling to gather his 11th story about me. Then I see it in print, and somehow the charm is all gone. It doesn't belong to me any more. It's the same way with pictures. Ben and I are asked to sit in front of the fire and look dreamy-eyed for a photographer, and we do. And then the next night, when we do the same thing only for ourselves, something is gone, from it, something we should have."

HER marriage to Ben, as any marriage in Hollywood, undergoes stress and strain far beyond that endured by the average couple. Fortunately, Ben has never been irritated by the superficial attitude of people that Esther is "the star" of the family. He has his fingers in several business ventures of his own, and in addition to them has the foresight and ability to advise Esther on the management of her own career. This in itself is a big business operation and Esther, who was never accustomed to handling a lot of money, is grateful that Ben is enough of a financier to see that her money is wisely invested.

From time to time they have suffered the usual Hollywood reports that their marriage is on the rocks, and through Ben, Esther has learned to ignore them. It used to be that he would come home from work and find her rattling a newspaper in anger. "Listen to this," she would storm, and begin reading him an item to the effect that the Gages were all through.

"What's for dinner?" Ben would say.

"How can you ask such a question? Don't you care what people are saying about us?"

"Look. These columnists have to make a living," he'd say. "Why don't you get off their backs?"

Esther realized this was the only attitude to adopt toward false rumors, yet every time they pop up, they begin weaving a web around the lives of the two people concerned. The last batch of rumors spread over town so rapidly that in one day the movie colony had been advised via its inimitable grapevine. That night Ben and Esther were due at a social wingding to which "everybody" had been invited. When they walked into the room they could feel the tension about them, a mass of minds seemingly working in the negative. It was almost as if those assembled expected some sort of a show and would be disappointed if they didn't get it. Wherever Esther goes she is photographed, but that night they were faced by a perpetual barrage of flashbulbs. "They all think," Esther whispered to Ben as they danced around the floor in flashes of blinding light, "That they're getting what will be captioned 'the





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beautiful clothes  
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PRECIOUS-TRIM PASTELS



Step into the spotlight with Doris Dodson's glamour-touched dresses and wait for the applause. You'll get it! (Left) **Pearls and glitter on satin** dramatize this important soft suit dress in acetate and rayon Ottoman crepe. Pink, blue, off white; also in black. 9-15. About \$18.

(Right) **Elegant mink** trims the belt of this Kasha cloth dress (70% wool; 15% nylon; 15% fur.) California pastels: pink, yellow, blue, natural. 9-15. About \$25.

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Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color



last picture of Ben and Esther together.'"

It is a happy fact that the strange rhythm of Hollywood does not irk Ben. "If it did," Esther says, "I'd go out of my head." He is the one who keeps her from worrying, but of course it's impossible to protect her from it entirely. She has said that with the new lease on her career five years ago she went at it with new vim and vigor. This is true, because it has been proven to her that she had a talent to offer, that fans liked her movies. But she still worried about her acting.

"I THOUGHT I was a rotten actress and that they could bury me any time they wanted to. Then two years ago I made *Texas Carnival* and Chuck Walters, the director, sat me down and talked to me like a Dutch uncle. He reminded me that every time anybody mentioned having seen one of my pictures I'd either change the subject or try to say the unkind thing for them. 'Just because you think you're not an actress, you're trying to prove it,' he told me. 'Take the chip off your shoulder and stop undermining yourself.'"

"He told me to start thinking about ways to take what I was and make myself better. I took his advice on that picture and then in *Skirts Ahoy*, for the first time, I could believe what I was doing. I'd been looking down on my scripts, and now I began to work with the writers, and from that time on I could feel my performances getting better. By the time I made *Easy To Love*—that was the first time I went every night to see the daily rushes after work—it's sort of like a classroom, you learn so much—I realized that the picture was too easy for me. Chuck said to me, 'Do you realize how far you've come from *Texas Carnival*?'"

It was this encouragement, a fairly recent development, that has given Esther a real go signal on her career. She is anxious now to improve each picture and to improve with each picture, and feels that her own maturity has outgrown the old

style Esther Williams vehicle. She wants them to have more meaning and more solid feeling and less fluff, but she is wise enough to know that they must be in the same mold to keep her following. The same thing, only better each time. The next one will be *Athena*, and if Esther does what she hopes to do in this movie, audiences will begin to believe that Miss Williams can act as well dry as she can wet.

There is a definite reason behind all this new determination. Esther has seven more years to go on her current contract with MGM, and has had a clause written in that during the last five years she will be allowed 18 months off. This will be broken into three periods of six months each, and during each half-year she will star in her own aquacade. Ben is working toward this by getting his various business enterprises squared away so they will operate smoothly in his absence.

"I'll make pictures solidly for the next two years," says Esther, "and then we'll buy a big trailer or an old railway car and pack up the kids and the show, and go wherever people want to see us—France, England, Africa, it doesn't matter. In the meantime, I have to keep my name perking so that people will want to see the show. And then, for all the work and the worry, we'll have our own set-up."

As we said before, Esther Williams understands her own career quite well, and has no intention of winding up, as so many screen luminaries do, without a peso in her pocket. Years ago Joe Pasternak gave her a bit of advice. "If you want to be considered a great actress and win an Oscar," he said, "we can fix it up for you. You can be a floozy without makeup and we'll put you in a black satin gown and lean you against a lamp post. Maybe you can even be a little high. You'll go over great. The only trouble is, you'll be through in pictures."

Obviously, Esther hasn't forgotten a word he said.

END

## sentimental journey

(Continued from page 42) Massachusetts, I understand a lot of things."

"Like, for instance...?"

"Well, like any man's reluctance to discard his early environment—the things that built his character. Most people hate change, and so did Marty. Now he's beginning to like sports clothes, but he tempers my feminine tastes with just the right amount of conservatism. All of us live under certain restraints. When it comes to New Englanders like Marty, the proof of that is in their reluctance to go overboard in clothes—or conversation. But when it comes to other things—well, stand back and look out!"

"Meaning...?"

"Meaning, in Marty's case, for instance, something like potato pancakes. You know, a lot of people grow up thinking about how great the pies were that Mama used to bake. But when they go home and get a taste of those pies, they realize that Mother wasn't a good cook at all. She was too busy to learn, raising a big family. They just thought she was a good cook, because they were hungry all the time. In the case of Marty's mother, when the family gathers at the old home, they feel so sorry for the absent members not being there to taste Minnie's potato pancakes that they send them wires of condolence."

"Outside of the potato pancakes, you like Marty's family, too?"

"Why not?" Doris Day asked. "Sure, I

live in Hollywood, and I'm certain people must get a funny idea, sometimes, reading about all the so-called glamor. I am an actress, true, and proud of it, but I'm more of my home town of Cincinnati than Hollywood, and that's not trying to compare the respective merits of either place.

"I've heard it said that actors don't know that other people are alive. That isn't true. I love the movie business, and there are many wonderful people in it. Acting is not as tough, or as easy as people make it out to be, but the profession does consume a lot of your time. For instance, it's a crying shame that I had to go all this time without meeting people like Marty's brother, Harmon, and his wife. We just couldn't get away, that's all, until we visited them this year in Athens, New York. It's not a big place, but it has that wonderful home town atmosphere. You know, we drove up there, arriving in the early evening. After dinner, we went upstairs to talk. We were just sitting there when we heard voices. We looked out the window, and the big tree was loaded with children, peeking in. Outside, before the evening was over, there seemed to be hundreds of them. I went outside and made with a lot of autographs. There was no yelling and pushing and screaming. They were polite and well-behaved. They'd never seen a movie star before and simply wanted to say hello because they felt curious and friendly. I really felt humble."

All of a sudden, Doris stopped talking, like she'd felt she was saying too much, and began to shop. When Doris begins to shop her name might as well be Doris



Oglethorpe of Double Dubuque, Iowa. In other words, like every other woman, she forgets where she is.

She tried on a white sports hat and bought it. She tried on a few other things and bought them. She progressed to the jewelry counter and looked at Marty with an inquiring look.

"No money," he said, solemnly.

Believe it or not, at that moment a large French poodle walked in, and gravely put his paws on the counter, gazing intently at all the baubles.

"Looka him," Doris said, "he's loaded."

We used up most of the morning trying to get our foot out of the door of those fascinating little shops—prices just as low as in Hollywood, too. Marty held back when Doris steered him into a place called Cabbages and Kings, Ltd., but a moment later he lost his head in miles of tweed yardage. He delved into the cloth like a thirsty man at cocktail time. Then he paused, and looked at Doris inquiringly.

"No money," she said, solemnly.

THEY went from there to a place called Pebble Beach Interiors, because their house is furnished in French Provincial. "We used to be Early Americans," Doris explained, "but every time we went somewhere to visit, our friends' homes were done in Early American. We felt like we'd never left home. French Provincial isn't as stuffy as it sounds. Very informal, depending on your selection." They looked at a magnificent chest of drawers—it must have been more than a hundred years old, and turned to photographer Beerman with a double inquiring look. "You're an expert at a lot of things," Doris said to Bob. "What do you think?"

"Never mind about the money," Bob replied carelessly. "It's only \$750." Doris made a note of that.

At this point if my report moves a little too fast for complete details it is because Doris Day was not in a mood for stopping. She took off in a small whirlwind for the Del Monte Lodge Beach Club for her initial and somewhat furious tennis lesson from the popular professional, John Gardiner. John, ex-captain of the Penn State Teachers' College team, ex-football coach at Monterey High, found Doris a more than satisfactory pupil. "My specialty is teaching children," he said, "and Miss Day has every bit as swift a grasp of the fundamentals as a 12-year-old, which is about as high a compliment as I can pay. Not only that, but with all respect to the swell football players I've coached, if every member of my team had the coordination savvy she has we'd have won a couple of state championships."

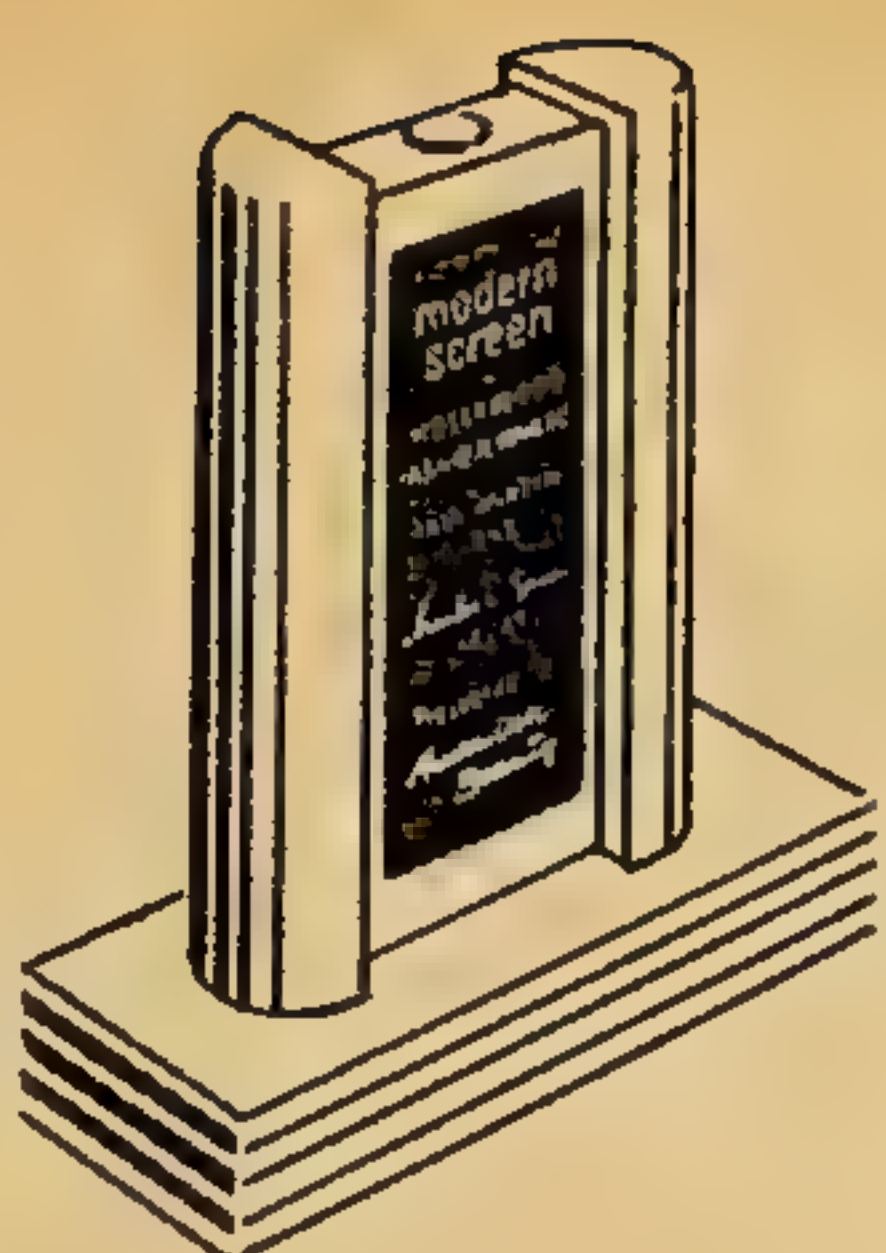
John didn't really have to say it. Looking at Doris it was apparent that she isn't going to be a beginner very long. Marty, watching her swing at the tennis balls pitched into her, commented, "I play a little tennis myself, and I may be sorry I ever suggested this."

While Doris got busy sweeping the court off with a tennis ball clearing contraption Pro Gardiner had invented, I casually asked Marty, "What one of Doris' records have you liked the best?"

"Curious you should ask that," he replied. "My favorite is a platter that was a rare thing for Doris in that it didn't break any records selling. It was 'Something Wonderful,' from *The King And I*."

"Mine's 'Mr. Tap Toe.'"

"Well, everybody to his own taste," Marty replied, "but I suspect that anything I say to you is liable to find its way into print, so you might throw in a word for her album of *By The Light Of The Silvery Moon*—and her newest release, a real gone thing called 'The Purple Cow.' Paul Francis Webster and Fred Speilman



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wrote it, and they won't care if you plug it."

Doris came up and broke into the conversation. "I'm going to start the yacht race. Let's get with it."

We did. There was some confusion at first. Some of the yachtsmen paid more attention to Doris than they did the starting line and had to jockey around again for position. Eighteen people and two dogs came up to say hello. Then Doris fired the starting pistol. To be frank about it, we never did find out who won. For all we know, they may be out there yet, because Doris announced that she was famished. She could use a big lunch.

"I could handle a hamburger," Marty stated.

"I was speaking of real food," Doris put in as Marty turned the Cadillac toward Carmel.

Happy to see that they didn't agree on everything, I asked, "Do you two always bicker like this?"

"We're human," Doris returned. "All humans bicker. They also sometimes have arguments. We have arguments. Marty, do you remember the time . . .?"

**Comedian Sid Caesar was invited to a party where the then Gen. Dwight Eisenhower was a guest. Caesar did his impersonation of a Russian soldier, and later Eisenhower congratulated him: "How did you ever learn such perfect Russian?"**

**Caesar confessed: "Sir, I don't understand a word of it. It's just double talk."**

**Eisenhower laughed: "Well, you certainly had me fooled!"**

Marty remembered, but he couldn't recall what started the small beef. The first thing they knew the trivial matter was on the verge of becoming important. So, as usually happens in any normal family, one or the other began to laugh. This time it was Marty. He said, "If we can't see it my way, I'm going to pack up and leave."

Doris retorted, "Go ahead, see if I care." But their son, 11-year-old Terry didn't see her grin. He quietly went upstairs and was back down again in a couple of minutes, carrying his Erector set case.

"If Marty goes, I go too," he declared loyally.

In the laughter that followed, Terry knew his mother and dad were kidding. When he went out to play, he left his Erector set behind. Doris looked into it and pulled out two pairs of blue jeans. She looked at Marty through a vague little mist in her eyes. He put one big arm around her. "Personally," he said, "I think the lad is getting careless. If we were really going to leave he should have at least packed his razor and a few blades."

**Y**ES, Mr. and Mrs. Melcher bicker sometimes, but they have a graceful way of giving in to each other. Take the matter of the hamburgers. Marty found us a place to get them, but there was a line of citizens waiting, and no place to sit down. Doris asked Marty if he'd ever had a Mexican hamburger. He couldn't say that he had, so we crossed the street to Carmel's favorite Mexican restaurant. Here, Marty learned that Doris' idea of a Mexican hamburger is a tacos. For the uninitiated, a tacos is a pie-shaped piece of crust with beef nestled in a nest of shredded lettuce and red hot sauce poured in the open end. If you've never had one the reaction can be like swallowing the hot end of a cigar. Marty complained somewhat bitterly. Then he ordered two more and downed them with relish.

"Just like a man," Doris observed.

"Afraid to try anything new, and then he goes overboard. Tonight he'll accuse me of promoting him a tummy ache, and tomorrow he'll want to come back to the same place."

As we left the Mexican restaurant, the sun burst out through the dissipating fog. Marty suggested we take a tour of the fabulous 17-Mile Drive along the coast. "All right, you tourists," Doris announced, "here's something we've never seen before." Marty stopped the car near a sign which indicated that a ship called the John B. Stetson had been wrecked there, running aground on the rocks on the wild night of September 4, 1934. Doris clambered on a huge rock, struck an oratorical pose. "Here," she declared, "is the finest meeting place of land and water in existence."

"Hey, Doris," I suggested, "you ought to be a writer."

"Not me. It was Robert Louis Stevenson who said that. I've been reading the brochure." She pointed toward a monstrous rock jutting into the ocean. "That," she said, "is Point Joe, where some of the most disastrous shipwrecks in the world have taken place. What happens is that ship captains on stormy nights mistake it for the entrance to Monterey. A lot of good men have gone to their deaths here."

Our next stop was at a small point looking toward Seal and Bird Rocks a half-mile out into the ocean. Doris borrowed a couple of dimes from Marty, and they looked through the powerful glasses.

"Well, what do you know!" Marty exclaimed, gazing at a couple of pompous, heavily moustached seals swaggering across the rocks. "Now I know where some Hollywood executives take their vacations!"

"Look, Marty," Doris interrupted, "there's us!"

Marty swung his glass around to a close-up of Mr. and Mrs. Seal lazily and affectionately nuzzling each other. Suddenly Mrs. Seal rar'd back and took a healthy, ferocious nip at her spouse. "Uh-uh," Marty laughed, "that's us all right."

Before Mrs. M. could answer the sun ducked under a cloud. Then the fog rolled in. Doris was both sleepy and hungry at the same time, so we all went back to the Del Monte Lodge. I knew how you felt about getting that picture of Doris in the red bathing suit, but we still had tomorrow. Besides, after dinner that night, we picked up some pictures of Doris and Marty dancing together. Marty said that it had been almost two years since any photographer caught them dancing. Beerman promptly asked for a shot of them dancing and kissing at the same time. "No chance," Marty retorted. "We'll leave that for the young couples who are happy today and divorced tomorrow."

You got to respect an honest attitude like that. So, with the sound of the roaring surf in our ears and the moon rising over a young couple spooning under the Monterey cypress trees we took leave of the merry Melchers until the next day, which happened to be—

**"SUNDAY? Work on Sunday?"** At breakfast, Doris wasn't so sure.

"Now, about that red bathing suit," Bob Beerman began.

"That's definitely out on Sunday," Doris jibed, "but I'm all for some more sightseeing. I want to see that old theater in Monterey and go to Fisherman's Wharf—and you can tag along for pictures, if you can get all you want before it's time for Marty and me to go to church."

Our first stop was the little theater, perched on a Monterey hillside. Doris read the inscription on the door with as much feeling as she put into her lines in her new Warner picture, *Calamity Jane*.



"Many a miner passed through this door,  
Who swore he'd never come in any more.  
'Twas here they eased him of nuggets of gold,  
For this was the place the booze was sold.  
One drink was enough to make him want more;  
And pretty damsoon he was flat on the floor.  
On sobering up he would always swear off,  
Then come back the next day for a drink for his cough."

Inside the theater the charming custodian, a Mrs. Stewart, served as our guide. She took Doris up on the tiny stage which is almost exactly like it was when an adventuresome ex-sailor named Jack Swan built it better than 100 years ago. Plays are still given here three times a week.

"Gee," Doris said, "I'd like to give a performance here, sometime!"

"Why not now?" we encouraged.

So Doris sang some old songs and the long empty benches seemed to be suddenly filled with the ghosts of early Californians who had cheered their favorites in this tiny little place. Marty, who had been in one of the side rooms, rummaging around in the ancient wardrobes, came out from the wings, first in a policeman's helmet, then in a stovepipe hat. "I always knew the ham would come out in me some day," he said.

It's a little difficult to put it clearly, but these two people have a great reverence for the historic old places they've visited all over the country on their sentimental journey even though they clown a little.

Afterwards we roamed through the streets of Old Monterey, stopping by General José Castro's headquarters, the House of the Four Winds, so named for its weather vane, and other storied buildings. Then we headed for the pier where Marty disappeared to prow around the salmon boats and ask the old salts how fishing was. Doris poked into the dozens of little curio shops and cafes, autographed pictures for soldiers. We lost her in the crowd. Ten minutes later, we found her, leaning over the rail of a pier extension, gazing at a sea lion circling around in the back of the restaurants waiting for a handout. She seemed lost in her own thoughts.

"Sea lions lead a very happy life, I am convinced," she said.

"I know," I replied, "you're hungry again."

"However in the world did you know?"

So we rounded up Marty, located a spot for a steak sandwich, and the last we saw of Doris and her spouse, they were headed for church services in Carmel. (Doris is a Christian Scientist.)

Next morning, Doris and Marty planned to be up at six-thirty to leave for the last leg of their vacation in San Francisco. Photographer Beerman and I were up earlier, packed and ready for the return trip to Hollywood.

"Come on, Bob," I urged, "we got to get back early—"

"Wait a minute," Bob said. He went over to a house phone in the lobby of the Lodge. I heard him ask for Doris. There was a silence, and then he hung up.

"What was that for?" I asked.

"Oh," Bob replied, "I just thought I'd take one more try at getting Doris to pose for me in that red bathing suit."

"What happened?"

"Well, I got Marty on the phone—and he said Doris would be simply delighted to climb into a red bathing suit at six-thirty in the morning. The only trouble was that she was sitting in a red bathtub and said for me to go take a running jump in the Pacific!"

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## LASSIE MAID (coat)—Pg. 55

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## PRINCESS JUNIOR (dresses)—Pgs. 51, 52

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## fashion party

(Continued from page 50) The excitement and activity of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood fall fashion luncheon party began the minute the stars stepped from their limousines onto the vast Putnam estate. Anne Francis (Mrs. Bam Price), Barbara Rush (Mrs. Jeff Hunter) holding the arms of their handsome husbands, Greer Garson, Louis Calhern, Shelley Winters, Jean Hagen were the first to arrive. The members of the M. S. Fashion Board were seated close to the ramp where the models paraded the fashions. Shortly after luncheon was served by the Brown Derby waiters, the music played the introduction to the event and the show was underway. The merchandise shown included—suits, junior dresses, coats, sportswear, casual shoes, hosiery and jewelry—flown to Hollywood from all over the country. The smartly styled junior dresses—a size, not an age, were shown in groups and the garments from the groups were viewed, approved and voted. Dresses in the new miracle fibers woven to give the smart jersey-look, as well as ever-popular 100% wool jersey, won the unanimous vote of the Board. Wool suits, separates, coats and skirts in classic styles also won top honors. Sweaters in wool and new washable Orlon came through with flying colors, too. Casual shoes, flattering to the legs and smart with classic togs, were shown and approved. The nylon hosiery shown was a display within itself. The stars gave the hosiery the *acid test*—for construction, sheer beauty and for new fall costume colors. Seamfree hosiery was a favorite style for sports clothes; full-fashioned, of course, won the vote for daytime town clothes; and sandal foot, full-fashioned or seamfree, for evening costumes.

The gals—Jeanne Crain, Mona Freeman and Barbara Ruick—were the fashion experts on the Board and gave the boys—Barry Sullivan, Jeff Hunter, Bob Horton and Keenan Wynn—helpful hints, and the woman's viewpoint! But to the gals' surprise the boys were wonderful judges because when the votes were compared and counted the boys had selected the same fashions and accessories as the gals. The guest stars on the sidelines were very helpful as they applauded and voiced Oohs and Ahs while the fashions were shown. After the fashions and accessories had been selected, some of the stars posed in the winning fashions for the M. S. fashion pages. Then the stars on the Board as well as the guests drew numbers for the door prizes. American Beauty compacts, Crosley radios, Paper-Mate pens, Sherwood lighters, Coty's famous "Emeraude" Toilet Water, Waltham watches, boxes of hosiery and, last but not least, Samsonite luggage were among the coveted gifts. Mona Freeman was delighted to win a two-piece set of Samsonite luggage, and thought it a wonderful start toward a complete set—adding a piece in the same pattern and color at any time (page Santa, please).

A spectacular swimming exhibit was given by guest, June Taylor, American Amateur champion of Solo Synchronized Swimming for 1951-53. June's dramatic swimming performances with music in her red devil's costume and, in her sequin, pearl and rhinestone one took the star's breath away—surely a glamor finale!

Board Member Film Credits: Bob Horton, MGM's *Arena*; Barbara Ruick, MGM's *Affairs Of Dobie Gillis*; Barry Sullivan, MGM's *Cry Of The Hunted*; Mona Freeman, RKO's *Angel Face*; Jeanne Crain, 20th's *Vicki*; Jeff Hunter, 20th's *Sailor Of The King*; Keenan Wynn, MGM's *All The Brothers Were Valiant*.



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New keeps you Lovely to Love Always



## he never said "can't"

(Continued from page 46) compression egos it is just getting around to realize what makes Gordon zing as well as sing. Everyone who knows him has a different way of putting it, but what they put ends up the same picture—that of a fellow who is so sure of himself that his dreams have trouble catching up with the actual facts of his accomplishments.

Take Bing Crosby. The first time he was out with Gordon he gave forth with an impressed, "H'm!"—and Gordon wasn't even singing at the time, just playing golf. Invited out a few years ago to the links by Bing, who wanted a look-see at the new rival he had been hearing so much about, Gordon was both pleased and thrilled with the meeting. But he wasn't abashed any. He got himself a birdie on the first hole, a par on the second and a hole-in-one on the third. That's when Bing delivered his opinion. "Nothing around here is going to stop this boy," he said, and repeated it to his friends in a number of variations.

"In the first place," as Gordon says, "I'm not shy by any means. My father taught me to make friends—it's an old family tradition. So why hang back with anyone you meet, no matter who they are? And in the second place I've known for a long time what I wanted to be; wouldn't I be a fake walking around, looking and talking humble, as if I actually felt I didn't deserve it all? There is something unhealthy in that kind of self-deprecation."

THEN there is the observation of a studio talent head, made just the other day. "The way Gordon handles his life and ambitions reminds me of an applecart peddler selling his fruit at a dead run," he said. "He bangs and bounces the cart along so that half the time his apples are in mid-air. He makes sudden stops, swerves and twists in sudden changes of direction, but never does the cart tip over and never do you feel he doesn't know where he is going. And . . . he sells a lot of apples that way."

"Well, where is he going?" the studio executive was asked.

"Up!" came the succinct reply. "He's so sure of that that he expects even bad breaks to turn out well—and I'm a son-of-a-gun but they always do."

The studio man could have been thinking of a little mix-up Gordon went through recently involving his radio program, *The Railroad Hour*, on which he has starred for the last five years. His sponsors decided they would like to duplicate the program over television and set about making a film of the show. Naturally they wanted Gordon as their star but his movie contract with Warner Brothers forbade him any participation in TV presentations.

"Well, how would you feel if we used another singer?" the sponsor's representative asked.

"Go ahead," replied Gordon, and he okayed the project without reservation.

No sooner had word of this spread than his friends came around with shocked expressions. "It's a dirty shame that you can't star on the TV version of your show," they commiserated. "Especially since you were the original star!"

"Don't worry," Gordon replied to all of them. "It will work out."

It did. The films were made. The sponsors studied them and at the same time studied some surveys assaying the probable cost of TV presentation against possible benefits. The recommendation of the survey experts was unanimous on the point that best results would not be obtainable for a period of two years yet.

The railroad people decided to follow this recommendation and hold-off from TV for that period.

"Two years," commented Gordon's wife, Sheila. "Why that's exactly when your contract with Warner Brothers ends. You'll be able to accept then."

"That's right," said Gordon—and didn't even look surprised. If a fellow is going places things have to straighten themselves out some way, don't they?

As a matter of fact Gordon won't have to wait that two years to go on TV shows. Just the other day his studio announced a sudden reversal of policy; certain of its stars would be permitted to make video appearances. Gordon, of course, is one of these.

"What is it with you, luck or what?" he was asked when this became known.

"What's the difference?" asked Gordon. "Look, I'd be just as satisfied if I didn't get into TV for two years, or for ten more years as far as that matters. There will be TV in 1963 as there is in '53. I've got lots to do. There's a whole world of opera I'd like to explore. I'm a half-baked artist—I know a little, but I want to get done on both sides and know a lot more."

"If you start studying opera you may get out of the public eye," he was told. "Would that be wise?"

"It's always wise for a singer to round out his talent," came Gordon's reply. "Dorothy Kirsten, Nadine Connor, Rise Stevens guest-shot on my program and we sang numbers from the light and popular repertoire. Now I'd like to reverse the process, add another dimension to myself and sing in their field. I'd be a 3D performer then."

**A gal reader who wanted a date with Robert Taylor explained: "Not for the usual reason but because I'm writing a book." She P.S.ed: "The book I'm writing is my diary."**

Earl Wilson  
N. Y. Post

There was the problem of his recording affiliation. For some years he had sung for the Capitol Record label without achieving a real hit number. "Move to another outfit," he was advised steadily. Then his contract with Capitol ran out. Now he was in a position to change and his friends fully expected him to. To their surprise Gordon signed right back with Capitol again.

"What's the idea?" they asked.

"Oh, I don't see why I should walk out on them," he replied. "I've been with Capitol for five years and I think that rates a little loyalty between people, don't you?"

No, they didn't. They told him he was crazy. Whereupon he made a record for Capitol entitled "Congratulations To Someone," backed up on the other side of the platter by a song called, "How Do You Speak To An Angel?" It caught on with record buyers and sold like 79-cent nylons in a bargain basement.

"Nothing happens in a man's life that doesn't help him . . . if he'll only look at it that way," Gordon has said. "When I came out of the service my friends felt sorry for me. They said that while I was in the Army singers like Como, Sinatra and Dick Haymes, who didn't have to serve, were establishing themselves. Now I would have to start from the bottom again. But what they overlooked was that my four years as a soldier had given me a maturity, a confidence in myself that would more than make up for the time I had lost. And it did. I not only knew what I could do but I could convince others that I could do it. For instance, I didn't have to worry about being nervous and

tongue-tied when I talked to producers; talking to colonels is far more fearsome."

As for talking to colonels, Gordon did a lot of other talking in the Army; from 1942 to 1945 he was a bombardier instructor in the Air Force at Ellington Field, Texas. All through the war he had asked for overseas duty but because of his fine record was considered much more valuable teaching combat to others than engaging in it himself.

Only bombardiers were to remain at Ellington Field, Gordon was told. Gordon immediately got the idea of requesting reassignment to navigation. His fellow officers laughed at the idea and told him that gag had been tried before and never with success.

"I'll ask anyway," Gordon replied, adding, with his usual confidence, "Maybe I'll be the first one to succeed."

He was. It seems that a study of his record at air force headquarters had revealed the fact that Gordon should have been a navigator in the first place!

His friends had hardly gotten around to congratulating him on the successful culmination of this piece of strategy when they were given reason to repeat the whole performance. What Gordon really wanted now came through—his discharge.

When he arrived in Hollywood he questioned every step of the process of becoming a star, especially the one by which agents cool off ambitious clients by stating that they are not yet ready for big things. Such cold water just sizzled and turned into steam when it hit him. It still does when anyone tries to curb his ideas or questions his potentialities.

"Why if I accepted all that people tell me I'd still be singing with an orchestra and sleeping in busses when we made overnight jumps," he declares. "For that matter I probably wouldn't even be married. Sheila said yes to me when I wired a proposal from Cleveland where I was singing with Horace Heidt. She flew west from New York but when we applied for our marriage license the clerk said we must establish a ten-day residence in the city. I argued that I never stayed anywhere more than a week when on tour. A friend said, 'Look, Gordie, you can't argue with city hall.' He advised me to give up the idea of marriage until the tour was over. I argued anyway. The clerk called in her superiors for consultation. All kinds of statutes and special dispensations were looked up in a lot of big books . . . and when it was all over we got our licenses!"

Gordie raised an emphatic finger. "You see . . . you can argue with city hall," he said. "If you're going to get places in this world you have to argue with city hall, whether city hall is a producer or a band leader or a TV big shot, all during your career. Nobody hands you that extra dollar, that better job, that bigger chance. You have to hand it to yourself!"

WHEN Gordon made this last statement he was just finishing off a plate of ham and eggs for his luncheon at the Warner Brothers commissary. He looked pleased with his meal. "Very good ham and eggs," he pronounced. "Almost as good as if I cooked them myself."

"You mean you can cook, too?" someone else at the table asked.

Gordon leaned close. "Cook?" he repeated. "Listen, when I was seven years old back in Syracuse I used to get up some mornings and cook the family breakfast."

"Why?" he was asked.

Gordon waved that question aside as improper and substituted a better one. "Why not?" he came back. And that's the way he feels about anything he wants to do. Why not?

END



## is terry moore heading for trouble?

(Continued from page 49) as the old Hollywood saying goes, good friends.

The "engagement" fiasco apparently was no fault of Terry's. But it adds another chapter to her blossoming career in the public prints. This career has proven stimulating to her film fortunes and it may continue to do so. But it might also spell trouble for Terry.

Terry Moore shows signs of becoming a top and exciting star in the Hollywood firmament. Few young players have evoked as much attention in the film columns in the past year and a half. And few actresses can boast of an Academy nomination at the tender age of 23.

But a view of Terry's career also shows danger signals, which she might do well to study. There are indications here and there that could blow up into serious personal and career problems some day.

**T**ERRY was the quiet, home-type of girl during her early film career. She started in *Maryland* when she was 11, and appeared as Ingrid Bergman as a girl in *Gaslight*. She was Helen Koford then.

Several years later, she landed a contract at Eagle-Lion as Jan Ford. Columbia, which had her for a previous picture, re-discovered her for the important role in *The Return Of October*. The studio took over her contract and again changed her name, since she was appearing opposite Glenn Ford.

She was a wholesome, ambitious girl, but thoroughly unsophisticated. When she was making *Mighty Joe Young*, she appeared so naive that hair-dressers had to take her aside and give her some blunt facts on how life is lived in the film business.

Terry enjoyed five profitable years at Columbia. But although she had gained good experience, she was hardly distinguishable from a dozen other young actresses. When her contract came to option time, she wasn't renewed.

"You seldom get a second contract at Columbia unless you're a Rita Hayworth," an executive explains. "Terry was earning about \$1,000 a week. That meant she was too expensive for the producers of smaller pictures, and she didn't have enough draw for the bigger producers."

Being an alert kind of a girl, she started looking around. She heard about the role of the young girl in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. It sounded like a natural for her. Armed with the sexiest photos she could find of herself, she marched into Hal Wallis Productions and did a selling job on herself. Eighty-seven other girls were considered, including Marilyn Monroe. Terry landed the part.

She was determined to escape the "girl next door" kind of typing that had bogged down her career. She told the publicity chiefs bluntly; "Let's make this the sexiest publicity campaign on record. Let's out-Monroe Monroe."

The publicists were happy to cooperate. The basic story of *Sheba* concerned a middle-aged couple. That wasn't very salable from an exploitation standpoint. A livelier gimmick was needed. Terry nominated herself and was promptly elected.

Terry pitched in with amazing vigor. She told one reporter that the studio wanted her to display a quiet kind of sex in her role.

"They've done everything they can to make me look less sexy," she commented. "I started out wearing sweaters

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in the picture, but the director, Danny Mann, wouldn't let me wear them.

"I have to wear blouses, and my bra is even strapped down to lessen the curve. My hair style couldn't be simpler, and I'm not allowed much makeup.

"Because I play a college girl, I can't do obviously sexy things like casting sly glances or using a sultry voice. The director told me to think sexily. The only way I can get across the idea is with my eyes."

Terry, as millions of movie-goers can attest got it across!

The same kind of change—from tender rosebud to full-blown rose—carried over from Terry's professional life to Terry's personal life.

NOBODY knew much about Terry's romances until Glenn Davis came along. It's possible that she didn't have any. Her dates consisted largely of childhood chums who lived near her Glendale home. School proms, ice cream sodas and that sort of thing. Her only dates with Hollywood personalities were at beach parties and other events staged strictly for movie magazine layouts.

But Davis changed all that. He may not have stayed in her life very long, but he certainly caused some changes.

As everyone knows, Davis had been thrown over by Liz Taylor and was nursing a six-foot torch. If anyone was ready for a rebound marriage, he was.

He was infatuated when he first saw Terry. She seemed to him the wholesome, outdoor type of girl with the same kind of California upbringing he had. There was none of that indoor sophistication he had grown to dislike ever since Liz gave him his gold football back.

Terry and Glenn had a couple of dates together, then she was called to Chicago for a City of Hope benefit. She asked if he could come along, and the benefit sponsors were happy to have him appear. Shortly afterward, he was slated to tour Hawaii with a basketball exhibition. He invited Terry and her mother to take the trip as his guests.

An engagement was inevitable. Anyone who has been on a boat trip knows how the heart grows fond under the moonlight on shipboard. Love, they thought, found Glenn and Terry, even though his future mother-in-law was along on the trip.

Terry fell hard. Serious relations with the opposite sex were a fairly new matter to her. She had led a sheltered girlhood and was too wrapped up in her work to have much time for boys. Now the famous all-American football star, with the body of an Adonis, was saying that he loved her. No wonder she lost her heart. What girl, Liz Taylor excluded, wouldn't?

The wedding was a highlight of the Glendale social season. The all-American boy and the beautiful movie star went off smiling in a shower of rice. The smiles didn't last long. Terry and Glenn separated two months and 25 days after the wedding.

What broke up the marriage?

Let's look at the evidence. When she applied for divorce on April 15, 1952, Terry complained that Davis kept her in "a constant state of turmoil."

"He would go around asking my friends if they thought I could really act," she told Superior Judge Louis H. Burke.

"When people complimented me and told him how well I was doing as an actress, he would say they were all a bunch of frauds and said things like that to flatter me."

She added that once he drove her to tears by driving her and some friends at the speed of 105 mph. "I cried and cried and begged him to slow down, but he just laughed and said it was all very funny," she said.

Of course, the evidence needed for a divorce under California law seldom tells the whole story of a marital breakup. Friends report that he wanted her to give up her career and live with him in Lubbock, Tex. Being a talented and ambitious actress, she would naturally revolt at this.

"Terry found out that Glenn was just like a movie star," an intimate reports. "He had been in the limelight even before she had, and he enjoyed it. There just wasn't room enough for two stars in one family."

THEN came a new kind of legend. Hollywood buzzed with the report that a fabulous film tycoon had come between Terry and Glenn. Adding fuel to the report was the wildfire rumor that the athlete had beaten him up.

After the Davis episode in her life was finally over, Terry began to see her millionaire suitor more and more.

Once she was entertaining some family friends in her hotel suite during a personal appearance in New York. A dignified stranger appeared at the door bearing a lovely mink coat.

"Mr. So-and-So sent this," he announced. Then he tipped his hat and left.

A shocked silence followed. Terry hastily explained that the tycoon had taken her to the airport in Los Angeles. She had left her mink coat in his car, and he dispatched it across the continent by special messenger on the next plane.

"Hmm," said the old friends politely. But it was an awkward moment.

The tycoon didn't particularly approve of Terry's all-out sex campaign—though he'd never noticed her till she embarked on it. He actually put the kibosh on one press agent's stunt. Terry'd been all set to demonstrate that a girl could be dressed—more or less—in one handkerchief, if that handkerchief were artfully draped, but the tycoon said it "wasn't dignified." Regretfully, Miss Moore declined to pose.

That was about the only curb she placed on herself, however. In Europe, to make *Man On A Tightrope*, she explained to reporters that playing a whip-cracking circus queen had added an inch and three-quarters to her bust.

"The movement develops your pectoral muscles. It's not a wrist or arm movement, but with those pectorals—"

Home again from foreign shores, the new Terry Moore continued to operate. "I've got a terrific body, why not promote it?" she asked columnist Sheilah Graham. She confided to someone else, "It's not what you've got, it's the way that you sell it." She and the tycoon seemed to be washed up by then, so Terry and Nicky Hilton began night-clubbing. One-time fans talked snidely. "She's going in for Liz Taylor's cast-offs."

She became the favorite of a half-dozen young oilmen from Texas who would fly

**PHOTO CREDITS**

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

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to Hollywood in their private planes just to have a date with her. Before her Florida location, she was dating heavily with attorney Greg Bautzer, who usually squired more mature stars like Jane Wyman, Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers. Another favorite boyfriend was Al Besalink, the playboy-golf champion.

Then came Bob Wagner. They hadn't met until they started wardrobe fittings for *12-Mile Reef*. They dated for the Academy awards and the Romanoff's party afterward. They saw a lot of each other in Florida, what with water skiing, dancing and other pastimes. They liked each other's company, but marriage was the farthest thing from their minds. Bob has said repeatedly that he isn't ready for marriage.

All these affairs could react negatively on Terry's career. If she continues to play the field with such vigor, she could hit the same kind of reaction that Liz Taylor faced after her two engagements and her short marriage to Hilton.

**A**NOTHER danger signal for Terry Moore is the kind of publicity she has been getting since *Come Back, Little Sheba*. It came about as a normal reaction to her awakening to the facts of life in Hollywood.

She posed for some of the most sizzling art to come out of the studios. She pitched in enthusiastically on the sweater layout to end all sweater layouts. She posed in eight kinds of woolen garb, illustrating degrees of sexiness that can be achieved. Her mother, who makes much of her wardrobe, fashioned the sweaters for her.

She sponsored quotes of this quality: "Men always amaze me. I get to like a man and I think he's nothing but a good friend. I'd like to keep it that way, but suddenly I find out that he wants to get serious."

"That happened with a man I know, a business executive. I thought he was a very good friend and nothing else. Then I start to get all kinds of telegrams and things from him, asking for dates. He already has a wife!"

This line of publicity is splendid for attracting attention and establishing a personality. Certainly Terry has progressed farther in the past year than she did in all the rest of her Hollywood career. But no Hollywood career has been successfully sustained on sex alone. Somewhere along the line, ability and talent have to prove themselves. Although Terry nabbed an Oscar nomination, she has yet to make a real dent as an actress.

Also, there is a point when the sexy buildup can be a deterrent rather than a stimulant. Marilyn Monroe found that out. She zoomed to the top as a brilliant new name after one of the most effective publicity campaigns in Hollywood history. But then things began to get out of hand. The sexy routine was overdone, and the result was bad for her and her pictures. The climax came with the now famed attack by Joan Crawford. After that, Marilyn modified her tune.

Terry faces an added hazard. Since her ascent to fame, Marilyn's has produced little of a sensational nature; she has concentrated on a guy named Joe. But Terry has played a wide and exciting field in the romantic game. This reputation, plus her sexy publicity, could make for a bad impression on the movie fans.

**T**ERRY Moore is a vital, interesting and likable girl. That's one of her main troubles—she wants to be liked.

"She wants to be all things to all people," said one of her closest observers. "She tries to be the Laughing Girl, The Serious Student, The Outdoor Girl, The Indoor

Girl, according to the likes of the person she is with. She wants to please, but the trouble is you can't please everybody."

Terry tries to please the person she is with at the moment. But that sometimes means hurting another person who is not present. Take a recent happening.

A public relations counselor undertook to advise her on her publicity. The young fellow's arguments sounded logical, and she wanted to please him.

A few days later, the man who directed publicity for *Come Back, Little Sheba* received a letter from Terry. It was a sharply worded statement that indicated she was displeased with the publicity on the *Sheba* campaign. Hereafter, she wrote, all her publicity would have to be cleared through the young man who had counseled her.

Needless to say, the *Sheba* press agent blew his top. Hadn't the *Sheba* campaign resulted in an Academy nomination for Terry? He called her home immediately.

Her mother answered. "Terry isn't here," she said.

"Just tell her I got her letter," was the reply. "Tell her there will be no need to clear any publicity. There won't be any. I'm clearing out the files on her and destroying all the photos."

A few weeks later, Edith Head, the designer, called the *Sheba* publicist. "Terry Moore is here," she said. "She wants to borrow a dress from the picture to wear to a premiere. It's just a formality, but I had to get your okay."

"The answer is no."

Two minutes later, Terry was in his office, sobbing that she had never seen the letter he received. But press agents, like elephants, never forget. She didn't get the dress.

On another occasion, she was on a personal appearance in San Francisco. Ardent

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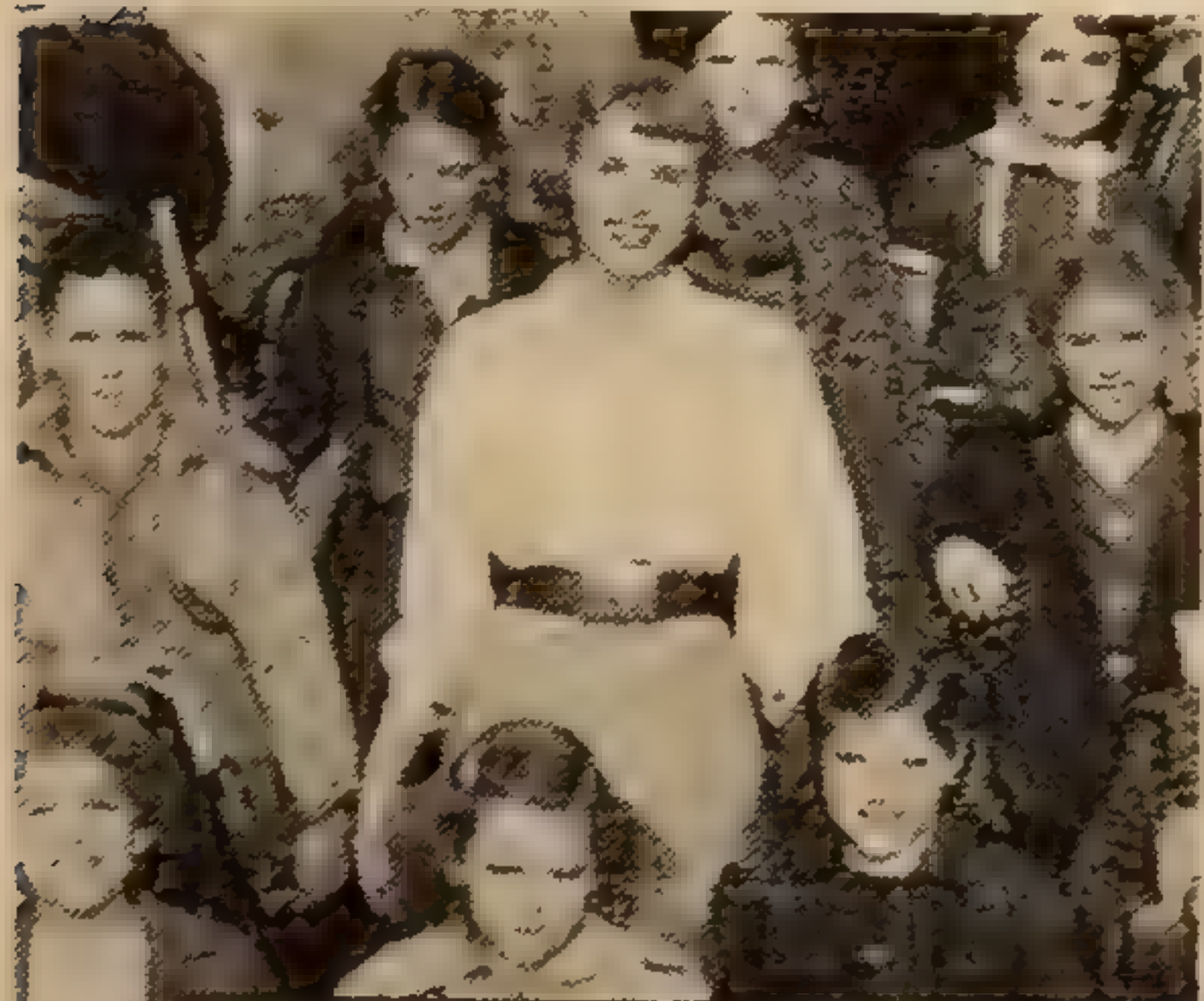
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Frank Sinatra	Alan Ladd	Debra Paget	Elizabeth Taylor	Joel McCrea
Gene Kelly	Janet Leigh	June Allyson	Dean Martin	Humphrey Bogart
Sally Forrest	Piper Laurie	Linda Darnell	Jerry Lewis	Roy Rogers
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Virginia Mayo	Hedy Lamarr	Betty Grable	Loretta Young	James Stewart
	Marie Wilson	Gordon MacRae	Joan Crawford	Audie Murphy
	Dana Clark	Joan Leslie	Greer Garson	Marilyn Monroe
	Jeff Chandler	Jane Russell	Terry Moore	Debbie Reynolds
	Doris Day	Shelley Winters	Janis Paige	Olivia DeHavilland
	Lana Turner	Jeanne Crain	Gregory Peck	Bing Crosby
	William Holden	Lauren Bacall	Wm. Lundigan	John Derek
	Gary Cooper	Gloria DeHaven	Robert Young	Cary Grant
	Bob Mitchum	Rita Hayworth	Vic Damone	Donald O'Connor
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Nicky Hilton had flown up to rendezvous with her. She pledged the publicist accompanying her to secrecy. "I don't want it out that he's up here seeing me," she said.

An hour later, the publicist overheard her on the phone. She was telling Louella Parsons all about how Hilton had come to San Francisco to see her. It was the same old story of Terry wanting to please.

You can't always do that in Hollywood. The town is full of people who live off movie stars. They will use the stars to their own advantages, and that means

hurting someone else, almost inevitably.

Terry can't please everybody, and she will have to learn who are her real friends and brush off the others. There is no malice in her makeup. The petty things she might do are usually the result of someone else's connivance.

Terry has all the elements for a sturdy success in pictures. She has a pretty face, a sexy build, lots of vitality and an eagerness to learn more about acting. She has worked hard to get where she is, and she can go higher—if she will heed the danger signals.

END

## bing crosby: "it's time to quit"

(Continued from page 26) in the golf tournament against a Frenchman named Pierre Bouchayer. Clad in a bright yellow sweater, his favorite checked cap, and playing effortlessly in the rain, the Groaner won his match handily.

The next day Bing lost his third round match and was put out of the tournament. "Even Lindsay could do better," he cracked. Only son Lindsay had gone over to England to watch the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth from the window of the Alan Ladds' hotel suite.

BING's announcement concerning his departure from the motion picture field doesn't mean that he's giving up show business. Entertaining is in his blood. He likes to sing. He loves to make people happy. But he no longer sees any sense in becoming a slave to time. This is why the advertising agencies and the various cigarette sponsors are finding it impossible to pin him down to accepting any of a half-dozen different television offers, and why he will not put his name to any motion picture contract which calls for him to make a certain number of films a year.

"The way he feels now," a writer friend of his recently explained, "Bing wants to taper off, maybe do guest shots and his recordings and nothing else. Once he makes a definite commitment such as a radio show, then he's tied down. For example, on this recent junket to Europe, he was recording half-a-dozen radio shows.

"He's a man who has never liked to work, and he's spent the last 25 years doing exactly that. He doesn't regret any of his accomplishments. He's glad he's done all the things he's done. But if it weren't for Dixie and the boys, if it weren't for his brother Everett constantly making deals for him, Bing would have been just as happy as a part-time crooner on some two-bit radio show.

"I know this sounds kind of screwy because this guy is loaded with a hefty bank account, but he's never been ambitious. Even as a young guy he realized that money didn't necessarily mean happiness."

Strangely enough, no one in show business seems to take Bing's retirement plans seriously although the man has a long record of saying exactly what he means.

In fact, one week after the crooner said his days in films were limited and that he just wanted to relax, play golf and take it easy, a representative of the Ford Motor Company rang him up in Paris.

"Look, Mr. Crosby," he explained. "The Ford Motor Company is having a two-hour television show on two different networks. Part of our 50th anniversary celebration. We want you to appear on the program. How about it?"

"I don't mind," Bing said, "except that I'm here and you fellas are there, 3,000 miles away."

"Don't worry about that," the Ford man

said. "We'll hop a plane and photograph you in Paris." Whereupon Mr. Wicliffe Crider, a vice president of Kenyon & Eckhardt, the advertising agency that controls the Ford account, caught a plane to France on a Friday.

A day later Bing, and a friend of his who plays the guitar, turned up in a local Parisian studio where the Groaner was asked what he'd like to do on the show.

"Let me see," he said. "Over the years I've sung a lot of tunes. The one that's done the most for me is *White Christmas*. That's the one I want to sing. Besides," he added, "with all the Paris distractions of the Louvre and other art works, who can learn new material?"

Bing also asked if Bob Hope had been signed for the Ford TV show. When told that Hope wasn't appearing, the Groaner cocked his left eyebrow in feigned surprise. "Impossible," he cracked. "Hope's on everything else. And speaking of old ski-nose, you know something? I've been eating so much pressed duck in these French gastronomic parlors that I'm starting to walk like him."

It took a little less than an hour, and the advertising man had his Crosby telefilm. He winged back to the States that same night, and 48 hours later, Bing, living it up along the Champs Elysées, was being seen and heard on more than 50,000,000 television sets throughout the U. S.

THE people who caught Crosby on that particular television program remarked that he looked very much like the gay, carefree, insouciant Groaner of old, but the truth is that ever since Dixie's death her widower has been going around with a heavy heart.

It's no secret that one of the reasons Bing and his son Lindsay went to Europe this past Spring was to get away from familiar surroundings, an environment which would arouse old memories of Dixie.

But a man can't run away from himself, and it's in Bing's heart and mind that he carries the most poignant memories of the little woman who married him in adversity, inspired him to success, and blessed him with four boys on the way up.

In Europe, for example, whenever he was interviewed, he somehow always managed to say in one way or another, "Dixie has left a very big void in our house." And then a veil of sadness would pass over his eyes, and he would take out his pipe and fill it with tobacco and say something casual like, "I've always smoked a lot, but my voice has never been bothered by the vice." And then the newsmen would ask more questions, take the interrogation away from Dixie and center it on his European trek.

"How do you like Paris, Monsieur Bing?" And Monsieur Bing would say, "I give it the regular tourist bit. I like to wander around the Bois de Boulogne and the



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Champs, and every once in a while, Claude Dauphin comes along with me. He's a great guide, shows me all the sights. And a very fine actor, too."

"And can you speak French very well, Monsieur Bing?"

And Crosby would grin and explain that, "I've been to France four times and some of the phrases are very difficult, but I've managed to learn one, and I use it quite a bit. I know how to say, 'Go away, you're bothering me.'"

But eventually the talk would get down to the youngest Crosby, Lindsay, and how he liked Europe; and then everyone would quickly realize that Bing was playing both mother and father to his son and in fact, would have to look after his four offspring without the help of Dixie, who had done the lion's share of raising them.

THERE is little doubt that Bing wants to spend more time supervising the educational progress of his boys than in furthering his own career.

This is probably the motivating reason behind the projected abandonment of his motion pictures. Of late he's tried to do no more than two films a year.

While his boys were small he had so much to do, what with pictures, road trips, recordings, radio programs and all of his many business interests, that he didn't see too much of them.

Last year when Dixie was ill he supervised the boys rather closely, but not so closely that Gary, the oldest, wasn't on the verge of "busting out" at Stanford.

"I made a mistake with Gary," Bing told me a little while ago. "I gave him a car as a graduation gift when he got out of prep school. He took it up to Stanford, and I don't think he cracked a book. Dixie wrote him a strong letter—that's putting it mildly—and told him that if he failed in his studies we'd see to it that he went right into the Army. Well, he didn't fail."

Of course, Bing has always made it a point to spend at least one month every summer with his gang up at the Crosby ranch in Elko, Nevada. And he's always seen to it that his boys work diligently for their salaries. In fact he's been so intent on not spoiling them that occasionally a friend will tell him that he acts more like a Prussian drill master than a loving father.

Bing admits that friends of his offspring frequently regard him as a two-headed monster but he also recalls Dixie's recurrent criticism of his behavior as a father, "Bing, you're too easy on the boys."

It was also Dixie's contention that her husband overlooked his sons on their table manners and their general social decorum.

Like most husbands, this father of four used to nod and say, "Okay, Dixie, I'll see to it that they toe the line." But the job usually reverted to Dixie and she had her hands full, because whenever she'd approach Gary and say, "How can you possibly wear a green shirt with blue trousers?" Gary would say, "That's nothing. Did you see Pop this morning?"

Dixie would explain that Bing was color blind and that the boys were never to follow their father's example in dressing, but this filial tendency of theirs was something she never succeeded in overcoming.

Before Dixie passed away, before, in fact, she submitted to the operation which revealed her incurable illness, she sensed that she might not be around very much longer, and she and Bing had a long talk on what they wanted for their sons.

DIXIE pointed out that in many ways a celebrated father is a handicap to sons. Sometimes they feel that they can't hope to equal the old man in achievement so they never try. Dixie also knew that there was a tendency for the boys to slide through on their father's reputation. She was afraid that the boys wouldn't do well in school because they had no incentive. She and Bing had set up large trust funds for each of them. Why would they study and make something of themselves? Basically it would come down to character, to breeding, to training, to the thoughts and ideals and objectives she and Bing had imbued in them.

If the boys turned out well, then she and Bing had made a success of their marriage. If the boys didn't, then she and Bing had failed. On that they agreed.

Now that Dixie has passed on, and Bing must shoulder the full load, he is determined to see that his sons develop into men of character. "They've got to have a goal in life," he says, "a philosophy. They've got to know where they're heading, and they've got to make their own way. And until each of them is 21, I'm going to keep right on their tails seeing that they stay in line."

Bing promised his Dixie that he'd look after their sons, and if that calls for abandoning his motion picture career in order to get more overseeing time—well, that's nothing.

Two decades ago, a bright young actress at the pinnacle of success abandoned her career for husband and children. Dixie Lee Crosby abandoned it permanently for what she felt was a woman's real work in life.

In Bing's mind, he's merely finishing the job they started together. He hopes to get the time to finish it well.



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## why doesn't he marry the girl?

(Continued from page 29) and straight to the point, and while he admits the warmth and affection he feels for Ursula, and she undoubtedly feels for him, he is nevertheless afraid to broach the subject of marriage, because in his own heart and in his own mind, he's afraid to take the fateful step. And not without good reason.

He's been burned once. In 1939, after a tempestuous and highly-publicized courtship, he married a charming, levelheaded actress, Barbara Stanwyck, who was five years older than he. Now Bob knows much about the transiency of his own affections. And he simply doesn't want another marriage that won't last.

All Hollywood, however, insists that the ceremony is as inevitable as the rising of the sun, and moreover, and this is most unusual, everyone prophesies that a Taylor-Thiess marriage would be lasting and certainly the best thing in the world for these two people. Separated, they are lonely and miserable, while together, they are vivacious and happy.

LATE in May, for example, before *Knights Of The Round Table* got under way, Bob flew into London for a little pre-production work. Excitement was riding the crest in England—it was just before the Coronation—and there was much to do and much to see in the old city. Only Bob was homesick for his Ursula.

Being a man of action he picked up the phone in the Savoy Hotel and called his pilot, Ralph Couser, back in California. "Things are awfully dull for me," he said. "How about you flying mother and Ursula to Beatrice?" (Beatrice is a picturesque city of 12,000 in Nebraska where Bob was raised.) Couser said, "Sure. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to catch a plane out of here," Bob said, "and you can pick me up in Chicago."

Bob Taylor has owned a twin-engine Beechcraft for many years, one of the few luxuries he indulges in; and not long after he hung up on the transatlantic phone, his mother, his girlfriend, and his pilot were heading for Nebraska.

Bob, in turn, took off from London, land-

ed in New York, then went on to Chicago where Ralph and Ursula picked him up, taking him eventually to Beatrice.

Bob and Ursula had only three days together in Beatrice, but you can be awfully happy in three days.

"We just drove around," Ursula says. "Bob showed me where he had lived and played as a little boy. He pointed out the Methodist Church where his parents used to sing. Just sight-seeing things like that."

Whether Bob and Ursula arrived at any agreement in Nebraska concerning their future, neither is saying—except that in all their conversations they have scrupulously avoided any discussion of marriage. It's as if the topic were tabu, as if it would destroy the climate of their relationship.

"We have both been married," Ursula says. "We know what the experience is. And we have absolutely no plans, either with each other or anyone else."

Yet when Bob kissed Ursula goodbye in Nebraska, reports spread like a prairie fire that the German-born actress would meet him in Europe later this year and perhaps even honeymoon abroad.

THERE is no doubt but that in her heart, Ursula Thiess hopes this will happen, although she is much too tactful to give voice to her hopes.

Ever since she first met Bob over a year ago—it was at a party thrown by her agent, Harry Friedman—she has refused to date any other man. She regards Taylor as the one perfect gentleman, and like most girls of Germanic background, she doesn't consider herself to be his equal.

All she wants to do is to cook for him, to clean for him, to serve him and make him happy, because her greatest joy in life is giving of herself.

If Bob Taylor asked her to give up her acting career, she would do it in a minute. She has none of the aggressive spirit, none of the overwhelming ambition, none of the force which drives Barbara Stanwyck on to endless work.

As Bob's mother, a very discerning and intelligent woman, says, "I like Ursula. She's a lady. No drinking, no carousing around. She never complains. She lives alone in that little one-room apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, and I like to see her occasionally. I'm not a match-maker, and

I know absolutely nothing about how Bob and Ursula feel toward each other. I do know, however, that Bob is entitled to any happiness he can get. He has always been a good son, and he has always lived a clean and upstanding life. He's a sincere man and he always expected his marriage to be as happy as mine and his father's. As he's grown older, I'm afraid he has grown a little disillusioned. But I'm glad he has Ursula for a friend."

No matter what she may or may not say, Ursula wonders how Bob will be affected when this September he meets her children for the first time. Ursula hopes to go back to Hamburg this Fall and to collect her daughter and son, Manuela 9 and Michael 7, and to introduce them to Taylor somewhere on the continent.

Bob likes children. He always has, but whether he would marry the mother of two offspring, whether this would have any effect upon his marital outlook—these are the things no one knows.

Bob is 41, although he looks much younger, and perhaps a ready-made family would be perfect for him—many of his friends think so—but he himself doesn't know his own feelings. It is quite a responsibility to make a home for a woman and two children. Jimmy Stewart pulled it off very neatly and then added twins to the family package. But whether Bob Taylor will see his way clear to assume the same burden depends entirely on how much he wants Ursula Thiess as a wife.

Not many people know it, but Taylor has never reached the financial brackets of, say, a Clark Gable or a Spencer Tracy. He started out at Metro in 1934 for very little money and after 15 years reached a \$3,500-per-week salary. When he was divorced from Stanwyck, Barbara not only got their home which she promptly re-sold for \$146,000 but she also insisted upon a little clause in the financial settlement which calls for her to receive 15% of Taylor's gross earnings until her remarriage. The basic truth is that Barbara Stanwyck has earned much more money in her career than Taylor has, but Taylor has never uttered a single word about that financial settlement.

The point, however, is that financially he may not feel himself able to take on Ursula and her children. He bought his mother a lovely home many years ago. He sleeps in the servants quarters and hangs his clothes in a kitchen alcove; and he pays all the bills plus upkeep of his plane and salary for his pilot, and what with taxes, he doesn't have very much left at the end of a year.

Unlike other actors who have gone abroad for 18 months to escape Federal income levies, Bob has never even suggested that to his studio although it would have been extremely simple for him to have stayed on in Europe after he finished *Quo Vadis*.

Ursula Thiess, of course, earns a weekly salary from RKO although she has yet to make a film there, but it is a relatively small salary, and I'm sure she would abandon it if Taylor could ever get around to proposing marriage.

WHEN they're together in Hollywood Bob and Ursula like best to meet at her apartment where the actress prepares delicious home-cooked meals. "We like being at home, like to talk to each other. I like to cook, and somebody already told me here in America—that is the best way to a man's heart. It is nice to talk to Bob. When he is away, I am extremely lonely, unhappy. I have a few friends, but right now they are in Europe; and when people talk to me, reporters—well, I am extremely horrified. I read only recently about such terrible stories concerning me and Barbara Stanwyck and Bob. How you call it,

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a triangle? It was ridiculous. I have never known Bob when he was married.

"I know it is part of being an actress, this publicity, but with me it is a little different. I am the mother of children. I hope to bring them over to this country shortly, and I have a kind of responsibility as a mother. There are schools, and children can be very brutal, and one must always think of these things.

"When Bob and I are together, we talk of many things. It so happens that we are not people who go very much to night clubs or previews. We enjoy talking. We are friends. I cannot say what will come of our friendship. Reporters can make up stories. They can say things that hurt us, but they are not true."

Two years ago the girl who speaks thus could speak no English at all. At the time she was 25 and had arrived in this country, fresh from Hamburg, on the heels of a lucky break.

A photographer had shot some photos of her in Germany and had sent them in to *Life*. Howard Hughes had seen them and ordered RKO executives to cable an offer.

When Ursula received this first wire she was convinced it was a gag and ignored it. The second wire, however, seemed genuine, and a month after she received it, she was in Hollywood, studying English under the aegis of drama coach Florence Enright.

URSULA Thiess was born Ursula Schmitthuth in Hamburg, Germany, 27 years ago. Her father was an importer of sorts, and when the war broke out in Europe, his business went to pot. An only child, Ursula was married at 18 to film director George Thiess. They had two children.

Luckily, the family managed to survive the allied bombings and the general devastation of the conflict. The Thiess marriage was not that lucky. It was dissolved in

1947 with Ursula and the two children going home to live with her mother.

Faced with the necessity of earning a living, the tall, beautiful German girl became a photographer's model earning very little money, just managing to keep body and soul together.

Then came the lucky break of the *Life* photographs and the RKO contract. In four months, a ridiculously short time, Ursula learned English and learned it so well that she was ready to accept major speaking parts.

Florence Enright says, "I've had bright pupils before, but Ursula was one of the best. She showed great industry. She worked hard."

A few days after Ursula was pronounced "ready to work," an independent production outfit called The Film Group checked in at RKO and asked for an actress who might play the lead in *Monsoon*, a Technicolor film to be shot in India.

RKO said, "How about trying Ursula Thiess? She has a face like an angel and a body like a goddess."

The boys from Film Group took a fast gander. Liking what they saw, they put Ursula aboard a plane to India. Three months later the film was finished and Ursula en route to Hollywood, stopped off in Hamburg to see her family. It was a joyful reunion, of course, and Ursula told them all about America and India and Hollywood; and she promised to do her best about bringing her children to California, a very difficult process since Ursula herself has only a visitor's visa and unless it is extended, she may be deported from the country.

After *Monsoon* and back in Hollywood, the German beauty with the grey-green eyes worked hard and long on her dramatics. At her agent's party one night she met Bob Taylor. It was an informal intro-

duction, "Miss Thiess, may I present Bob Taylor."

Taylor is one man who uses the slow approach. No fast line. No aimless chatter. He is handsome, debonair, and socially at ease, but he never tries to impress.

He let a few days go by, and then he phoned Ursula. He asked her out to dinner. She suggested dinner at her apartment. That's how it began, and it's grown bigger and better since that beginning.

At the moment, Bob Taylor is the hardest working actor in motion pictures, seven grade A films in two years and three more coming up. And as one friend has said, "This guy has been so busy he's scarcely had time to read his mail. No kidding. Besides, by nature he's sort of a lone wolf. Likes to hunt and fish. Maybe concentrate on one dame. The kind of schedule he's had this year, it's lucky he could even manage a coffee-date."

Ursula Thiess has never gone hunting or fishing with Taylor, and I once asked Bob why. It seems that years ago he tried taking Barbara Stanwyck along with him on these jaunts. She didn't particularly like them, and now he's convinced that all women feel the same way about his outdoor activities.

WHAT he doesn't know is that Ursula Thiess is one woman who would follow him to the ends of the earth at the mere beckoning of his index finger. When he does realize that fact, he'll probably marry the girl, because he is basically a man who loves a home and wants a woman to cherish.

In Hollywood today they are giving even money on a Taylor-Thiess marriage—either late this year or early next or "just as soon as this guy gets enough time off to realize what a beautiful babe he is holding in his heart."

END



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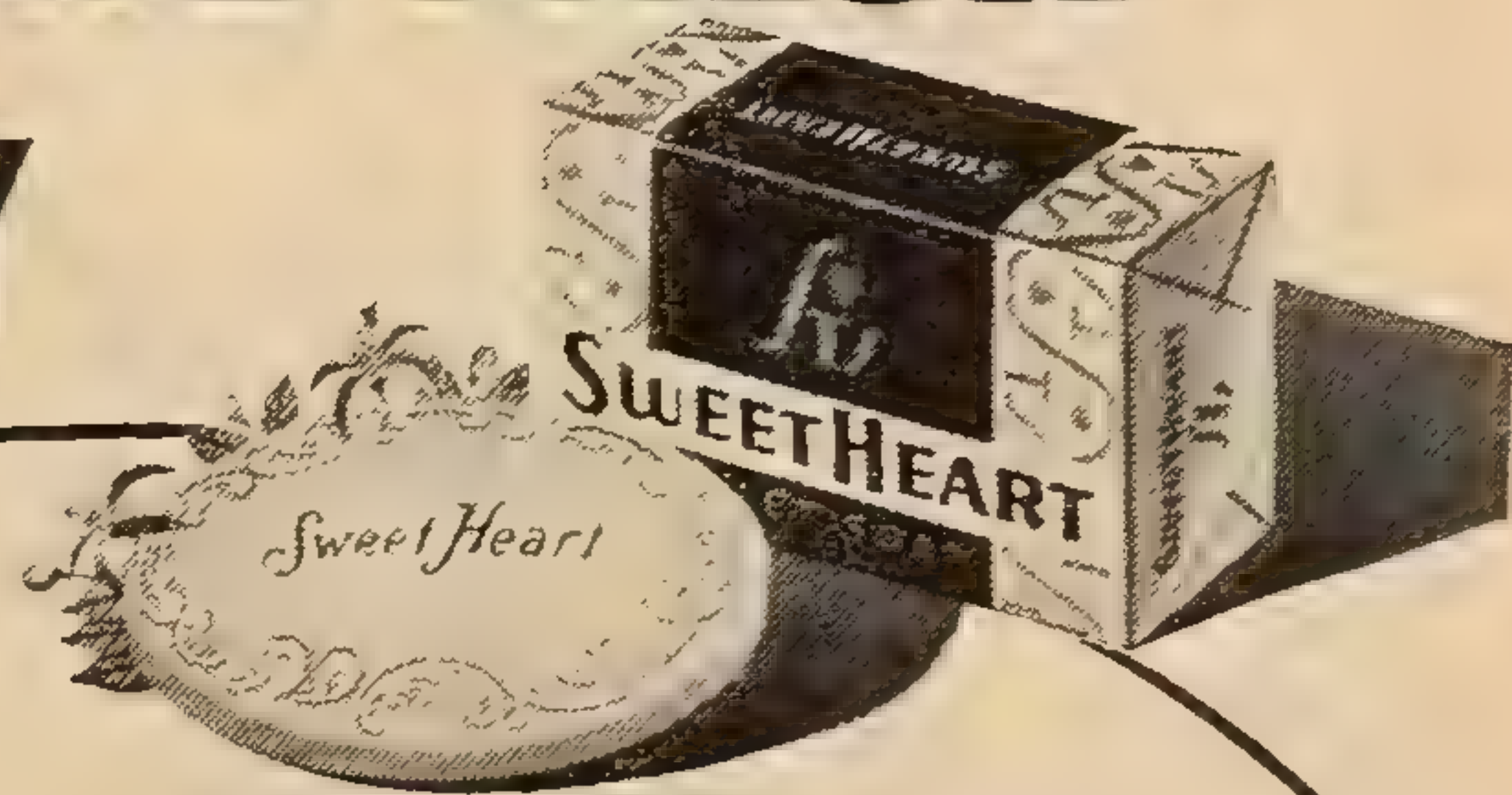
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**"she oughta be in pictures"**

(Continued from page 45) but from that point on the public—the only true Prince Charming in show business—took over and made the story of Elaine Stewart come true. The public, then, ought to know about her. Here is her story.

It all began, of course, before Elaine was born. A young girl, of Spanish ancestry, decided to abandon Europe and start her life in America. She was 18. A young man of German descent, made up his mind to the same thing at the same time. He was also 18. On a murky day, early in the century, they boarded the same boat in Holland and set sail through an early morning fog for the new land. An hour after sailing time they met at the rail of the ship, and together watched the bulky final outline of the European coast slip into the distance. Then they turned and looked at each other.

Love at first sight is an expression that has been kicked around a good deal by the fiction writers, but the meeting of Ulrich and Hedwig was pretty close to it, at least as far as Elaine's dad was concerned. Within two days he was trying to get the captain of the ship to marry them, and making a great to-do about the matter. The captain, however, would have none of it, and Hedwig, a sensible girl, had minor objections, among which were the simple facts that Ulrich was a smart 18, had no money, was going to a strange land, didn't know the language and had absolutely no prospects.

It was five years later, after a long-distance romance between Chicago, where Hedwig settled, and New York, where Ulrich had gotten a start, that they finally married. And after a couple of years of nothing happening in Manhattan, the Steinbergs moved across the river to Montclair, New Jersey, and settled down for life.

ELAINE STEWART (then Steinberg) was born in Montclair, the eldest of four children. Her father by that time was a policeman and the family, although not in dire circumstances, didn't find it too easy to get along in a wealthy community on an honest cop's take-home pay. So Elaine was no pampered darling, and at a very early age, particularly after the other kids came along, learned the rudiments of cookery and house cleaning and the chores a girl in a poor family has to apply herself to instead of play.

But she was a dreamer. Mornings, as she walked to school, she'd vision a future that didn't seem probable. At first it was just pretty clothes and leisure and all the money she could spend. And then, under the spell of movie magazines, there came the dream of being a famous actress—but this was the most improbable of all, because even though she knew the Cinderella story had happened really, she couldn't picture it happening to her, or anybody in remote Montclair for that matter.

But the impulse to get closer to her dream was strong and when she was 13 years old it was decided she ought to get a job after school to help bolster the family income, she headed right for a movie theater and went to work as an usherette.

As Elaine herself remembers, she was not a particularly pretty girl, although others say she was. It was too early for her desire to be an actress to be called an ambition; it was still only a dream. But standing in the dark at the top of an aisle, watching the handsome shadows flit across the screen and listening to their voices she felt very close to them, almost part of the life they lived. She found herself patterning her dress, in a modest way, after



the stars she saw and inadvertently mimicked them. And, unlike most kids who have to work after school, she could hardly wait to get to her job each afternoon. It was better than classes.

There were times she almost lost her job. Some pictures more than others affected her like a drug. One of them was *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, an MGM picture incidentally. She was so taken with the loveliness and artistry of Lana Turner in this one that she staggered through the run of the show in a heady fog of confusion, often trying to seat several people in one seat—and not hearing a word that was spoken, except on the screen. It was about that time that the manager decided she'd be better off in the air, and he transferred her to the box-office, where she spent the next couple of years selling magic through a small round hole in a plate glass window.

Elaine was not a particularly popular girl in high school, something that would be hard to understand without her own explanation.

"We didn't have very much money," she said, "and most of the kids who went to school with me came from pretty well-off families. My wardrobe consisted of one skirt and one blouse—and I was always ashamed to go to parties and things like the other kids. Consequently, I didn't go out much, didn't mix with the other girls much, either."

NECESSITY finally took her away from the cinema. She was about 18 and the time had come to either marry or get into a line of work that offered a better future than a girl would find in a movie theater. She wasn't interested in any special boy, so she left her box-office and went to work as a secretary-nurse to a doctor. For a whole year she thought she had found her niche in life.

It might have been about this point in her life that Elaine finally took a good look in a mirror. She liked what she saw. Then she looked at some of the fashion magazines and decided, too, that most of the girls she saw on the covers and in the ads had nothing more to offer than she had. So, without any knowledge of how to go about it, she started for New York one morning to become a model.

The modeling business in New York is almost as difficult to break into as the movies, but Elaine didn't know that. She had read somewhere that a man named Harry Conover was big in this line, so she took a subway to his Vanderbilt Avenue headquarters and presented herself to his secretary.

Now getting to see Harry Conover personally without an appointment, and generally a letter of introduction, is almost as easy as paying a casual call on the mayor. It just isn't done that way. The secretary was rather astonished that anyone would try, and for that reason she brushed away many of the objections and after a few hours ushered Elaine into the presence of the big man.

Harry Conover's first impression is worth noting. "Never," he said, "have I seen such a get-up. Elaine was dressed as she thought a model ought to dress—and it was startling to say the least. She wasn't wearing an outfit, but a costume—all wrong. She was wearing as much make-up as the average clown. But I could see she had beauty beneath it all, and, more important, poise and class."

As Elaine remembers it, Conover stood behind his desk for a few minutes and stared at her pop-eyed. He asked her a few questions and then came around and gave her some advice.

"Get rid of those clothes," he said. "Get a simple black dress with nothing on it.

Then wash off all that goo and come back here next week. We'll see."

On the appointed day, Elaine showed up at Conover's office a different girl. She was wearing a black number as simple as they sold at Macy's and just a trace of lipstick on her face. And her hair was pulled back tight from her forehead. No jewels. This time Conover liked what he saw and got out an application blank. Elaine Stewart was a model.

WITHIN a few months Elaine was one of the hardest working models in New York. She still lived in Montclair, but she came to New York every morning and made the rounds of the photographers when Conover had no assignment for her. "One of the reasons I got so many jobs," she said, "was that I worked when it was raining. In fact I'd look forward to rainy days. In bad weather most of the models stayed home, unless they had to go out, so I'd trot around to the photographers and advertising agencies and pick up the work that came in all of a sudden."

She is photogenically almost perfect, so Elaine's face soon began to appear on the covers of magazines—and pretty soon she didn't have to look for jobs any more, they came looking for her. She thought for awhile that this was the life she'd live, that she would always have a good income, and the work was pleasant, so why try for anything more. Hollywood was still a dream, still not an ambition.

If it hadn't been that models began working in television Elaine might never have even considered the dramatic arts. But after appearing on a few shows, just to show her face and figure, she decided she'd better learn a little about theatrical deportment. She began to study and the next thing she knew she was acting. It was just as simple as that.

Hal Wallis was the first producer to believe that Elaine Stewart might have something for pictures. He had seen her on a TV show and arranged to have her come to see him in his office. Wallis is a canny man, noted for his discovery of unknown talent, and he liked the presence Elaine had. So, without a test, and knowing full well she had no theatrical background, he signed her to a contract and sent her to California to appear with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in *Sailor Beware*.

They may be the greatest comics in the movies, but Martin and Lewis are the toughest actors in show business to debut with, no matter how beautiful you are. The only supporting player who ever got any notice with them was a chimpanzee. Elaine was good in their picture but lost in the mad, mad shuffle. And when her option time came around she was dropped automatically, because they had nothing for her to do. Elaine might have gone back to New York, but she met an agent named Johnny Darrow.

Darrow is the kind of man who doesn't believe anybody ever got anywhere giving up, so he took Elaine in hand and escorted her to the studios where he wore out carpets in front of executive desks telling big shots how wonderful his client was. The result was twofold: Elaine got a job at MGM, and found herself the possessor of a driving ambition to be a movie star.

ELAINE made five pictures at MGM and very few people knew she was on the lot. True, her parts were small, but they were the type known in Hollywood as build up roles. Elaine was a happy girl. She was studying and learning fast and every time she walked away from in front of a camera she knew something she hadn't known before.

It all came across at once in *The Bad And The Beautiful*, in which she played,

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oddly enough, the girl who walked into a big studio and took away the star's beau. That was just the story she had dreamed when she was an usher at the Bellevue Theatre in Montclair, and Lana Turner was the star she dreamed it about.

You may have noticed in the past few months that Elaine has been getting a lot of publicity as a new sex queen of the movies. MGM is really not responsible for this, because the heads of that studio feel that a girl must have more than just a beautiful face and body to cut the mustard at the box-office. It has been spontaneous — and it has Elaine worried.

"Obvious sex," she said, "is bad. I know. I was an usherette and I knew what the customers thought of it. Selling sex like fish is not only bad taste but the worst possible approach to success an actress can take. There are so many other emotions in life that people like to see on the screen. I don't want to be a sex star."

ASKED what she thought a star should sell, Elaine said: "I think you might call it glamor. Marlene Dietrich has it — and more than likely always will. She has it even though she's a grandmother. Lana Turner has it. She's never been obvious in her screen portrayals. It's her talent — and her glamor — that have kept her a star for years. I hope to be like her."

Another quality Elaine Stewart believes a star must have is gentility.

"I know movie-goers as they are in a small town," she said. "They're family people — and they like gentleness in the characters they see on the screen. If there is something you might call passion in a character on the screen it has to come from within them. It can't be tossed out into the front row. Most of the youngsters I know who go to the movies want to be like the stars they see — so they have to admire them. You can't really admire a girl if she's just plain wanton."

Elaine Stewart today lives just about that kind of a life. She is, off-screen, a quite simple person. She dresses in good but simple taste. She lives simply, in a small apartment she shares with another girl who works at the studio. Her private life is very much the same as it has been

all her life. She has no steady beau, and goes out only a couple of nights a week — and then to places that are not too fancy, but gathering places for the ordinary people of Hollywood.

Like it has always been, Elaine's biggest drive is earning a living. She has not forgotten the struggle the Steinberg family had when she was a little girl — and she doesn't intend to. She wants to make enough money to see that her dad and mother, the lovers of the immigrant boat, are comfortable in their declining years. She wants to see that her brother becomes an engineer who can build the bridges he dreams about now. She is fanatical about her family and carries a wallet full of pictures of them, which she shows to anyone who will look at them.

She may not be a top star yet, but MGM predicts without reservation that she will be. To assist this prediction the studio sends her out on the road to attend premieres of her pictures, and to show her to exhibitors about the land. One of these trips recently took her back to Montclair — and led to a citizen of that town making the understatement of the year.

Elaine's return to Montclair was a big event. Naturally there was a police escort; papa's a police sergeant now. And there were parties and receptions and personal appearances galore. But Elaine did manage to get a few free moments and at these times toured the city alone, looking in on the places she knew as a girl.

She's changed considerably since her high school days. Quite considerably. So it is not odd that a young man, standing on a Montclair street with a bunch of cronies, saw her coming out of a store and gave the longest whistle of appreciation he'd ever gotten out.

"Wow!" he said. "Who's the redhead?"

"That," said one of his pals, "is Elaine Steinberg. She used to live here a few years ago. She went to school with us."

"No kidding," said the whistler, who had not apparently seen the parades. "She ought to be in the movies!"

Well, old boy, she is. But good! **END**

## don't play it safe!

(Continued from page 57) giving me pain, they were hammering out a new policy of living for me.

On my chest today are still faint scars attesting to the resolution I made that afternoon. Because I went out and did climb a tree. Going up wasn't bad but coming down I got panicky and hugged the trunk so tightly that I nearly cut a groove in the rough bark, or rather, it was the other way around and I got grooved. There is a floor in a New York skating rink that must be permanently weakened because I did get on skates and I did fall — repeatedly. And there are fellows around my old neighborhood who can recall, if they want to, that eventually I wasn't such a sucker for a left hook; at least I did learn how to hook back.

But there is more to it than that. Checking the route I took to get where I am today I can recall a lot of safe "stations" I reached on the journey and I remember how strong the temptation was each time to stay "put" and not take any chances on what might be further down the line. I see an office in New York where I might still be sitting, hunched over an art desk, my yearning for an acting career probably long stifled. I see a store, a lot of stores,

where I might still be clerking. I see, too, a restaurant where I might be serving up hamburgers and coffee (or maybe by now I would have worked up to de luxe dinners with choice of soup or salad).

I REMEMBER half a hundred times where I might have wriggled into a secure little niche and lived a secure little life. The urge to do it was strong; I was brought up to think this way. But my lesson was a strong one and I didn't. My lesson was that if all there is to living is the process of preserving one's self that's the way to do it — "hole up" somewhere where you won't get harmed, like a piece of moss satisfied with the sustenance it gets clinging to a stone. And the rest of my lesson was that being alive means more than this; being alive means developing as well as growing, using what you are to become what you can be.

My mother's constant solicitude for me probably stemmed in good part from the fact that I was not only her only child but all she had to show for a broken marriage. She tried to guard me from a life that had shown her very rough corners and she thought she could anticipate trouble for me by doing my thinking and even trying to guide my emotional reactions. Some of the ordinary phases of a boy's development, that are taken casually by most parents, or at least accepted



philosophically, tended to cause crises in our household. When I was about 11 years old and, in mother's opinion, ready to know all about the bees and the flowers, she was in a deep quandary on how to import the proper knowledge. Like many mothers in such cases she turned the whole job over to someone else—in this case, an uncle of mine.

He called me out to the sun porch one afternoon for a private "talk" in which not a word was said; he just handed me a 900 page book on eugenics which had been laying on a shelf in the house for years. What he and mother didn't know was that I was exactly 900 pages ahead of them—I had already read the book in secret early morning sessions. I don't know how much good I got out of it morally, but toting that big volume around certainly helped develop my muscles physically.

From earliest memory I had always wanted to be an actor and from a time just about as early there didn't seem to be anything definite I could do about it. Yet, I know now, that the reason I pushed for class presidency several times, and won several times, was to satisfy instinctive yearnings to "perform." Getting on my feet to make a speech to my classmates was the closest I could come to getting on a stage and portraying a role. Just the same, when I graduated from Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn it was to take art training rather than enter a school for drama. My mother, while not opposed to my ideas about acting, couldn't get herself to think of the stage in terms of a definite future for me. "You'll be getting a steady salary sooner as an artist than as an actor," she said. She was quite right. The salaries I eventually got in my early acting days were not steady and, in fact, were no salaries; they were "handouts."

AFTER several years as an art student I got a job doing advertising layout work in New York. My salary was \$18 a week and in return for this I not only did my own work but found time to assist the fellow at the next desk who seemed always to have tough going with his assignments. One day he showed me his paycheck; he was getting \$35 a week!

"You're a little underpaid," he advised. "See what you can do for yourself."

I confronted the boss with my request for a raise and he finally agreed to up me to \$25 a week. But my next check remained the same and when I complained he told me that all raises had to be approved by the home office in Chicago, a process which might take weeks or even months. I felt exactly as I did the day the six kids clobbered me at the auction. "Cancel my application for the raise," I told the boss.

"Oh, fine!" he said, approvingly.

"Also cancel me," I went on. "I'm quitting."

I had decided to seek new vistas, but those I found were not new enough. Returning to the art institute I was given a berth as an assistant instructor with free additional training as my only payment. For spending money I reverted to a childhood pursuit—gathering up pop bottles and turning them in at the market for cash.

I wasn't a very happy boy in those days; not because I was short of money, but because I was short of a satisfying prospect in life. It took a little time for me to figure things out but after a bit I decided that I needed a little love—and what I loved was the stage. One evening a pupil of mine took me to the Lyceum theater where the Feagin School of Dramatic Art was staging a play . . . and the marriage was made. The next day I walked into the school and announced that I was willing to do any kind of work for any length of time



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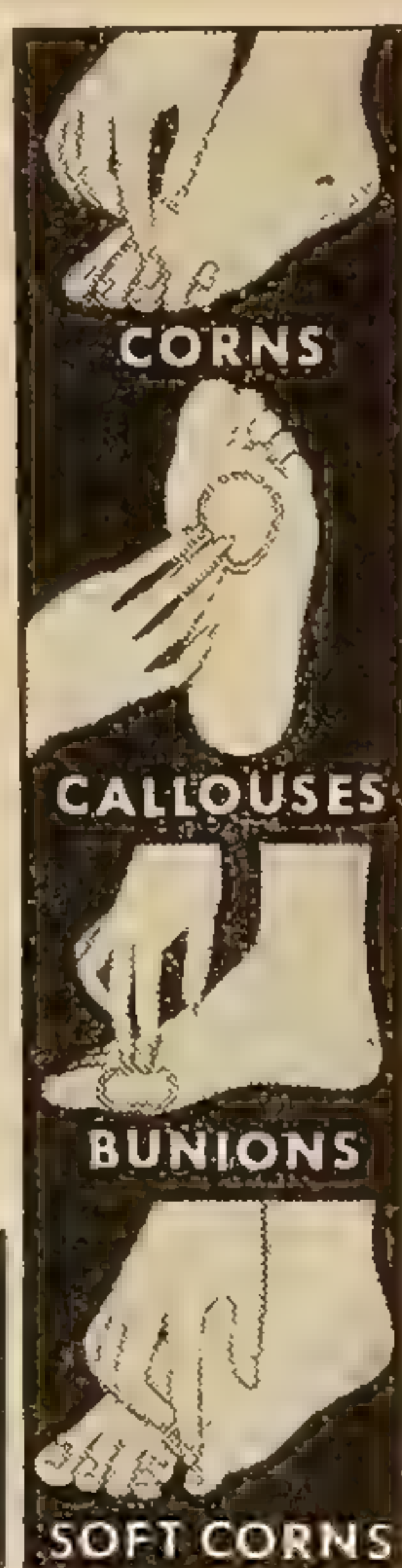
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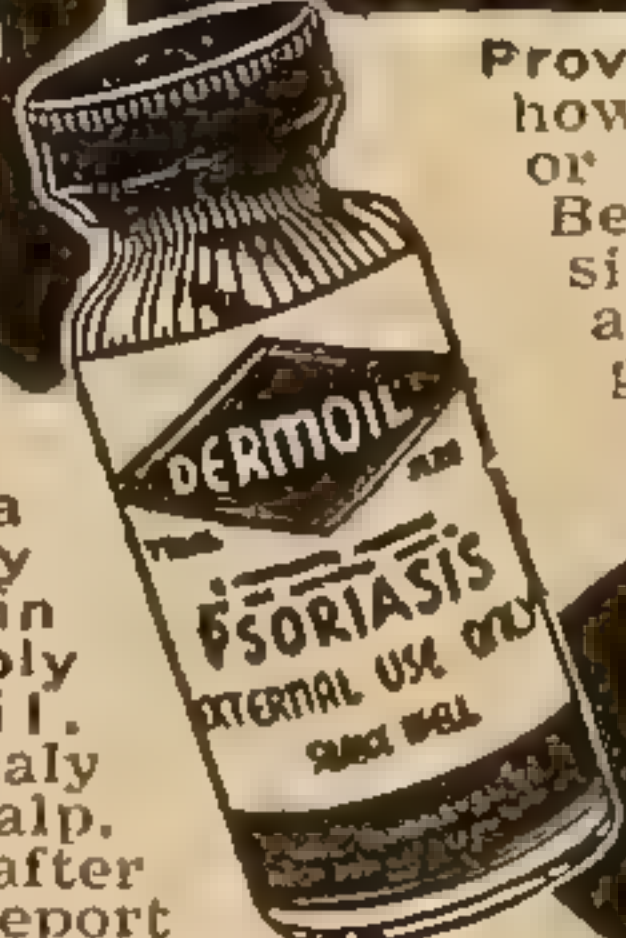


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if only they would teach me acting. It was a bargain, the best I have ever made. I had lots to do but they paid off with a scholarship that made me feel rich.

It only takes a few words to tell all about this but actually this started off a period of years in my life when I earned only pitiful pennies, at a time when jobs were plentiful and wages good—and yet I envied no man. The truth was that I was buying the kind of work I wanted, stage work, with the salaries I might have had doing other things. And I was happy to do it.

When I was invited, about this time, to take a job as assistant stage manager at the Millpond Playhouse in Roslyn, Long Island, at \$10 a week plus room and board, I didn't hesitate a moment. And though I had quit one job because they were slow giving me a raise to \$25 a week, I saw nothing inconsistent in the fact that I stuck on at the playhouse when my ten dollars was cut to five dollars a week, and even when the five failed to show up for weeks at a time! With each dime I didn't get, my option on a fine future was stronger, or at least that's the way I felt. I wasn't living a safe and sane life, there were nights in the playhouse when we had to go scrounging around for wood or coal to keep from being frozen to death, but it was a very hopeful one! Why I actually played lead roles at the playhouse! No fat salary check, no fine clothes, sporty car or comfortable apartment, could give me the same thrill.

Ten dollars a week. It stayed as my top salary for a long time . . . when I got it. It was exactly my salary when I left the playhouse with a buddy of mine, Bill Bryan, to open up a new summer theater in Marengo, Illinois. We started from scratch, yet I never had a bitter moment. On the contrary I was bathed in a prospect of happiness. The season we put on was a successful one and I look back at each day I spent there (it is known as The Shady Lane Playhouse and one of the best known in the country) as a bright page in my life.

Just about this time, as the movie scripts I have it, came the war. I had returned to New York from Marengo, and was crossing Seventh Avenue one afternoon, when I saw Bill Bryan walking towards me from the other side.

"Where you been?" I called.

"I just enlisted with the cavalry," he yelled back, as we neared each other. "Why don't you join the same outfit?"

"But I wanted to get into the air corps," I returned.

"Oh, let's stick together," he urged.

Just as we met in the middle of the street I made my decision. "Okay!" I said.

If a writer ever gave me such a scene to play in a picture I'd tell him he was crazy—but that's exactly how it happened. In no time at all we were both stationed at Ft. Riley, Kansas, and I was getting my basic training in riding which, the way the Army does it, begins with learning how to use a shovel.

Nevertheless I got so emotionally involved with horses that when the army decided to motorize the cavalry I resented it as bitterly, I think, as any of the regular old army wranglers we had for sergeants. In fact I applied for officers' training in anti-aircraft and, making still another switch later on, wound up my four years of service as a lieutenant in the infantry. At that time I found myself with more money than I had ever had before in my life, almost \$3,000 in cash or due me in terminal pay. It felt good. There was a strong temptation to get a job, try and save more money, and build myself up financially. "You're not a kid any more," my friends told me. "You've got a chance to be a solid citizen now."

They might have been right. But even if I wasn't a kid I still had the same dreams. I decided to bet every penny of my money on myself as an actor. I went to Hollywood, bought a thousand dollars worth of clothes, and started to find a job in radio or movies. In five months my money was gone and producers knew me only as another name on a long list of hopeful actors which they rarely bothered to check.

"Now will you come home?" my mother wrote.

I didn't. I applied for a job as counter-man in the White Tower hamburger stands. And almost at the same time I got my first radio job—a few lines to say on a local 15-minute show that brought me a total of \$14 in take-home pay. But I must have given the show at least 14 dollars worth of acting because I was called back to do it again next week. It was all the encouragement I needed.

I started knocking on doors like crazy. A few more small jobs came my way. Then, one day, upon learning that a radio producer was looking for someone to play an important part in his show of the coming week, I decided to declare myself a contender. I approached the situation somewhat haltingly, I guess, and soon found myself on the receiving end of a brush-off. As I turned to leave, I planted a firm foot and asked to read for the part right then and there. The reaction to this was skeptical but agreeable. So I read.

Well, I'd like to report that I got the part. I didn't. But I impressed the producer sufficiently for him to give me another part on the same show.

And from that time on I started to click in radio. Soon, with shows like "Michael Shayne, Detective" and "Our Miss Brooks" to my credit I began to get attention from the movie studios . . . but not the kind of attention I wanted. It was apparent soon that I could get into pictures but only in small "mug" parts.

"You don't think you're a leading man type, do you?" asked one producer incredulously.

I nodded. It wasn't a matter of vanity. I have never considered myself a pretty boy. But from my experience on the stage I knew that an audience doesn't consider handsomeness to be the most important requisite of a character in whom it can interest itself. The drama of life, which makes the best kind of drama on stage, happens to all sorts of fellows, including those who wouldn't be selected to pose for collar ads.

But the producer laughed. He mentioned a former gorilla-visaged wrestler, now turned actor, as the sort of character he compared me to. "If he refuses to do a job for us we'll call you," he said.

I wanted to get into the movies and had I been willing to accept parts like this I could have gotten started much sooner . . . but I was still determined not to play scared about my career. I waited and I kept trying out for the kind of part I wanted. One day it would come along and I was willing to gamble. One day it did.

When Universal-International decided I was just the man they wanted to play the group leader in *Sword In The Desert*, I knew I had been right all the time . . . not playing my dreams safe.

"This is a story of a group of fighters fighting for their people," the producer at Universal-International told me. "They have no place in the world and they want to make one for themselves no matter what the risk. Do you think you can understand the part?"

Understand it? I think so!

END

(Jeff will soon be seen in U-I's *East Of Sumatra*.)



## how we fell in love

(Continued from page 30) They said nothing about this because they are people who bear rather than share their problems. But both of them, without seeking it, were ripe and ready for the exciting companionship they once had found but could find no longer in their own marriages.

No one ever knows the truth about any marriage except the participants, and in many cases even the principals are afraid to acknowledge the diminution in mutual respect and affection. It is common practice to judge the success of a marriage by the exterior trappings—big house, big car, big career. And with that standard of measurement the Janie Powell-Geary Steffen *entente* was a huge success. But was it a big success in Janie's heart?

Geary was the first love in her somewhat sheltered, inexperienced life, the life of an unsophisticated 18-year-old girl. Despite the fact that she is Protestant and he is Catholic, despite the fact that she is in show business and he is not, despite the fact that there are great differences in their temperaments, backgrounds, and outlooks, Janie and Geary were married. And it was only after marriage that Janie matured into full womanhood and could appraise men with a realistic eye.

It is safe to say that had Jane Powell met Gene Nelson before she met Geary Steffen, she never would have married Geary in the first place.

Only she didn't meet Gene until three and a half years ago, and the meeting was most perfunctory. "I was down at the beach with Miriam," Nelson recalls, "and Jane was there with Geary. I'd known Geary for some time, had seen him around the skating rinks, places like that. He introduced us to Janie. We said hello and then, as I remember, went back home. I used to ice-skate in the Sonja Henie troupe and so did Geary. Only he came a few years after I left."

Once in a great while there is an instantaneous rapport between two people, a spontaneous combustion of sorts, but between Janie and Gene on this meeting-at-the-beach occasion, there was nothing like that.

Jane and Geary went on to have some children, and Gene went on to become a big dancing star at Warner Brothers. The Nelsons and the Steffens rarely ran into each other.

Early this year, however, a small, talented, lyric writer named Sammy Cahn was working as a Warner's producer. Sammy had written some lyrics for Janie at Metro, and when he was putting together *Three Sailors And A Girl*, he quite naturally remembered the cute little star and sought to borrow her from the Culver City lot.

Having nothing scheduled for Janie, MGM was happy to loan her out for \$75,000. When Gene Nelson heard that Jane Powell was coming to Warner's, a broad grin filled his face. "It's always exciting to have a new partner. When Janie reported to the studio, I was one happy guy. It was the feeling of newness. Nothing else."

As anyone who has ever worked at Warner's will tell you, Gene Nelson is the friendliest actor on the lot, also the kindest. It's in the nature of the man to help people.

With Janie he was his usual bouncing, effervescent self, joking, kidding, showing her around, taking lunch with her, walking across the street to a restaurant called The Smokehouse.

As one publicity man said during the course of the production, "You'd think

Nelson and Powell were brother and sister. They're the happiest. Real crazy!"

EVERY married woman, consciously or sub-consciously compares every man she meets with her husband. And similarly every married man compares the girls he encounters with his wife.

Jane and Gene did exactly that, and gradually, almost imperceptibly they looked forward to seeing each other. They were glad to leave home and get to work. In a business where many leading women cannot abide their opposites, the Nelson-Powell relationship offered a refreshing contrast. "The truth," one chorus girl told me a few months ago, "is that when Janie Powell and Gene Nelson dance, they look as if they were blown together."

There is no doubt but what friendly propinquity engenders affection, especially if both parties are basically unhappy at home; and it wasn't very long before Jane and Gene became fast friends.

"It was the darndest thing," Nelson recently explained to a friend. "We'd be having a cup of coffee and I'd catch myself looking at Jane in the strangest way. Not with my eyes but my heart. I remember giving myself a little pep-talk. 'You're a grown-up boy. Stop mooning over this kid.'"

But there is a strange, nameless chemistry in sexual attraction, and each time Jane and Gene would glance at each other or drop a word, they would smile, their blue eyes would twinkle, and their hearts would beat just a little bit faster.

But everything was under control. Had anyone at that point approached either of these two players and said, "Look, I think you two kids are falling in love," the interloper would have been laughed off the lot. For insofar as they were concerned, Jane and Gene were maintaining the fiction of their individual idyllic marriages. They were a pair of respectably married stars who were having one great time making a film together. They worked hard, and they played hard, and whenever there were a few spare minutes between takes, they could be found sitting on the steps of each other's dressing room, gabbing and joking and discussing their next sequence together.

"When we saw each other," Gene says honestly, "for me it was like riding on clouds."

It wasn't that way for Gene Nelson at home. After 11 years of marriage to Miriam, a marriage hampered by one separation and blessed by the arrival of one son, Gene's relationship with his wife had deteriorated into an arrangement of mutual tolerance.

Certainly, it was no fault of Miriam's, for here is a young woman of beauty, intelligence, and understanding, a woman who had stood by her man when he had no money, no job, only hope.

Here is a woman who gave up her own professional dancing career when Gene was lucky enough to get a movie contract, a wife who had filled in as secretary, companion, cook, mother, and jack-of-all-trades, a wife who, after giving her man one son, suffered a near-tragic miscarriage last year.

MIRIAM had done everything to make Gene happy, and he, in turn, had worked his head and feet off to give her and Chris all the comforts and security to which he felt them entitled. Only somewhere along the line, the love they had once felt for each other had cooled. They had tried to fire it up again, to make it blaze with zest and passion, but something inexplicable had been lost. And it was no one's fault. (Continued on next page)

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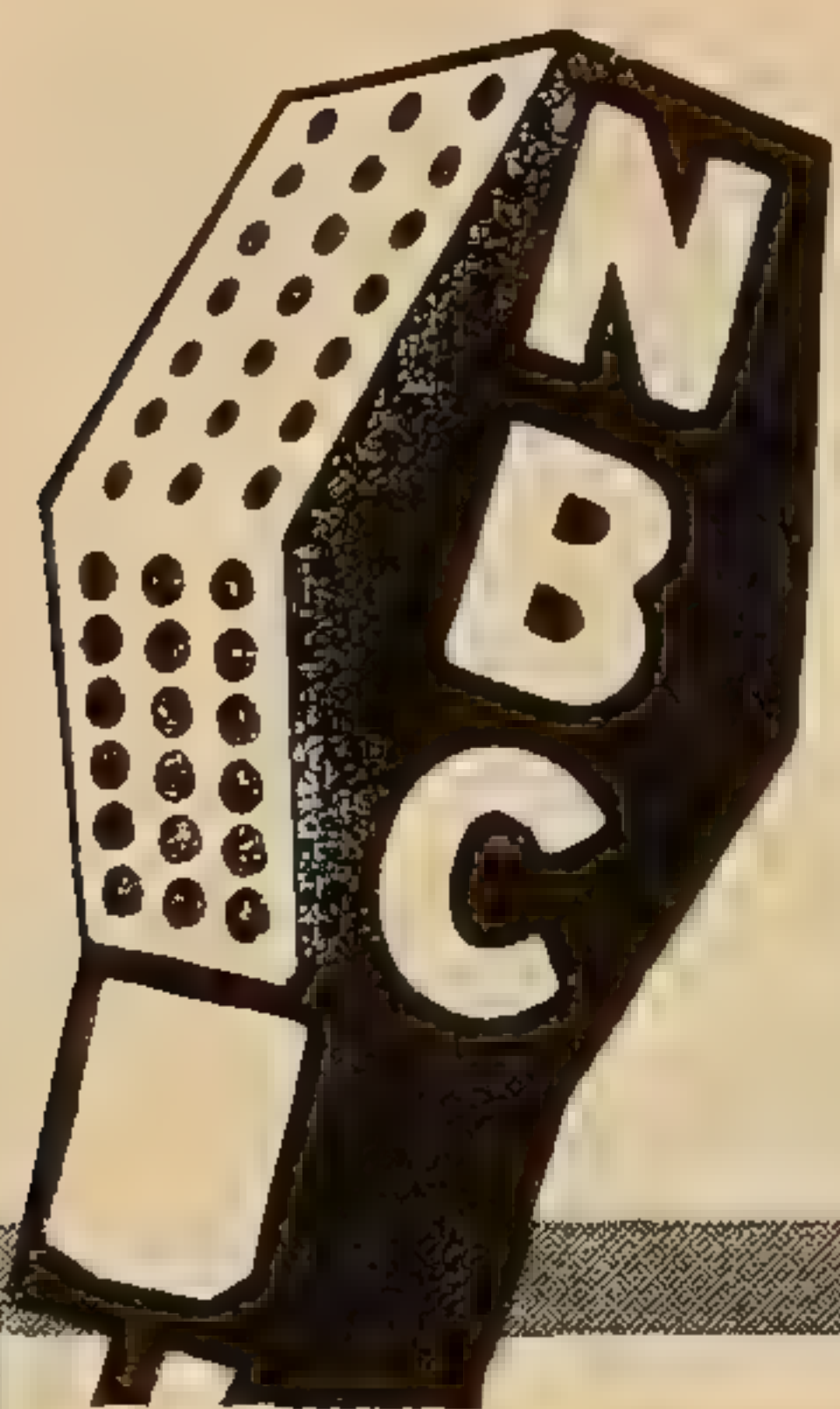
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But a man has his work, and Gene has always been happy at dancing, and, with Jane Powell beside him, no one ever imagined that he was not the most well-adjusted actor on the lot. But during the filming of *Three Sailors And A Girl*, the terrible soul struggle that was to alter his life began to make itself known.

"One afternoon," he recalls, "after Janie and I had been working together for many weeks, we were taking lunch or something. I didn't want to say it, didn't want to louse it all up by getting serious, but sometimes you feel all choked up and you've just got to say what's in your heart and mind, and I tried to pass it off as a gag, and I said very lightly, 'Janie, something's happening between us.' And she smiled and said softly, 'I know it, Gene.'"

That evening after work, Gene and Janie had a drink together, and while neither of them would discuss their individual marriages, it became apparent to both of them that there was some inadequacy, some mis-mating along the line—because if these two people were idyllically married to another man and another woman, or if even one of the marriages was so ecstatically happy, what were the two of them doing there in a restaurant? Each should have been terribly anxious to get home.

This realization, of course, went unspoken. All Jane and Gene knew was that they liked spending time together. Both were very much afraid of delving any deeper.

It was Gene who made the first break, and it came not long after Janie's birthday party. Gene had been asked along with his wife, and Marsh and Barbara Thompson and Earl Brent, Janie's arranger, and Andy and Della Russell. It was on the night of April 1st, Janie's 24th birthday when Gene realized that he was very much in love with Janie. That at least is what he named his desire, the desire to see her all the time, to be near her, to work with her, to hear her voice.

Gene Nelson is an honorable man, and what he felt he kept to himself, hoping that somehow the tug at his heart would fade, go away, disappear. But it didn't. The more he worked with Janie, the greater the heartache, because he felt that under the circumstances nothing could or would come of what was probably a one-sided friendship. He was just a poor sucker who had gone overboard for a very wonderful, unattainable girl, a girl he was always sure he would love and respect if only from a distance.

Now when a man feels as Gene Nelson felt, his wife can read him easily. One evening after returning from the studio, the dancer was so obviously perplexed by his dilemma that Miriam edged up to him and said, "What's wrong?"

It was a fearful decision to make, but Gene made it. "I'd sooner cut off my right arm," he said, "than hurt you, but there's no sense, Miriam, in our living a lie. I've fallen in love with somebody else, and I want you to know the truth."

THEY talked until three in the morning. Was it just an infatuation? Had he ever told Jane that he loved her? No, he hadn't. Well, maybe it would all pass. Maybe it was just a one-picture romance? Here was a husband hopelessly bedeviled and a wife trying to preserve a marriage which she knew in her heart might not be worth the fight for preservation. But where children are concerned, no rash decisions must ever be made. Then again, a woman's whole life is her marriage and to see one being dissolved after 11 years of effort and heartache is a confession of failure and love lost. No

one must easily relinquish what was fought for so dearly.

Under the circumstances, Miriam Nelson was superb. "I'm going to Las Vegas for a week or two," she said. "That'll give you time to think things out. Maybe this is an infatuation, a quick thing. Maybe you'll get it out of your system."

Miriam took off for Vegas, and the Nelson family friends descended upon Gene. "Are you crazy?" one demanded. "Is it true that you've asked Miriam for a divorce?" . . . "What sort of idiot are you, anyway?" . . . "Don't be a jerk, Gene. No one gets divorced after ten, eleven years."

. . . "Think of your son, little Chris." . . . "Suppose you are unhappy. Who says you have to be happy all the time?"

They went to work on Gene, and they did a fine job on him. They got him so muddled he couldn't find his way home nights. They advised him when working with Jane Powell to say nothing more than, "Good morning," and, "See you at work tomorrow." They insisted that he give his marriage another try.

Gene finally agreed. He rang up Miriam in Vegas and said, "Please, Miriam. Come home, and we'll see if it gets any better."

Miriam came home the next evening, and Gene the next day began treating Janie Powell as if she were a leper. Janie couldn't understand the quick change. "We don't have to be friends," she told him on the set—and there was an unspeakable hurt in her tone, "but let's not be enemies."

Gene tried staying away from Janie. "As the Lord is my Witness," he says, "I tried to make every scene strictly business. But it killed me. It just did. By trying to kill off the love I felt for Jane I wasn't building up any more love for Miriam. It was just useless. It didn't work. I knew in my heart that I was completely gone on Janie."

As for Jane, she knew she had fallen in love with Gene. They had never more than held hands, but what she felt for him was more intense than anything she had ever felt for Geary.

The weekend the film was finished, Jane decided to go down to Palm Springs with Geary and to ask him for a divorce. She knew what such a request would cost her—friends, family, criticism, tears, legal hassels, but, like Gene, she saw no point in living a lie. Why be unhappy with one man for the rest of your life when you could live in joy with another?

She had been a good wife under many trying circumstances, none of which had ever been publicized. Geary had been a good husband, but she had fallen out of love with him. She wanted her freedom, and she knew the price would be heartache, but for love no price is too high.

Jane Powell had not set out to fall in love. It had just happened—the timing, the circumstances, the personalities. Call it destiny if you will. They had all jelled together, and she and Gene had fallen in love.

As best she could, and it was extremely difficult, Janie explained things to her husband and asked for a divorce. Geary reacted just as Miriam Nelson had reacted. Shock, hurt, anger, vituperation—each had its inning.

Geary also suggested the possibility that what Janie felt for Gene was not true love, just a mercurial and quixotic attraction. The talk was heated and long involved. Every man must fight for his happiness, and Geary had much to fight for, but when a man is faced by a woman who no longer wants him, there is only one move to make, to withdraw with graciousness and understanding; and this calls for insight, tolerance, and tremen-



dous character, three qualities Geary Steffen fortunately possesses.

Geary, however, did not step aside and say, "O.K., since Gene is getting his freedom, I'll give you yours, and you two kids can fly to Nevada, get married, and live happily ever after."

What he said in substance was this: "I think this is just an infatuation, that in time you'll get over it. You're going out on a personal appearance tour for six weeks. You take those six weeks and think everything over. Weigh everything carefully. If after six weeks you still want a divorce—well, we'll talk it over again." A trial separation.

Jane drove back to Hollywood alone that night, and driving, she made her decision. She had a right to a life of her own, a life of love. She saw no point in spending another 30 or 40 years with a man, however kind, admirable and upstanding, she no longer tempestuously loved.

That night she called Gene Nelson. They spoke for hours. Gene knew what a searing experience Janie had undergone. He'd done the very same thing himself with Miriam. Janie had two children to consider. Undoubtedly she would demand custody of them both. Her parents had been divorced, and she knew what life was like for children under such circumstances.

Gene knew that friends would "get to" Janie just as they had gotten to him, that they would advise a period of watchful waiting, cooling off. They would point up how much Janie had to lose, how millions of youngsters looked to her and Geary as the symbol of happy young marriage: He knew that Janie, in the final analysis, would have to erect her own bulwark, her own protection against the barrage of persuasion urging her to return to Geary Steffen.

THEY spoke and Gene then went off on a personal appearance tour of his own. He played Toronto. Strangely enough, Paul Small, Janie Powell's agent, had booked his charge into Toronto months previously. It was pure accident, not design, that Janie Powell followed Gene into Toronto.

Before leaving Hollywood, however, Jane said definitely, "I'll file for divorce when I get back—unless there's a reconciliation." She knew there was no chance for one.

Once Janie and Gene met in Toronto, they mapped out nebulous plans for their future. Gene was flying back to the Coast to effect a financial settlement for Miriam and Chris. Janie was scheduled to play Las Vegas late in May and early in June.

In May, Geary Steffen journeyed to Vegas, but there was no reconciliation announcement and he left a few days later for a fishing trip off the lower California coast.

Gene Nelson then flew into Las Vegas. He was separated from Miriam, and Janie was separated from Geary, and he saw nothing wrong in seeking out the company of the girl he loved. Once again, however, well-intentioned friends insisted that he and Jane refrain from seeing each other until she had made her divorce announcement official.

When Janie returned from Las Vegas, that's exactly what happened. The die was cast. Janie told her lawyer that she wanted a six-week divorce. Gene Nelson told his lawyer the same thing. The other two parties involved, Geary and Miriam, seemed to favor a California divorce which takes one year before it becomes final.

At this writing, the legal talent is dis-



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cussing all the various angles necessary for complete agreement; and luckily all four parties involved are people of stature and intelligence and good will. As one reporter recently commented, "There's not a bad bone in those four bodies."

Of course, Miriam Nelson and Geary Steffen are hurt. To be wanted no longer is a thrust which strikes deeply at one's vanity, but the human equation being what it is, who can possibly explain why people fall in and out of love. Undoubtedly there are reasons, psychological reasons profoundly imbedded in the lives and backgrounds of these people, but as Miriam Nelson herself says, "What caused all this is something far greater than I can explain. We're just praying that eventually it works out for the good of all."

Naturally in all such cases, the columnists look for "a fall guy." In this particular instance they have made Gene Nelson "the heavy" which isn't very fair.

**N**ELSON didn't want to fall in love with Jane Powell. He realized that she was cute, peppy, frank, beautiful, witty, the possessor of charm, humor, and great talent. He never made any overt moves, never muttered one "fast" line, never attempted "a pass" of any kind.

"It's almost impossible," he's said, "to explain how we fell in love . . . or at least how I fell in love. We started out being friends and then Janie's friendship seemed to become an indispensable part of my life. Unless I saw her or talked to her I felt miserable. . . . Sometimes things like this happen, not only in show business but in every business, every walk of life. It just gets played up bigger when you're in the movies. I feel that no matter what business a person is in, he's entitled to

live his life as an individual, if he can. "I've looked into my heart. I've searched my mind, and I'm trying to do what's right. We're all trying to do what's right."

It is a tribute to all the parties connected in this case that everything has been honest and aboveboard. There have been no secret meetings, no midnight rendezvous, no recriminations or name-calling. Everyone has behaved sensibly and as an adult, and, in times of a crisis, such behavior is extremely rare, especially in Hollywood.

Gene Nelson and Jane Powell hope to get married as soon as their divorces become final. This will be in six weeks or one year, depending on the state in which the divorces are obtained.

**M**ANY years ago the movie colony was rocked by a similar marital earthquake when Laurence Olivier, while making a film with her, fell incredibly in love with Vivien Leigh, then the mother of a darling 5-year-old daughter, Suzanne, and the wife of Herbert Leigh Holman, a London barrister.

Realistic and intelligent people, they worked and solved their own problems; and in August 1940 when their respective divorces became final, Laurence and Vivien were married.

Today in sickness and in health, on-stage and off-stage, theirs is one of the most memorable and moving love affairs the world has ever witnessed.

With all the fervor it possesses Hollywood hopes the same for Jane Powell and Gene Nelson, two fine kids who are courageously obeying the dictates of their hearts lest they have no hearts left to obey. **END**

## hollywood muddle

(Continued from page 33) The testimony wasn't long in coming. Gwen was sworn in—she made a pretty picture on the witness stand, cool, poised, competent—and enumerated her marital sufferings.

Of her smiling, versatile, hypochondriacal Donald, she said, "He would go out with the fellows almost every night, and if I said anything, he wouldn't speak to me for days. . . .

"When friends would come over on Sunday, he would excuse himself for a few minutes and go out and play golf. . . . He would go down to the corner for a newspaper and then three hours later he would come home. That happened often . . . He went to the fights three nights a week and played cards the other nights."

Nancy O'Hanlon agreed that such treatment had turned Gwen into a nervous wreck and added that Don never "seemed to want to go out socially. He'd say he was too tired and had to work tomorrow and then he'd disappear."

Judge Emme who has never worked in pictures, listened to the testimony and then awarded Gwen an uncontested decree of divorce. He also approved a property settlement agreement under which Gwen gets custody of the couple's daughter Donna, 6, and \$150 a month for the child's support. In addition, she received 20% of the first \$100,000 of O'Connor's adjusted gross income, 10% of the second \$100,000 and 5% of everything else.

Last year Donald was good for approximately \$225,000, and this year he should hit the \$300,000 mark.

**F**URTHER provisions of the settlement gave Gwen the family Cadillac, Don the Jaguar, Gwen the family home in Van Nuys, and Don custody of "O'Flynn," a

shaggy Irish wolfhound who in Gwen's words, "Is as big as a horse—or well, maybe a Shetland pony. Anyway, he eats like a horse. Costs \$24 a month to feed him."

It was a very amicable divorce. No dirty linen was washed in public. None of the basic reasons for the marital failure were disclosed, and 24 hours after the decree was entered in the record, Gwen, on the arm of Dan Dailey, ambled into a Hollywood night club by way of celebration.

It so happened that Donald O'Connor was sitting in the same club. As soon as Dailey caught sight of the little guy, he stopped dead in his tracks whereupon the headwaiter approached and tactfully whispered, "Mrs. O'Connor, your husband—that is, your ex-husband is here tonight. Just thought you might like to know."

Gwen said, "Thanks," and then to Dan, "let's blow, it might be a little embarrassing to all of us."

Dailey agreed, and the pair left. As they did another girl who had dated Dan a few years ago, was entering the Mocambo with her escort. Nodding at Gwen, she said, "That's Donald O'Connor's ex-wife. I can't figure her. Compared to Dailey, Donald's an angel."

Many people in Hollywood fail to understand Gwen's switch from Donald O'Connor to Dan Dailey—unless, of course, Dan and Gwen have precipitously fallen in love. This, they both deny.

"Look," Gwen says, "I've known Dan for a long time. He's perfectly swell. We like seeing each other because we like to do the same things, listen to music, go to the movies, watch TV, hang around in old clothes. We both like horses and right now Dan is teaching me to jump."

"My divorce doesn't become final for a year; so I'm not thinking about marriage—marriage to anyone. The reason I'm not playing the field is that I'm very happy going around with Dan. As for Donald,



he's the greatest. Make no doubt about that—the greatest guy you'll ever meet. It's just that we couldn't get along. We fought all the time—about such silly things.

"As a matter of fact, it seems to me we fought even when we were going together. We just had a different outlook about everything. He likes golf, I like tennis. He likes cards. I don't. Things like that.

"We were married very young, and maybe that's what was wrong."

**B**UT Gwen and Donald are both intelligent people, and they tried many times to save their marriage. They even went to psychiatrists and both, in fact, are still undergoing psychoanalysis.

For a while, friends thought that different religious beliefs might have wrecked the marriage. Donald is a Catholic and Gwen is Science of Mind, but Gwen says, "That had nothing to do with it—or maybe it did. Anyway, Donna is being raised as a Catholic, and if you know anything about Science of Mind you know that when you come of age, you'll think properly of the important things. Religion had nothing to do with it, and neither did career.

"I keep reading about how I wanted a career. That's not true. I'm not even ambitious. It's just that well—I guess you'd call it mis-mated from the beginning."

"About Gwen and Dan Dailey, that's a funny bit, because the O'Connors knew the Daileys way back when, before Dan and Liz Dailey were divorced. Whether it's a question of one understanding the other I don't know, but Gwen and Dan have been seeing an awful lot of each other. Something may come of it, but I doubt it. Dailey has no staying power. Besides, my own belief is that he still is very much in love with Liz."

Liz Hofert, of course, is Dailey's second wife and the mother of his son. A tall, blonde beauty who was raised in Los Angeles, she, too, made the mistake of marrying very early. Her parents were none too pleased with her selection of Dan for a husband, but it was during the war, and they went along with her selection; and in the end, Liz knew she had chosen incorrectly.

She still sees a great deal of Dan, however—they both love to ride; and, of course, they have a child in common. Even though Liz has been consistently coupled with Bob Neal, a personable and very wealthy young man from Houston, Texas, every week or so there is prominently mentioned in the press the possibility of Dan's re-marrying Liz.

**D**AILEY, who is the key to this Hollywood muddle, claims to have found himself, to have everything under control, to know the score, to be masterminding his destiny. A few years ago he was mentally disturbed and, with great wisdom, checked in at the Menninger Clinic in Kansas for psychiatric help.

He was taught about psychotherapy, milieu therapy, working with his hands to divert his mental obsessions; and there is no doubt that he is a tremendously improved person. And yet he lives alone in a five-room apartment next to Bob Wagner's; he has few male friends, chaotic periods of melancholia, and the unerring faculty of lousing himself up with women.

A few months ago, for example, before he started dating Gwen O'Connor and seeing a good deal of his ex-wife, he was supposedly scheduled to marry Beetsy Wynn, the wife of Keenan Wynn just as soon as she could obtain a Mexican divorce.

Just how, where, and why he started going with Keenan Wynn's wife is one of those Hollywood mysteries into which one

must not delve too deeply. Apparently, he met her at the Del Mar Horse Show last June—Beetsy is another horse enthusiast—and these two took it up from there. It developed into a sizzling romance with serious overtones, because by Christmas Beetsy had obtained Keenan's okay for a Mexican divorce and had announced her impending marriage to Dan Dailey.

But after obtaining the divorce there was no marriage.

It was an awful mess, especially embarrassing to Beetsy; for here was a girl who had given up one husband with the stated intention of getting another—except that at the last minute her intended had flown the coop.

Poor Beetsy. She had to eat humble pie. "Dan and I have decided," she was forced to announce, "that our proposed marriage would not work out. All plans are off." After that she got terribly sick. But Dan rode the crisis like the stalwart he is. He didn't let it get him. He went right on making motion pictures, playing his records, exercising his horses.

**A**s any horse-player knows, there are two outstanding criteria for judging horse flesh: blood-lines and past performance.

On that basis, friends predict that Gwen O'Connor is going to wind up behind the eight ball if she continues to spend too much of her time with Dailey.

Not that Dan isn't the most charming, thoughtful, witty, and well-bred gentleman—even when he was in burlesque the chorus girls used to say he had class—it's just that he's determined to escape marriage "Until I find a girl with whom I can live my own life." It's just that girls fall in love with Dan, and he doesn't fall in love with them. He likes their company, but he lives in a private world all of his own, a world he is constitutionally incapable of sharing.

Any marriage to be successful must feature compromise and self-sacrifice, an equal amount of give and take by both parties. What Dan is looking for is some mythical woman who will slavishly make his interests her interests, who will submerge her personality to his, who will go along with his horses, cups, drums, records, water-skis, and woodwork.

Just how much he is willing to go along with the girl's interests he isn't saying.

What Dan hasn't yet learned is that a marriage based solely on a man's terms is no marriage at all.

Unfortunately, there are many girls who will accept marriage on any terms. It is said in Hollywood, for example, that if Dan Dailey asked her, Liz Hofert would re-marry him in a minute. Having been married to Dan in his most unstable years, however, Liz is not going to be burned again. She loves spending time with her ex-husband, because he is a most entertaining and amusing man, and there aren't many like him in town—but that's as far as it goes, which suits Dailey to perfection.

In fact he finds himself in an envied position. He doesn't want to get married; and he has two gorgeous females, Gwen who can't even think of marriage for at least a year, and Liz who having had him as a steady diet, will now take him only in short doses.

**A**s for Donald O'Connor, the fourth party in this quadrangle—friends say that he is really the happiest of them all. He has a dog, a house, a Jaguar, and a psychiatrist.

No sweetheart—not yet, anyway. **END**

(Don's latest picture is Walking My Baby Back Home.)

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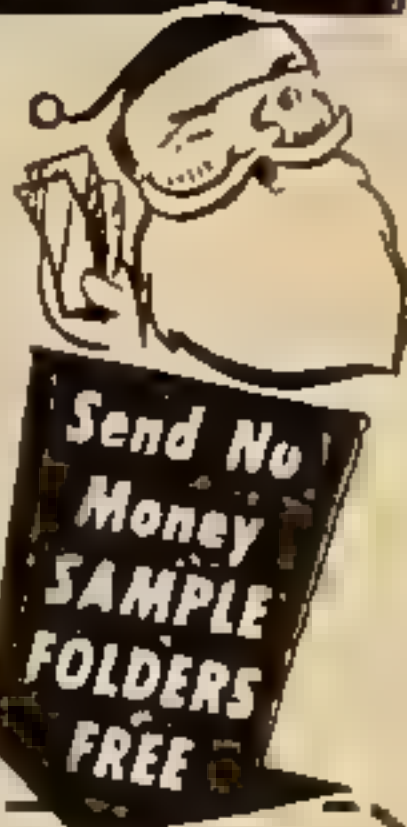
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## beauty is every woman's job

(Continued from page 38) article is to explain some honest facts in the most simple terms. For instance, the story about Terry Moore and the barbell training: it may seem startling, but it is true that a considerable number of Hollywood career girls are now working regularly with the barbell system. They consider it very important not only in the development of perfect bodies, but in the matter of facial beauty as well. They could, of course, concentrate in such a manner as to become tremendously strong and be able to toss their gentlemen friends around at will. That isn't their goal, for any girl wants to retain and improve her feminine appeal. She can't do that with muscles.

Unfortunately, an unreasoning prejudice has grown up about dumbbell and barbell work, which is to the effect that they are employed purely as strength builders. Nothing could be more wrong. Of course, you will hear people say, "If you begin lifting barbells and weights, you'll soon become muscle bound." Or, "Once you start that sort of exercise you'll build up muscles where they shouldn't be, and when those muscles sag you'll be worse off than you were in the beginning." Such statements, you may be sure, are made largely by those who are too lazy to take care of their physical well being. Anyone who has never tried a resistance exercise is prone to scoff at it.

The truth is that this type of exercise can make any girl look better in her bra or bathing suit and can develop portions of the body which need filling in or smoothing out. Take the matter of legs, for instance. In an earlier day any girl who became a ballet or acrobatic dancer simply accepted the fact that as the years went by her legs would turn ugly as the result of bulging calves turned soft and strong ankles turned thick. Today, these growing faults are prevented through scientific resistant exercise. The supple figures of movie celebrities like Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor are absolute proof of this assertion. They work out regularly and have the time of their lives doing it.

To further substantiate my points, how often have you heard people exclaim, after watching the "I Love Lucy" show, "How does she do it? Why, she's beautiful. And what an exquisite figure! Lucille Ball was a star in pictures 15 years ago, yet she looks lovelier than ever. I guess she's just one of those people who will photograph young when she's 50!" All of this is true, but a more significant truth is that Lucille Ball began taking care of her beauty when many a glamor girl who has since been forgotten was busy squandering her charm.

**LUCILLE** Ball is absolute proof of the fact that you can establish your own "beauty bank" by making regular deposits while you are young. Then as you grow into your 20's and 30's, you can go on making deposits and you can "draw" on your savings the rest of your life. For example, Lucy regained her figure very quickly after the birth of her baby. Her early physical "savings" helped her through this period. On the other hand, Shelley Winters recently came to my Health Club shortly after her motherhood experience. She had never taken a regular course of physical exercises. Yet, she had the characteristic which is a basic factor in her success. She can work and concentrate. She has slimmed down beautifully and never looked better in her life.

Increasingly apparent to doctors and people in every walk of life is the fact that physical education is not merely an overall strength builder. Research has now established what we in our profession have

long known—that almost any portion of the body may be completely changed if a girl will cooperate. For instance, some years back Paulette Goddard's hips and thighs were growing heavy. Instead of saying to herself, "Well, that's just the way I'm built," she went to work with me. By persistent exercise her legs became so slim and supple that she won considerable fame by wearing scanty costumes in musical pictures. I didn't do this for her. She did it for herself.

Then, there is Betty Grable and Barbara Stanwyck, both of whom are so attractive that they could well win a nomination for a Perpetual Beauty Oscar. Their figures didn't grow old while their faces remained young. Both Betty and Barbara draw wolf whistles when they cross a studio lot. Neither of them maintained their over all beauty through the application of overnight miracles.

Unfortunately, in this age of perfection and specialization, the larger percentage of young people begin at an early age to turn into "sitters" instead of "doers." This is because vast numbers of Americans thrill to the excitement of a professional sports event. Following the very active sports life of their high school days, only a small number carry on with regular sports activities as they reach their 20's. Undoubtedly, the heavily increasing population has led us to a concentration of apartment house life. Thousands of young women no longer enjoy gardening. They don't play golf because golf courses are disappearing, and therefore have become expensive. Tennis courts are no longer several to the square mile. Swimming pools are the toys of the successful folk who spend more time sitting at the water's edge than in the enjoyment of one of the finest body conditioning exercises. Places to ride horseback, to hike, hunt and fish are yearly becoming more remote.

**THIS** means that today's young lady must find an absolutely sure way to add lustre to her beauty. Miracles of modern makeup cannot do the job alone. It is a sad fact that our mirrors usually reflect only what we want to see. A girl can make up very carefully, look at herself and be pleased at the result. She fails to think how much more attractive she could be if her face reflected a basic glow of perfect health. Frequently mothers and dads seem boring with their warnings about "Burning the candle." The daughter afterwards makes a casual self inspection, and after a quick glance the daughter says to herself, "Oh, I'm not slipping, really." Or, "I've been on the merry-go-round recently. I'll be as good as new after a couple of nights' sleep." What a mistake!

Psychiatrists will tell you that their increasing number of young patients come largely from those who cannot face the truth about themselves. More than one has said to me: "If young women from their teens on will form constant patterns of proper physical exercise, they will remain attractive and youthful far beyond what has come to be normal expectation. With the happy viewpoint that results from physical well being, they will not wind up a few years hence with nervous ailments, and they will have a far greater chance to make a success of their careers and marriages."

You may be surprised to know that psychiatrists, doctors, lawyers and priests are regular clients at not only Terry Hunt's but other health institutions. Not long ago one of my priest friends said to me, "Terry, you may be interested to know that the young people who are most spiritually happy in my parish are those who lead active physical lives in some sort of sport. Their minds are always the most receptive to the truth. On the other hand, almost al-



ways, the young ladies who view their beauty as a special gift are those who eventually fail in marriage. It's hard to make them realize that beauty is not heaven sent."

Now I know that some readers of MODERN SCREEN at this moment may be smiling sardonically and saying, "Oh, this Terry Hunt—get him—giving off with a lot of clever arguments which are, after all, just words. I'm not going to rush out and buy a set of dumbbells complete with instructions just on his say-so that it will make me live happily ever after. If he's such an expert, why doesn't he say something concrete?"

All right, I will. If this article has made no real sense to you at this point, you are either neurotic or lazy. Worse, you may be both!

I challenge you to take this simple test, if you are between the ages of 16 and 35. Just answer the following questions truthfully:

1. Have you had a physical checkup this year?
2. Do you engage in some sport at least twice a week?
3. Do you sleep at least eight hours every night?
4. Do you take some form of routine physical exercise (not counting housework) for 15 minutes every day?
5. Do you participate at least once a week in a purely mental game, such as bridge, canasta, chess or checkers?
6. Do you have a good appetite?
7. Do you seldom worry?
8. Can you gain or lose weight successfully?
9. Are you known for your good disposition?
10. Do you attend some church regularly?

At this point you should have guessed that if all ten questions were answered with an immediate yes, you have very little to worry about when it comes to all around beauty and happiness, other than your own good taste in clothes and a small amount of luck in finding the right man or the best job.

Let's examine the necessity for the yes to each question. Without a doctor's physical checkup, you leave yourself open to the damaging effects of some ailment beyond your control—an illness that might be checked through early detection. Item number two: the necessity for some physical sport which provides fairly strenuous exercise, whether it be bowling or long walks, should be obvious, but because it is obvious, people are too often careless. Just as careless as they are when they sit

up too late at night, whether in a beer parlor or in front of a television set. Anyone who declares that she can "get along" on five or six hours of sleep every night is running headlong toward an early old age.

Still facing the truth—fairly strong exercise twice a week is something one must be conditioned to. That's where the 15 minutes a day comes in. Equally as necessary is the "mental exercise," by which I mean not just reading, but something that keeps your mind on its toes, even if it's only a crossword puzzle.

If you can answer the first five questions in the affirmative, then I have good news for you. It is almost impossible not to give a yes answer to the last five. Why? That's elementary. Your good appetite, lack of worry, will to gain or reduce your weight and maintain a happy disposition always are all the natural result of performing the first five points.

That brings us to the important tenth question. Having been able to answer yes to all nine questions honestly means that you are a normal, healthy and happy individual. Being so you will certainly have already realized that you can control your own physical well being, perhaps even in the face of a serious handicap. Once having achieved that, you then know that the complete fulfillment of the meaning of your life as an individual can be found only through participation with your friends and loved ones in things spiritual. Thus, to make a beginning, all you need do is answer the first or the tenth question with a truthful yes. If you are intelligent and honest with yourself, you can begin at either end of the test and achieve the same result.

I know I have sounded "preachy." I intended to. There is no quick cure that will make you happy with your facial or bodily appearance. Not all of you will be able to take exactly the same exercises as illustrated by the attractive young actress, Gloria Gordon, who posed for the photographs accompanying this article. Some of you, however, can locate an inexpensive, well supervised gym in your own neighborhood. Those who can't certainly can carry on with the simple exercises you learned in your gym classes at school, being careful to start slowly and stop before you are tired.

Here, I cannot resist this final warning: unless you are prepared to follow this simple program for one entire year in order to make it a lasting habit, a lot of you are going to "fall off the wagon" of this valuable health and beauty program.

And every time you do, it will be a doggone tough job to climb back on! END

## great day coming!

(Continued from page 35) been hard to convince it's really going to happen, which is the only thing that would put it in the miracle class as far as we're concerned. For a long time, she'd keep asking me, "Are you sure the doctors couldn't be mistaken, you're positive everything's going to be all right?" She's had it mixed up with a studio option, that they drop or pick up. Now she's convinced. We're sure, all right."

"And it's so nice that other people care," said Miss Mayo. "But you get a little embarrassed—"

"We've gone through some pretty misty-eyed sessions," said O'Shea. "Motherhood pelled with the biggest capital 'M' you very saw or heard. Well, that's all right. But we want to take it in our stride, too." He waved a hand at the stable area. "You think motherhood isn't out there? The

mares have their foals, nowhere guys at first, and then you watch them grow into independence. Well and good. See that little Mexican, one of the laborers? He has ten children."

O'Shea breathed deeply. "Don't let me talk myself out on a limb," he said. "We would prefer a baby, shall we say? So it's ours, so we'll love it. But I don't know, sometimes I think little boys get a lot of propaganda they don't entirely deserve. As a retired monster myself, I could almost swear to it. Little girls are wonderful. And well-behaved. And you know, like when they're all scrubbed and togged out, which is a speech I usually do to a violin accompaniment. Little boys? Well, a couple of friends of ours have a little boy who's been brought up sort of, you know—progressive? No restrictions, the idea is, because then he'll be frustrated. No welts on the backside if he decides to set fire to the cat. Now, he's a nice kid but sometimes he hides it well. The other day I was



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over at the house and he was punching his mother. Luckily, the kid's no Marciano but he was trying. Well, the parents believe he should express himself, and when he gets out of control, they figure they're to blame, which maybe they are but not for the reasons they think. So here the kid is tagging his mother with straight lefts and right hooks and after a while she figures it's time to go back to her corner and let her seconds work her over, so she says to Junior, 'Why don't you go punch the bag for a while and pretend it's Mommy?' And the kid says, 'Naah, I'd rather hit you and pretend you're a punching bag.' All right, so maybe the kid has been reading Joe Miller, but that's not the point. No son of the O'Sheas will get by with that kind of thing. And no daughter of the O'Sheas would try it. No, frankly, I'm crazy about little girls. But let's not make it into an issue."

"They're less of a problem in other ways, too," said Miss Mayo. "Once in a while I get frightened about youngsters today, and the boys are worse. Gang fights, dope—it's unbelievable. I wish I knew what the matter was."

"I wish I knew," said O'Shea. "But we sort of hope all that's shaken out by the time our son's old enough to know or care. Anyway, we're going to make provision against it. Listen to that now, I'm talking about a son, and we don't even know. Why will people always do that?"

THE "provision" became evident as time went on and the sun grew hotter and Miss Mayo more relaxed and the bulldog more mysteriously frantic. The symposium was taking place in the O'Shea patio, flanked by three sides of the ranch house. The house is handsome and comfortable and stands on considerable space, but there is some doubt as to whether it will accommodate the new O'Shea as well as those currently resident. The planning on this detail is extensive but still nebulous. The O'Shea ranch features among other props a pair of the longest horns a long-horn steer ever parted with; a lady cook who insults O'Shea with impunity and whose talents with a ladle are astonishing, and two very large paintings of Miss Mayo, one portrait and the other as Diana the Huntress. She looks wonderful in both.

"We could build on the east wing," said Miss Mayo, "but it adjoins my dressing-room, and might not work out. The west wing's mostly kitchen."

"Or right behind here," said O'Shea. "Enclose the patio entirely. But the thing they do usually in this problem, honey, is build up."

"Up?"

"Right on the roof. The house'll support it all right. Whole nursery, complete with nurse. Of course, we've thought about moving. But to get a place the size we want, we'd have to go over to Beverly Hills or some place like that, spend \$90,000 or \$100,000, and we haven't got that kind of money. Besides, we could never get out of this what we put into it. I think we stay."

It sounded logical. So what about the child's name?

The O'Sheas regarded each other with mild surprise.

"We don't know," she said.

"Haven't thought much about it," said O'Shea. "I just know it'll be simple, John or Mary, Virginia or, maybe, Michael. It won't be Beauregard or Consuelo or one of those professional Irish handles like Kevin or Sean, God save the Irish just the same. Fatso's name is Jones, you know."

"Virginia Jones," said Virginia Mayo. "Of St. Louis."

As one of the Jones girls from St. Louis, Virginia always wanted to be a film ac-

tress, whereas Mr. O'Shea never doubted that show business was his forte. In other respects, however, they complement one another from opposite borders of the psyche. Miss Mayo's early life was relatively cloistered, and however sporty the parts she occasionally has played, she is a decorous, withdrawn woman.

While her leading man, M. O'S., was battling around the country in various phases of entertainment and stealing a long lead on Miss Mayo as far as picture fame went, Miss Mayo began her thesping in vaudeville, shortly after graduation from high school in St. Louis. The top man of the act was one Andy Mayo, whose last name Virginia preempted. That's how that happened. And by and by, the act became a feature of an Eddie Cantor show called *Banjo Eyes*, which meant Broadway. Which led to Billy Rose.

Billy Rose was and is an impresario who saw Miss Mayo with Cantor, be-thought himself of how nice she'd look in his night club, the Diamond Horseshoe, and persuaded her to stop around. Which led to Samuel Goldwyn.

Samuel Goldwyn knew Billy Rose, just as Billy Rose knew Eddie Cantor. Samuel Goldwyn went to the Diamond Horseshoe one night. He said to Miss Mayo: "Would you like to work in pictures?" Miss Mayo said, covering the subject in her usual verbose style: "Yes." Which led to Hollywood.

She appeared for Mr. Goldwyn in four pictures opposite Danny Kaye, then as the grasping wife of Dana Andrews in the much-honored *The Best Years Of Our Lives*. She thus became a film star and met other film stars. Which led to Michael O'Shea.

Which led to marriage on July 5, 1947.

Miss Mayo doesn't expect to be working any more until the baby comes—"unless they can cast me in a wheelchair"—but her backlog is in good shape, including *South Sea Woman* with Warners and *Devil's Canyon* with RKO. That won't make much difference. The master of the house is richly rewarded for his own acting chores whenever he tears himself away from manual duties.

O'Shea resumed the thread, or a vagrant end of the thread. "I'll tell you this," he said. "The O'Shea progeny, boy or girl, will understand the reasons for the orders his parents give him, and there I go on that 'him' again. Okay, pretend it's a boy. If we tell him to do something and he wants to know why, he's going to know. Or whatever question he has in mind. I'm stacking up a whole encyclopedia just so I'll be right, and we'll look things up together. We're going to be friends, all of us. I think it's a big item."

"And a religious background," said Miss Mayo.

"A religious background," agreed O'Shea. "Very definitely. Don't get us wrong. What the child wants to be when he grows up, he's going to be. I mean, he'll make his own choice. Of course we don't intend to steer him. If he wants to go into pictures—"

"If he has a talent for it," said Miss Mayo.

"If he has a talent for it and wants to go into pictures, then that's it. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, ball player, it's up to him. But in the—the formative years, we're going to be sure he's bred with a background of religious decency and faith. That goes back to what we were talking about, this delinquency pitch. We think that with the right fundamentals, he'll beat that. That's the most important. Maybe—maybe after that, or in spite of that, maybe there's nothing you can do, maybe he'll be wild just the same, what they call a bad boy. With this one for a mother, I don't



see how it could happen, but they tell me it happens. But we'll have done all we could."

WHAT of the rather delicate problem of getting him used to the circumstances that his parents will on the whole be pronouncedly more celebrated than the parents of the children with whom he will associate?

"We're not worried about it," said Miss Mayo.

"No problem," said O'Shea. "We just tell him some people work in factories, some in offices, some this, some that. We happen to work in pictures. Factories of our own. We tell him we're lucky, and it's the truth. When he's old enough to know what gimmick means, we tell him we've got that, too. But it doesn't affect him. He's an individual in his own right, with his own responsibilities. He's got to do it."

The bulldog jumped up on Miss Mayo's lap and flattened its pug-nose against her straight one in wholehearted delirium. O'Shea told it to desist at the same time Miss Mayo told it to stay where it was. The bulldog screwed its head around in schizophrenic bewilderment and compromised by climbing down and giving O'Shea a dirty look.

"You can see I've got an iron hand," he said. "First time he's obeyed in six weeks."

"Why don't you write about bulldogs?" asked Miss Mayo. "Everyone should write about bulldogs." The dog was moved by the accolade. It got back up again and licked her face. "All right then, stay there," said O'Shea. It did.

And how did the O'Sheas feel about secondary education, proceeding on the theory the child would be a son?

O'Shea had thought about this one, and delivered his verdict firmly and at some length, while Miss Mayo bent on him markedly tender and sympathetic attention.

"Oh, yes," said O'Shea, "he's going to college. Somewhere out here. I'm not sold on the Harvard-Yale-Princeton-or-drop-dead tradition. I want him to know animal husbandry, things like that, along with the rest. Not that they don't have that in the East, but we'd want him somewhere near us, I imagine. But there's another reason he's going. Let me put it the best I can."

O'Shea stopped, took off his baseball cap, rubbed his hair, put the cap on again, turned to Miss Mayo with half-lifted shoulders, then studied the toes of his shoes. For him, it was a long, long pause.

FINALLY he said: "He's going to have what I didn't have, and I don't mean only education. I mean friends. Roots and background. Maybe you don't understand that. But I do. People like Virginia and me, we know. Try this on for size: I only went as far as the fifth grade in school. All right, that was okay in some ways. I've taught myself a lot, and naturally there've been compensations. I'm a show-business guy and I know it. But do you know, I haven't got a single friend, not a friend in the world, that I can sit down with and say, 'Remember the time—?' Not one, can you imagine that? I had two pals when I was a kid. One's a priest now, a long way from here, and the other's in Sing Sing for life. With my son, if I have a son, it's not going to be like that. He won't be alone."

O'Shea coughed slightly and shifted position. "Don't make it sound tearful," he said. "It ill becomes me. But put it down as fact. Try it another way. People like, uh, interviewers, ask us, who do we entertain? Well—we don't entertain anybody! We haven't got any friends. Have you got any friends, Virginia?"

"One."

"You see? One friend. That's not kidding. Acquaintances, sure. We've got thousands of acquaintances. But no friends. Because no roots. That's how show business is. In your business, too, maybe. You know everybody and you don't know anybody. A lot of very big wheels around here would tell you the same, once they had a couple of drinks. But this one of ours, he'll have friends from school, he'll go back to reunions, he'll play Remember-the-Time till it comes out of his ears. That must be a helluva rich part of life, that remember-the-time deal. And he's going to have it."

"You know, they say around here I'm a social sort of guy, only that's not the word I want. What is it? Greg-something. Gregarious. Sure. I travel with the Hollywood Stars, I go over to the ball park near here, and at my age I shouldn't be bending down for grounders, but it's the companionship. I'm making up for what I never had. I live it up now. But my child is going to live it up before, after and between time. He's not going to have that fringe feeling. He or she."

"Like the other night, honey, I don't know if I told you, I was in The Club over in Beverly Hills, you know the one. They just call it The Club, and all these wheels belong to it, you know, like doctors and lawyers, very substantial people. Well, this guy I was with, he's a wheel, and he wanted me to meet some friends, and of course I did. And you know the routine, the lawyer would say to the doctor: 'You still killing your patients?' And the doctor, you know: 'Don't believe anything this shyster tells you!' and all that. In our business, we might call it a little corny, but it's the kind of corn I'd give my eye-teeth to be a part of. Little O'Shea, he'll have it. Then we went over to meet the wives of the same men, and they were just as close, you know. Intimate. Casual. It was real warm. To tell the truth, you feel a little chilly being on the outside of it anyway when you've been out as long as I have. You're never quite there, you know what I mean? Not that they try to make you feel that way. They can't help it. They've closed ranks long ago. That's what I'm trying to say. These people, they're all Los Angeles people. They grew up together, went to school together, I don't know, got sort of stabilized together, if you follow me. Very stable bunch. They've got a lot to remember. What I've got to remember, I'd rather not. And even if I wanted to, I've got nobody to remember it with. But little O'Shea, he's going to be lousy with all that. He's going to have it if his old man has to drag him into the registrar's office by his heels. Isn't that the way you think about it, Sugar?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Mayo, packing quite a good deal into it.

"That's why college," said O'Shea. "Among other things. But principally, that's why."

"You've forgotten your daughter," said Miss Mayo.

"Not for a moment," said O'Shea. "It's just that I'd know more about a son, having been one once myself. This one here, she'll do more of the talking about the daughter."

"Oh, the same religious background," said Miss Mayo. "And then, everything we can do for her. Very good schools, nice associates—we hope."

"A certain kind of background," said O'Shea, "can make you into a certain kind of snob, and it's not always the background you think. Mine's done it for me, but I insist it's a healthy snobbery if it makes me particular about the way my children are raised. I can't fool myself that when they reach a certain age, they're

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O'SHEA went to answer the phone. When he came back, he had resumed the mental toughness with which he habitually cloaks himself and which reveals with a large amount of charm the native intelligence with which he and Miss Mayo deal with life.

"Do you," he asked, "see any spiritual radiations around Fatso here? Of course, it's early in the game."

Miss Mayo, it had to be admitted, looked no more spiritual than usual. She looks a trifle spiritual whether *enceinte* or not. Miss Mayo laughed encouragingly.

"This—this matter," said O'Shea, "has been approached on a level we don't feel quite up to. I said that before, didn't I? It's gratifying in a way, but we have an idea we're not any different from other parents. Prospective, I mean. To put it delicately, the same *modus operandi* prevails, and our baby is going to look like a baby, not that that's bad. But some of the dialogue that's gone on on the subject,

to me it's been not un-nauseating. Maybe the casting office slipped up when it put me in a father bit. But I'm going to be rehearsing hard." He went through the business with the cap again. "One woman wanted to know if I'd belt the kid around if he got out of line. That would look nice, wouldn't it? Belting an infant. How much of a character am I supposed to be? The kid will learn by experience. He, she, it—do you speak of your kid as an 'it'—won't be coddled, but I can't see myself taking to the bullwhip. And Fatso here can't even lift a bullwhip. I think it'll be nice if he respects his old man, not for my sake but because I wouldn't be so helpful as a parent if he didn't. He's going to respect Fatso anyway, because who could help it? I like the idea of ranch life for him, and learning naturally about what comes naturally, and I think all in easy stages, so we don't have progressives on our hands, giving Fatso the old one-two because the punching bag hurts their hands. I think we give her—let's make it 'her' for a change—a certain amount of rein, but not too much or too little, and we'll have to recognize how much that means when the time comes."

"Mike," said Miss Mayo.

"What?" said O'Shea.

"Lunch," said Miss Mayo.

"So soon?" said O'Shea. "I'd hardly got my first wind." **END**

## is liz losing her beauty?

(Continued from page 36) and the only women who keep their beauty are those who do something about it. There can be no physical loveliness without a depth of soul, a dash of spirit, and a lively mind.

Liz has these things, but if she does not put them to full use the natural consequence will be the way of all flesh. Since her childhood there have been evidences of an unusual sensitivity. Her mother tells of the times when she was ill and the small Elizabeth would steal softly into her mother's bedroom and lay on the pillow a single rose which she had picked from the garden. When, at 12 years of age, she became known to American movie audiences through her role in *National Velvet*, people noticed the unusual quality of the child. She was, they said, an 'old soul.' Her memorable scene in the attic with Anne Revere convinced the more discerning audiences that there was something not quite worldly about the girl. In the ensuing publicity they read about Elizabeth's love of animals, how she could tame any wild thing and how, when making the picture, she had insisted on doing a dangerous scene which many stunt men would turn down. King Charles, a horse which stood 17 hands high and whose temperament was such that all hands on the set gave him a wide berth, was supposed to come thundering down a narrow road. The script called for Elizabeth to stand in his path and stop his blind stampede. Naturally, her mother objected to her doing the scene, and the director was trying to find a double who would dare the act when Elizabeth approached him and pleaded that he let her do it. The horse had been unmanageable unless Elizabeth was near him, and she was so certain that he would stop for her that the executives finally agreed. The scene was set up and emergency medical aid summoned, and everyone on the back lot held his breath. The stallion was given a whack on the hind quarters that sent him tearing down the road, mane flying and hooves pounding. The small figure of Elizabeth moved out into his path and held her ground, her arms stretched wide.

Mrs. Taylor, on the sidelines, almost fainted, and the cameramen got ready to jump. King Charles continued his charge until within a few feet of Elizabeth, and then he slid to a stop and walked a few steps to gently nuzzle her shoulder.

No one who watched this incident came away without the conviction that this youngster had the courage of a commando and a strange, St. Francis-like power over animals. It certainly proved that she had a depth people did not understand, and inasmuch as such a quality seldom leaves a human being, it can be assumed that the Elizabeth Taylor of today is still blessed with it.

It proved, too, that she has spirit, yet currently she shows little of it. It is possible that the pressures of her movie career, at their height during her formative adolescent years, have taken the starch out of Liz. It is also highly probable that the heartbreak of her tragic marriage to Nicky Hilton further removed her gumption. At any rate, she spends her life today in idyllic bliss on her hilltop with second husband Michael Wilding. They seldom leave the house, a natural circumstance considering the existence of their baby, yet it seems unusual that Liz can't be pried off the hilltop for anything except emergencies or studio orders.

The fact proves her present happiness in her role as Mrs. Michael Wilding and mother of the small Mike, but on the other hand this type of sleek contentment can lead to laziness in all things. At 21, Liz is settled in the sedentary life of a middle-aged matron, an existence that makes for great peace of mind, but one without stimulation to lend sparkle to the eye or to the conversation.

If she doesn't care about her movie career, this standstill life is highly commendable. It is obviously the kind of life that Liz loves, and with it she finds complete contentment. But if she *does* care, she should remember that her face is her fortune. Without stimulation, both physical and mental, a face can become vapid and empty. Too many women have lived up their youth, taking it and its loveliness for granted.



Is Liz interested in acting? She seems now to care nothing about anything except her husband and child. This air of not caring is one of the things that has made her well-liked, for she seems as devoid of temperament as an old shoe. "There are a lot of nice things about Liz," says one of her closest friends, "but the nicest is the fact that she never gets upset about anything. Or at least, if she does, she doesn't force her unhappiness on her friends. I've never seen her lose her temper or get ruffled—it seems as though she's devoid of nerves. Even when she was having all that trouble with Nicky, she was still as slow moving and quiet spoken as ever. She's one of the easiest people to get along with that I know."

"Lackadaisical Liz," some have called her. They do it in a friendly way, a comradely sort of ribbing, but herein lies a serious danger to her career. Liz is listless about it, or at least appears to be. She has given what may well be termed inspired performances in only a handful of movies . . . *National Velvet* (in fact everything she did as a child), then years afterward, in *A Place In The Sun*, and rumor has it that in *Elephant Walk*, her latest, she is once more acceptable as an actress of worth. In the rest of them, Liz has moved through her scenes in a seemingly careless, even bored fashion. It is notable that the last two mentioned pictures are the only two made away from MGM, her home lot. Paramount has made both of them, and in both movies Liz has had the advantage of top-notch direction. George Stevens did *A Place In The Sun* and William Dieterle *Elephant Walk*, and it is common knowledge that she needs a good director. As one of her past directors says, "Sometimes it's like pulling teeth to get a performance out of Elizabeth. The thing that makes up for the director's work is that when he does get a fine scene from her, it is something so good that he can add it to his collection of things to boast about. I know Liz has it—a really great sensitivity—it's there somewhere, but just buried so deep that it takes work to bring it out."

This devil-may-care attitude is quite likely to trip up her career one of these days. Some say it's laziness, pure and simple, that anybody who can sit at home day after day and care about nothing except her baby and her husband is headed straight for seed. The accusation of laziness is pure speculation, but some facts would appear to bear it out. When Liz was pregnant, for example, she gained 40 pounds, despite cautioning from her doctor. And following the baby's birth Liz refused to pay any attention to her figure. It was three months before Michael Howard Wilding was photographed with his mother, and although the studio excused the delay with the reason that Liz was not yet feeling up to snuff, those who saw Liz suspected that it was because of her weight.

AFTER setting up an interview with Liz a few weeks after she had come home from the hospital, Hedda Hopper drove up the hill, opened the door, took one look at Liz and gasped, "You're fat!"

Hedda has been criticized for her frankness many times, but in this instance at least, it can be assumed that she was handing out advice that was well worthwhile. It stemmed from her own knowledge of the theater, for she knows as well as anyone, and perhaps better, that an actress cannot afford to let herself go. The camera tells all, and Hedda knows it, and also knows from experience that a new mother must get on with the chore of exercises no matter how distasteful they may be to her.

To the average girl, a thunderbolt such as Hedda's candid reaction would have been enough to send her flying into her exercises. But not Liz. The advice went unheeded for several weeks, and the extra poundage was eventually shed through diet and massage rather than exercise. It would point up the fact that while Liz may not be literally lazy, she certainly is not overly-ambitious.

Her quiet acceptance of her tremendous popularity and the workaday world necessary to attain and keep it have made some people think that Liz is a tractable young creature who is content to let others do her planning for her, a girl who does not bother to think very much for herself.

MICHAEL Wilding first met her when she was in England making *The Conspirators*. She was 16 at the time, and he remembers remarking to himself that "they must grow up very quickly in America." Later, after her divorce from Hilton, he saw her once again, this time on her home ground. He felt an immediate attraction, this time pulling himself up short by recalling her age, and his. Yet when he telephoned her and accepted an invitation to visit her, he realized on coming to know her that she was a full blown woman, mentally as well as physically.

What did Mike Wilding think of Liz? A man of his charm and wit cannot be an ingenué where women are concerned, and so it is probable that he is a man selective enough that he does not succumb to mere beauty with nothing to back it up. He knew she was beautiful—a man with half an eye can see that in a split second—but a man of Wilding's caliber requires more than physical attraction to make him pop the question. It is therefore illogical to assume that Liz hasn't much between her ears. She grew up in the midst of a well-educated, well-bred family, for the most part in the company of adults. Her parents and their friends were erudite people associated with literature and painting, and Liz traveled not only among them, but through the world, having crossed the Atlantic more than 30 times.

Those who know the Wildings well report that when Liz is with her husband her conversation is sharp as a tack, that far from being dull, she sparkles like a diamond before a fire. It's all there, as the director has said—the sensitivity, the wit, the spirit and sparkle. The only thing wrong is that lately Liz shows little inclination to light up for anyone but her husband.

A friend recently said, "Liz is so well adjusted to her marriage that she is forgetting her career. She has never really wanted to be a glamor girl. I think she often has really resented the glances men have given her. But if she wants the career, I wish she'd pay more attention to it and to herself. Without that face, well, to tell the truth, in a crowd I don't think she would be noticed very much. Her looks are so outstanding that they're the only thing you think of until you get to know her better and learn what a nice person she is."

HOLLYWOOD's cameramen have noticed that Liz is not quite as photogenic as she used to be and this, to any star, is a danger signal. We do not mean to criticize, only to caution, to send up a small signal flare to Liz, whose beauty is far above that of the average movie star. It is something that would be sorely missed by all of us, and we wish she would wake up and start caring, before things drift to the point where she must work at that beauty. If that ever happened, it wouldn't be the same.

END

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